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MEMOIRS

OF THE

COLMAN FAMILY.

VOL. I.

JUST READY, IN ONE VOLUME, 8vo.

COMIC FANCIES

OF

GEORGE COLMAN

THE YOUNGER.

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By RICHARD BRINSLEY PEAKE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

I DO not feel justified in sending these Memoirs forth to the Public, without the acknowledgment that I have availed myself, in the early part of the Work, very considerably, of the materials furnished me by the Publisher.

And, as I could not pretend to write in a better style than George Colman the younger, "The Random Records," from his fertile pen, have been put in requisition to some extent. The remainder has been supplied by diligent research and the personal recollections of thirty-five years.

Many thanks are due for the Letters and Anecdotes which have been kindly forwarded by several excellent friends.

R. B. PEAKE.

February, 1841.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

COLMAN FAMILY.

VOL. I.

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1721–1731.

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Of the early life of Francis Colman, father of George Colman the Elder, little can now be ascertained. In April 1721, he was appointed to be His Majesty's resident minister at the Court of Vienna, under the following circumstances. Robert Knight, who had been cashier to the South Sea Company, absconded to the Austrian Netherlands, and took refuge in Antwerp. Application was

made to the States of Brabant to cause him to be apprehended and sent prisoner to England. The States, however, insisting on their pretended privileges, refused to surrender him; and Colonel Churchill was sent as envoy to the Emperor at Vienna, requesting in the King's name that Knight, then in custody in the citadel of Antwerp, might be delivered over to his charge. In the morning of March 23, Colonel Churchill returned to England with the Emperor's answer, of which the purport was, that he readily condescended to grant the King's request in surrendering Knight, upon consulting the States, that no infringement of their immunities might ensue. The answer was deemed evasive. Mr. Colman was in consequence appointed to hasten the business, and kissed hands on Saturday, April 8th, on which day Mr. Pulteney, afterwards created Earl of Bath, wrote him the following letter:

" Chevening,*
" Saturday, five o'clock in the afternoon.

" DEAR SIR,

" Mrs. Pulteney was afraid that her letter to Mrs. Gumley † was lost, not hearing from you sooner; but I told her that I supposed you must be in a great hurry, so

* Chevening, Earl Stanhope's seat, near Sevenoaks, Kent, built by Richard, second Lord Dacre, from a design by Inigo Jones. James, the first Earl Stanhope, died in February 1721; so that it is probable that Mr. Pulteney was occupying it temporarily, after Philip, the second Earl, had become possessed of the title and property.

† Mrs. Gumley was the mother of Mrs. Pulteney and Mrs. Francis Colman.

near the time of your departure; and that you could not be so regular a correspondent, as in a little time you would be obliged to be, with the Secretaries of State.

"I am glad to hear you will make Chevening your way to Dover; but you may depend upon it that we will force you to stay one night at least. Mr. Williams* shall be extremely welcome, and I shall be proud of beginning an acquaintance with him. Your coach will be filled with your own family: if you could persuade John Gay† to come on horseback with you, I shall be glad of it, because

* Afterwards Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, of whom Horace Walpole said, "he was in flower for an ode or two." Sir Charles, who in his best days was characterised as flighty, was the constant friend of Sir Robert Walpole, and ridiculed his triumphant opposers with electric effect; hence the friendship with Mr. Pulteney was of no very long duration. He is best known for his diplomacy, and was appointed British resident at the Court of Berlin. Lady Hervey, in a letter, dated March 4, 1758, writes, "Sir Charles is just come home, mad—literally mad as any man can be, who cannot be shut up as such. His family are in the utmost distress, not knowing what to do with him!" He died insane, and in confinement, in 1759.

† Gay in 1712 accepted the offer of residing with the Duchess of Monmouth as her secretary; which he subsequently resigned, being appointed to attend the Earl of Clarendon in the like character, on his embassy to the Court of Hanover. The Queen's death extinguished his hopes of advancement, and he commenced dramatist with "What d'ye call it?" a farce, which was well received, and introduced him to persons of the first distinction. His hopes of more substantial favours were again damped by the non-success of his "Three Hours after Marriage," and his being out of favour at Court. The Earl of Burlington, to divert his melancholy, in 1716 entertained him with a visit to Devonshire, his native county. In the following year Mr. Pulteney took him as a companion to Aix in France; and Gay requited their beneficence with humorous poetical accounts of each journey. This jaunting about, with some decent appointments, constituted the pleasures of his life, and never failed of provoking his muse.

the affair is over which was to have brought me to town, so that he cannot return with me.

" I will not tell you how well I wish you, till I take my leave of you; but you may depend upon it that no one is more desirous of serving you, or with greater sincerity than I am,

Your affectionate friend,
W. PULTENEY.*"

Mr. Colman set out from London on Friday, April 15th. On the 18th of May he arrived at Vienna; and on the 23rd, accompanied by M. de Saphorin, the British envoy at the Imperial Court, went in the envoy's coach to have his audience of the Emperor at Lachsenberg, a country residence, where he was enjoying the pleasures of the season. Passing through a village while the Host was being carried in procession, the priest in an inconsiderate and mistaken zeal for the honour of his religion, excited the peasantry to insult M. de Saphorin's domestics, and caused both him and Colman to leave the coach, abusing and maltreating them to the jeopardy of their lives, notwithstanding they had taken their hats off, and behaved as instructed to do on such occasions.

The British envoy and resident complained to Count Zinzendorf, the Grand Chancellor, and insisted upon satisfaction proportionable to the affront, which might have been attended with fatal consequences, if the Imperial authorities had not interposed and prevented them.

* Mr. Francis Colman married the sister of Mrs. Pulteney, afterwards Countess of Bath.

The Court promised that all due satisfaction should be rendered them. The priest who carried the Host confessed that he had excited the peasants to compel the servants to alight from the coach, but solemnly declared that he did not intend to endanger their safety; and a letter from Vienna, on the 2nd July following, simply stated, "the priest had made suitable excuses, although the affair had created a great noise."

It would seem from a letter of George Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, dated July 18, 1721, that Mrs. Colman did not accompany her husband, but followed in July. After a facetious mock recommendation of Mrs. Colman to her husband's official protection, written in the taste of those days, Dodington goes on to say—

"Your friends have diverted themselves mightily with your sending Lord Townshend's letter back to him; and, as I have always been one of those who have been as free to give you advice as you have been not to follow it, I must repeat to you what I have often told you,—that your wit will be your undoing; for though I must confess that it is very natural for any man in his senses to send back a Minister's letter, if he should be so unlucky as to be afflicted with it, yet the force of custom is such, that the utmost a man in a moderate situation can with prudence do under such a visitation, is not to read it; and, indeed, the presumption in so young a man of pretending to write as well as a first Minister,* may do you as much hurt at Court, as

* Charles Lord Viscount Townshend, declared Lord President of the Council, June 14, 1720; and Principal Secretary of State, in the place of Earl Stanhope, deceased, February 8, 1720–21.

the unaffected coolness and gravity, as to style and matter, would do you amongst your younger acquaintance; and though I suppose you think yourself secure that your conceits will not be comprehended, I submit it to your consideration, if such an accident should happen, what must be the consequence of it.

"To talk seriously, I am very sorry to tell you that I think affairs here in a very ill situation. I do not see much likelihood of the [South Sea] stock coming to anything considerable; you are no doubt acquainted with what has been done in Parliament relating to it.* Contracts are for a little while suspended, and upon what you owe the Company you must pay ten per cent.; so that I think the *quid valeant humeri* will be much more necessary to be applied to your pocket than to anything else, which I know is inexhaustible.

"You wrote to Mrs. Colman about buying several things: she was so kind as to send to talk with me about getting them. I thought, upon the first hearing, that they would amount to near four hundred pounds; and I must confess I did advise her not to undertake it, though I do not very well know your affairs; and the rather, because when you meet, and have settled together exactly what your fortune is, and how to be come at, if then you judge that it is an expense convenient or prudent for you to make, if you will send me your commissions, I will take care to have them well executed.

"As to politics, it is my opinion that this administration cannot stand; I think there must be a change of persons or of parties; I wish I may be a false prophet. There has been, and is, in town, a very strong report of the Tories coming in: a little time will now show what is in it. In case this accident should happen, I desire you would let me know whether staying where you are would not be better

* March 3, 1721.

for you than anything you can propose at home; because may be I may find friends enough amongst them to get you continued, at least I will endeavour it, but not without your orders. I hope nothing of this kind will happen: but as I have a sincere desire to serve, or to endeavour to serve you, it is right for me to know your opinion upon all events, how distant soever.

"All your friends give their service. Lord Stanhope,* Lord Lumley,† and myself, set out for Eastbury to-morrow.

I am,

With the most sincere affection and esteem, &c.

GEORGE DODINGTON."

It appears from the following letter from Mr. Gay, dated Bath, August 23, 1721, that Mrs. Colman had then joined her husband at Vienna.

"MY DEAR COLMAN,

"I hope you will believe me that nobody interests himself more in your welfare than I do. I was mighty sorry I had not the opportunity of seeing you before you left England; I wish you may find everything to your advantage, and everything agreeable. I own my not writing to you has the appearance of forgetfulness, but there is no acquaintance you have thinks and talks of you oftener. You see I endeavour to persuade you into the same opinion of me, that you must be convinced I have of you, because I have, on many occasions, singled you from the rest of my friends to confide in. I don't mention your happiness in

* Philip, second Earl Stanhope, succeeded his father, the first Earl, February 5, 1721; he died in 1786.

† Richard Lumley, second Earl of Scarborough, who succeeded his father, the first Earl, December 17, 1721; he died February 4, 1740.

love, I wish you happiness in every thing beside. I hope Mrs. Colman met with no difficulties in her journey, I am sure she will find none while she is with you.

" I live almost altogether with Lord Burlington, and pass my time very agreeably. I left Chiswick about three weeks ago, and have been ever since at the Bath, for the colical humour in my stomach that you have heard me often complain of. Here is very little company that I know. I expect a summons very suddenly to go with Lord Burlington into Yorkshire. You must think that I cannot be now and then without some thoughts that give me uneasiness, who have not the least prospect of ever being independent; my friends do a great deal for me, but I think I could do more for them.* Mr. Pulteney and Mrs. Pulteney had some thoughts of the Bath, but I fancy their journey is put off; I saw them at Chiswick just before I left it.

" You will hear before my letter can reach you of poor Lord Warwick's death; it has given me many a melancholy reflection; I loved him, and cannot help feeling concern whenever I think of him. Dear Colman, be as cheerful as you can, never sink under a disappointment; I give you the

* Gay's purse was an unerring barometer of his spirits; and, though talkativeness was far from being his foible, the continual dread of a servile dependence filled him full of complaints. In 1720 he published his poems, by subscription, with great success; but this was almost instantly damped by his being involved in the ruinous failure of the South Sea scheme. The younger Craggs had presented him with South Sea stock, which, by its rapid rise in value, placed independence within his grasp, and made him master of twenty thousand pounds. Dean Swift importuned him, while he had money, to purchase an annuity, lest old age should overtake him unprepared; but Gay, who seemed almost entranced with the illusory dream of dignity and splendour, could not think of diminishing, even in the smallest degree, his present means of greatness; the vision, however, only gleamed, the principal and profit were almost as instantaneously lost; and Gay, by want of foresight, seemed rather to invoke the chance of noble patronage than secure a competency, as the Dean had desired.

advice which I have always endeavoured to follow, though I hope you will have no occasion to practise it, for I heartily wish you may be always cheerful, and that you may always have very good reasons to be so.

"My service to Mrs. Colman. Direct to me at White's, if you will give me the pleasure of hearing from you.

I am, dear Colman, yours most sincerely,

J. GAY."

Mr. Colman, it appears, continued to reside for several years at Florence; for the following letter from Mr. Pulteney is dated London, September 21, 1727.

"SIR,

"I have the favour of yours of the 6th inst. N. S. advertising me of the bill of two hundred pounds which you had drawn on me for the damask. It is since come to hand, and I have given directions for the payment of it.

"In an assembly of ladies, at my house, a few nights ago, it was upon mature consideration determined, that red and green were the best and most lasting colours for furniture in London. The jonquille, which you said was made for the Cardinal Fleury, would not keep clean two years in this smoky town; therefore, if you please, the pattern of that may be made in red, but the yellow colour is by no means proper; in short, Mrs. Pulteney leaves the whole to you, desiring to have the damask very rich, and the pattern very large.

"Now I have given you this trouble, I must take a farther liberty, and you must not be angry with me if I chide you a little for your extravagance. What makes you throw away your money in presents? I am much concerned for your expense on my account, and I blame you for it on any other body's; believe me, Colman, there are few people worth valuing so much as to make oneself a farthing

the poorer for them.* For my part, I own that I am grown quite out of humour with the world; and, the more I grow acquainted with it, the less I like it. There is such a thing as cunning, there is falsehood, and there are views of self-interest that mix themselves in almost all the friendships that are contracted between man and man. These make friendships hardly worth cultivating anywhere; I am sure nowhere worth being at any considerable charge to preserve it. Do not mistake what I have said; I mean it not particularly to any one person, but in general; I am sure what I have said is true.

"I am sorry you have now so little hopes of returning to England to see your friends; perhaps Mr. Hedges' leaving Turin† will make it more difficult, for, until Mr. Finch‡ gets there, you will be the only minister the King will have in those parts. I should think Mr. Hedges, whom I take to

* Lord Bath's parsimony, in trifling matters, was sometimes laughable. The late George Colman related the following anecdote which he had from his father:—Across a lane, near his country-house, through which his lordship often passed in his carriage, a gate was placed, which was opened for travellers by a poor old woman. His lordship, one day, touched by her appearance, gave the word to halt; the out-riders echoed the order, the coachman pulled up, the cavalcade stood still; and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, stretching forth his hand from his coach, bedizened with coronets and drawn by four horses, threw to the venerable object of his bounty, a halfpenny!——Lord Bath died worth twelve hundred thousand pounds—no wonder!

† John Hedges, Esq. was appointed his Majesty's envoy extraordinary to the King of Sardinia, February 19, 1726.

‡ William Finch, second son of Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham and sixth Earl of Winchilsea; afterwards envoy to Sweden in 1724, and to the States General in 1726. He died December 25, 1766. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams has celebrated this family in song—

"The black funereal Finches;"

and

be a man of real worth and honour, and who has besides a great deal of good-nature, might be a proper person to recommend you to the Ministers, to get you an advanced character; I will wait on him as soon as he comes over, and try to engage him in it. This is the only way I can propose doing you any service for the present; when it is more in my power, you shall not want the assistance of those that have called themselves your friends, and have hitherto done you so little good. If I have moralized too much in the former part of my letter, I assure you it is this consideration has made me do so.

"Mrs. Colman is pretty well; but, by nursing herself up too much, she is so chilly that she can scarce stir abroad without catching cold. I wish your circumstances would allow your living together, because I believe a hot country would agree perfectly well with her. Mrs. Pulteney is much yours.

And I am, very sincerely,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

WM. PULTENEY."

The following letter is from the Earl of Chesterfield.

"SIR, London, Nov. 20, 1727.

"I received with a great deal of pleasure the favour of your letter, and have, as far as I was able, obeyed your commands in relation to the Marquis Riccardo; that is, I have been to wait upon him, and to offer him what services I could do him here, which are none at all, since, as you

and Horace Walpole says, that Lord Winchilsea was of so dark a complexion, and so slovenly in his dress, that he was called the Chimney-sweeper.

very well know, it is impossible to break through the inhospitality of this country enough to make any foreigner pass his time tolerably here. He has been ill of a fever almost ever since his arrival, and seems to have so indifferent an opinion both of our climate and our politeness, that I believe he will not stay very long.

" I am very sorry you could imagine that an absence of seven years, or even twice that time, could remove you from the thoughts of one who always thought of your friendship and acquaintance with the utmost satisfaction; and must take this opportunity of desiring in reality, what I shall soon be obliged to desire in form,—which is, the honour and pleasure of your correspondence. I hope, too, that our long acquaintance will justify me in desiring that it may be upon a more free footing than barely from His Majesty's minister at Florence to His Majesty's minister at the Hague.

" I shall set out for Holland in about six weeks,* to begin my apprenticeship to that trade, of which you are already master. I am sensible of the difficulties of it, and the little hopes I have of succeeding in it; but as the King,

* The Earl was not sworn of the Privy Council till Feb. 9, 1728, nor did he set out for Holland till April 23 following. During his embassy at the Hague, he lived in a most sumptuous style, and did infinite honour to the accredited munificence of England. On the King's birthday, Nov. 10, 1728, he entertained at dinner all the foreign ministers and persons of distinction of the States General, at three very large tables, placed in a great room which his excellency had built for that purpose, and the next day gave a grand ball and supper to four hundred persons. Two illuminated fountains of wine at the same time continued running for the populace, with music playing till three o'clock the following morning. His address in Holland, where he continued till the beginning of 1730, saved Hanover from the evils of a war, for which the King made him Lord Steward, and gave him the blue riband.

from having a better opinion of me than I deserve, has obliged me to undertake it, I must endeavour to go through it as well as I am able.

I am, with the greatest truth and regard,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD."

In 1728, Colman for a short time returned to England; and Dodington, who had received his appointment as a Lord of the Treasury on the day in which Colman had been appointed envoy to Tuscany, wrote him a letter, referring to his journey homeward.

"DEAR SIR, London, June 27, O. S. 1728.

"I hope this will be given to you at Paris by Mr. Walpole.* I think we have got you your arrears, of which I give you joy. You must own but one piece of Italian silk sent to me, and that is the green one, brocaded;—say I sent for one, and left the choice to you;—as also but one box of flowers, which you sent me for Mrs. Colman, to whom I have sent one and kept the other.

"I heartily wish you a good journey.

Dear Colman, entirely yours,

GEO. DODINGTON.†"

The next letter which we find addressed to Mr. Colman alluding to his projected return home, is

* Horatio Walpole, brother of Sir Robert Walpole, appointed ambassador to France, May 15, 1724, and plenipotentiary to the Congress of Soissons, in the room of John Hedges, Esq. April 1728.

† The climate of Italy disagreed with Mrs. Colman, and upon that account she returned home soon after her arrival at Florence, and continued to reside in England.

dated six months later than the last, by which it appears that his return to England was for some reason or other delayed, although he had evidently been staying some time in Paris.

"DEAR SIR, Whitehall, Dec. 26, 1728.

"I received this day, with great pleasure, both your letters of the 29th and 30th instant, N. S. acquainting me that I shall soon have the honour of seeing you here. I shall take care to pay the bill of sixty pounds you have drawn upon me.

"I hope this will meet you at Dover. I have desired my friend Mr. Minet to deliver it to you so soon as he hears you are landed, and to do you all the service he can towards forwarding your journey hither. I rejoice to hear you enjoy your health better than when you left Florence.

"I waited upon Mr. Dodington this morning, who longs very much to see you. He is gone out of town, but will return on Saturday next: he desires that you will send word to his house in Pall Mall of your arrival in town, which I shall likewise be very glad to know.

I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,
Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
JA. PAYZANT."

Francis Colman appears to have had the same predilections for the theatre, as were so conspicuously displayed by his son, George Colman the Elder, and his grandson, the late George Colman the Younger. What his productions were as a dramatist there is no certain evidence beyond that of the opera of "Ariadne in Naxos," with which Senesino opened at Lincoln's Inn Fields' theatre, in January

1734. The other singers were, Montagna as bass, and Signoras Cuzzoni, Celeste Gismonda, Bertorali, and Sagatti. In 1730, Colman made the engagement with Senesino for his performances at the operas under Handel's management, for the season of 1730-31.

Handel's first letter to Colman is in the style of one who was in full terms of friendship with the person addressed; but no papers are known to be extant which afford any particulars of the British envoy's furtherance of the views of that eminent composer in any other operatic business than the engagement of Senesino, already noticed.

Handel's letters are given literally.

" MONSIEUR, Londres, 19–30 de Juin, 1730.

" Depuis que j'ay eu l'honneur de vous écrire, on a trouvé moyen d'engager de nouveau la Signora Merighi, et comme c'est une voix de contr'alto, il nous conviendroit présentement que la femme qu'on doit engager en Italie fut un soprano. J'écris aussi avec cet ordinaire à Mr. Swinny pour cet effet, en luy recommandant en même tems que la femme qu'il pourra vous proposer fasse le rolle d'homme aussi bien que celuy de femme. Il y a lieu de croire que vous n'avez pas encore pris d'engagement pour une femme contr'alto, mais en cas que cela soit fait, il faudroit s'y en tenir.

" Je prens la liberté de vous prier de nouveau qu'il ne soit pas fait mention dans les contracts du premier, second, ou troisieme rolle, puisque cela nous gêne dans le choix du drama, et est d'ailleurs sujet à de grands inconveniens. Nous esperons aussi d'avoir par votre assistance un homme et une femme pour la saison prochaine, qui commence avec le mois d'Octobre de l'année courante, et finit

avec le mois de Juillet 1731, et nous attendons avec impatience d'en apprendre des nouvelles pour en informer la cour.

" Il ne me reste qu'à vous réiterer mes assurances de l'obligation particulière que je vous aurai de votre bonté envers moi à cet égard, qui ai l'honneur d'être avec affection respectueuse,

Monsieur, votre trés humble
et obéissant serviteur,
GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL."

A Monsieur Monsieur COLMAN, Envoyé
Extraord^are de S. M. Britannique,
auprès de S. A. R. le Duc de Toscane
à Florence.

On the 15th of July, Colman wrote to Swiny,* then at Bologna, in furtherance of Handel's solicitation, which the ex-manager thus answered :

" SIR, Bologna, July 18, 1730.

" I am favoured with yours of the 15th instant, and shall endeavour to observe punctually what you write about. I find that Senesino, or Carestini, are desired at one thousand two hundred guineas each, if they are to be had: I am sure that Carestini is engaged at Milan, and has been so for many months past; and I hear that Senesino is engaged for the ensuing carnival at Rome.

" If Senesino is at liberty, and will accept the offer, then the affair is adjusted, if Signora Barbara Pisani accepts the offer I made her, which I really believe she will.

" If we can neither get Senesino, nor Carestini, then Mr.

* Owen Mac Swiny, formerly a manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and afterwards of the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, 1708. He quitted England for Italy in 1711, where he appears as an agent for the Italian Opera of London.

Handel desires to have a man soprano, and a woman contr' alto, and that the price for both must not exceed one thousand or eleven hundred guineas; and that the persons must set out for London at the latter end of August, or beginning of September, and that no engagement must be made with one without a certainty of getting the other.

"Several of the persons recommended to Mr. Handel, whose names he repeats in the letters I received from him this morning, are, I think, exceedingly indifferent, and I am persuaded would never do in England; and, I think, should never be pitched on, till nobody else can be had.

"I have heard a lad here of about nineteen years old, with a very good soprano voice, and of whom there are vast hopes, who, I am persuaded, would do very well in London, and much better than any of those mentioned in Mr. Handel's letter, who are not already engaged, in case you cannot get Senesino.

"I have spoken with him, and with the person under whose direction he is, and they both of them hearken with pleasure to a proposal of going for London, and they have promised me to accept of no offer till they have an answer from me, which I cannot give them till I hear from you, and that you approve of the person, which I suppose you will, in case you do not fix on some other person.

"I write this letter to you in great haste, being just on my departure for Rome, being obliged to wait on Lord Boyne* and Mr. Walpole in the tour which they are making: our stay there will not be above ten days, then we shall set out for Florence; but we design first to visit Leghorn, Pisa, and Lucca.

"I expect an answer from Signora Barbara Pisani by the next post, which will meet me at Rome: as soon as I receive it, I will let you know her resolutions, and then you

* Lord Viscount Boyne set out from England upon his travels, on April 15, 1728.

may provide a woman in her room in case she does not accept my offer; and on my arrival in Florence we will settle what is to be done about the young lad I mention, in case you do not find one that is better for our purpose in the mean time; I should be glad to know whether you got Senesino.

"Not having time to answer Mr. Handel's letter this day, I hope you will be so good as to let him know I shall endeavour to serve him to the utmost of my power, and I shall do nothing but what shall be concerted by you.

"I shall say no more at present, but conclude myself, with respects to Mrs. Colman."

The services of Senesino were not procurable for the sum named, and Colman delayed replying so promptly as Swiny required. The letter of the latter is yet extant.

"Sir, Rome, July 29, 1730.

"I was in hopes of the honour of a letter from you to let me know whether Senesino had accepted the offer of twelve hundred guineas. If he does not, then we must provide a soprano man, and a contr' alto woman, (though the Merighi stays) at a thousand guineas, or thereabouts, for both, with an absolute condition of their being in London by the end of September.

"I told you I had a young fellow in view, with a good voice and other requisites, in case Senesino, or some other fit person, could not be engaged. I have received no answer as yet from Signora Barbara Pisani, but hope to have one by the next week's ordinary: as soon as I receive it, I shall not fail to give you the purport of it.

"We set out from hence this day se'nnight, or Sunday the 6th of August, to make the best of our way for Florence, by Perugia and Cortona. My Lord Boyne and

Mr. Walpole make their best compliments to you and your lady.

I am, with respects to her,
Your obliged servant,
OWEN SWINY."

" MONSIEUR, à Londres, 27 Oct.—6 Nov.

" Je viens de recevoir l'honneur de votre lettre du 22 du passé N. S. par laquelle je vois les raisons qui vous ont determiné d'engager Sieur Senesino sur le pied de quatorze cent ghinées, à quoi nous acquiescons, et je vous fais mes très humbles remerciments des peines que vous avez bien voulu prendre dans cette affaire. Le dit Sieur Senesino est arrivé ici il y a 12 jours, et je n'ai pas manqué sur la présentation de votre lettre de lui payer à compte de son salaire les cent ghinées que vous lui aviez promis. Pour ce qui est de la Signora Pisani nous ne l'avons pas eüe, et comme la saison est forte avancée, et qu'on commencera bientôt les operas, nous passerons cette année cy d'une autre femme d'Italie, ayant déjà disposé les operas pour la compagnie que nous avons présentement.

" Je vous suis pourtant très obligé d'avoir songé à la Signora Madalena Pieri en cas que nous eussions eu absolument besoin d'une autre femme qui acte en homme, mais nous contenterons des cinq personnages, ayant actuellement trouvé de quoi suppléer du reste.

" C'est à votre généreuse assistance que la cour et la noblesse devront en partie la satisfaction d'avoir présentement une compagnie à leur gré, en sorte qu'il ne me reste qu'à vous en marquer mes sentiments particuliers de gratitude et à vous assurer de l'attention très respectueuse avec laquelle j'ay l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur, votre très humble
Et très obéissant serviteur,
GEORGE FRIDEREC HANDEL."

Senesino was engaged at the sum of fourteen hundred guineas, and in due time arrived in England. The Opera commenced on Tuesday, November 3rd, with Scipio, in which Senesino appeared: it was repeated four times; the King and Queen were present at each performance.

William Hoare, father of the late Prince Hoare, and who upon the founding of the Royal Academy was selected to be one of the first members, was originally instructed as an artist by an Italian painter in London; but subsequently went to Italy, where he and Pompeo Battoni became the pupils of Imperiale. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams being at Genoa, on his way for England, gave Hoare the following letter of introduction to the British resident at Florence:

"Dear Sir, Genoa, November 23, 1730.

"I take this opportunity to thank you for yours, and for all favours received in Italy and elsewhere, and wish for nothing more than the opportunity of showing you what a real esteem and friendship I have for you, and how desirous I am of serving you anywhere.

"The gentleman that brings you this is the same I wrote to you about, being him that comes to study there; all favours you do him will be the same as done to myself; and I hope, therefore, you will oblige him in all you can. I shall take a further opportunity from England to beg pardon for this trouble, and to inquire after your and your lady's, and the young lady's* health; to both I beg my compliments."

* Colman's first child, named Caroline, in compliment to the Queen of George the Second. She died young.

Hoare requited the civilities shown him by Mr. Colman by painting his portrait.*

To understand the allusions to Don Carlos in the following letter, and to the part which Colman, as the British resident at Florence, had in the affair, it should be stated that, according to the treaty of alliance between England, France, and Spain, concluded on and signed at Seville, November 9, 1729, N. S. it was among other things determined, that the succession of Don Carlos to the territories of Leghorn in Tuscany, Porto Ferrajo, Parma, and Placentia, was to be secured on the decease of the then reigning Dukes of Tuscany and Parma; garrisons of six thousand Spaniards were to be introduced into those places, and the contracting parties to maintain Don Carlos in undisturbed possession. The treaty was to be ratified, after regulations for the maintaining the Spanish garrisons had been settled by an agreement between the King of Spain and the said Dukes.

The Duke of Parma, who died January 7, 1731, in his will declared that the Duchess his consort was three months gone with child, and entreated the allied powers of Europe to have compassion on his people, and to defer the execution of their projects till the Duchess was delivered; that, in case of

* This portrait, at the sale of the late Mr. Colman's effects, produced only two guineas and a half. Another portrait of Francis Colman, by the celebrated Rosalba of Florence, in crayons, was purchased at the same sale, by a Mr. Harris, for three guineas and a half.

failure of a male heir, he willed that the Infant Don Carlos should succeed to his dominions and allodial estates; and, in case Don Carlos should die, his next brother should succeed, by virtue of the right the Queen of Spain their mother had to the succession; and appointed five regents.

No sooner was the decease of the Duke known, than a force of the Imperialists, consisting of two thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry, immediately entered the city of Parma, and seized the gates, the castle, and all the posts; but the German General Stampa at the time declared that they should pay for everything they required of the citizens, and should not intermeddle in the administration of civil affairs, but leave it entirely to the regents who were nominated in the late Duke's will: the people also affirmed on oath to acknowledge the young prince of whom the Duchess was then supposed to be pregnant. The Imperialists also proclaimed that they took possession of the Duchies of Parma and Placentia for the Infant Don Carlos; and that if the Duchess Dowager should not be delivered of a prince, the said Infant might take the investiture of the Emperor whenever he pleased, provided he came without an army. The Imperialists had a garrison of fifteen hundred men in the city of Placentia, or Piacenza.

"Dear Sir, Arlington Street, June 12, O. S. 1731.

"I have not written to you this long time, nor do I design to trouble you with many letters by the post. It is a very dangerous conveyance, and I should be unwilling to

do you any harm. I must disguise my sentiments extremely if I enter the least into the consideration of public affairs without abusing those fools, I mean our ministers, who have had the conducting them. Do not be frightened at what I have said, for this comes to you by a very safe hand. Sam Gumley* was with me about an hour ago, and told me he designed to set out for France to-morrow morning, and intended to make you a visit at Florence before he returned, and if I would send him a letter in half an hour's time, he said he would charge himself with delivering it safely into your own hands. I have not much to write to you, nor much time to write anything in; but I send you some other writings that will entertain you much better than I am able to do it. He will give you a set of the "Craftsman," which you must put, like the monks, into that part of your library which they call *l'Inferno;* and be sure, like them, to read these books more than any in the rest of the library: there are some other pamphlets which, as old as they are, will be new and entertaining to you.†

"I hear our fleet has orders to sail soon, and Sir Charles Wager is to conduct Don Carlos to Italy. Major-general Clayton is to have the command of two English battalions, which are to be put on board the fleet; and we have hopes

* Upon the death of George Berkeley, Esq. member for Hedon in the parliament of 1741, a new writ was ordered, November 18, 1746. Samuel Gumley, Esq. was returned, but unseated, being declared not duly elected.

† These pamphlets were probably one entitled "Sedition and Defamation displayed," written anonymously in defence of Sir Robert Walpole, in which Mr. Pulteney was severely handled. The real author was Sir William Young, Secretary at War; but Mr. Pulteney, who erroneously attributed it to John Lord Hervey, then Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, answered it in "A Proper Reply to a late scurrilous Libel, entitled 'Sedition and Defamation displayed,'" and was very severe on his

given us that five months after Don Carlos shall be well settled in Italy, Spain has promised to sign an act of approbation of the last Vienna treaty. Good God! what are we come to, that we must be courting folks, and begging they would give us leave to do them a piece of service! Would any one imagine that at the very time we are doing this job for them, we should not have interest enough with them to obtain a security for our rightful possessions? but, on the contrary, the works are still carrying on before Gibraltar, and the governor of it expects every hour to be besieged. An English fleet at Leghorn, and two English battalions in Italy, will very probably increase your expenses considerably; I am afraid those who should, will not think of increasing your salary in proportion.

"Mrs. Pulteney is too lazy to write herself to Mrs. Colman, but has desired me with my own to present her service to you both, and returns you many thanks for a fan she has received. We have bespoke you a piece of useful plate, which shall be sent to you by the first opportunity.

"I have not time to say anything more, for, to tell you the truth, a pamphlet came out a few days ago, supposed to be written by Sir Robert Walpole himself, wherein I am treated with great acrimony: it is necessary I should reply,

supposed antagonist. Lord Hervey, on January 25th, preceding the date of this letter, sent a challenge to Mr. Pulteney to meet him in the afternoon in the Green Park. Mr. Pulteney, attended by Sir John Rushout, his second, went at the time appointed, and met Lord Hervey, with Mr. Fox as his second. After four or five passes, Mr. Pulteney gave Lord Hervey two slight wounds, one in the arm, the other in the neck, upon which they closed in, but were parted by the seconds. Nothing of this murderous conflict is alluded to in the letter; but Colman was possibly aware of the facts, though not as to the cause of the quarrel.

and speedily too; so that, if I can, I must dip my pen in gall, after it has told you that I am, with the greatest truth and sincerity,

Most affectionately yours,
WILLIAM PULTENEY."

Sir Charles Wager sailed from Spithead on the 14th of July, with a squadron of nearly forty ships of war; he having been advanced to the rank of Admiral of the Blue only four days previously. He arrived at Cadiz on the first of August, and the combined fleets of England and Spain, with the Spanish forces on board, and some English regiments, arrived at Leghorn at the end of October.

The Imperialists had, however, early in September, taken possession of the Duchies in the name of Don Carlos; the Duchess Dowager having declared that she never had been pregnant, notwithstanding her previous assertions to the contrary.

Sir Charles Wager returned with the fleet to England, December 10; and King George the Second, in his speech at the opening of the parliament, January 13, 1732, congratulated himself on the success of his efforts to maintain the tranquillity of Europe, and that Parma and Placentia were in the possession of Don Carlos, and six thousand Spaniards admitted into Tuscany with the consent of the Great Duke.

Pulteney's pleasurable hopes in the next letter were verified in the birth of George Colman the Elder, early in the ensuing year; and those of the Duchess Dowager, if she ever had any, ended *in fumo*. In fact, much doubt was entertained at

the time; and the appointment to which Pulteney humorously alludes, arose from Colman's being officially instructed to obtain some evidence as to the probability of any issue. The young Duchess Dowager was examined by several ladies appointed on behalf of Don Carlos and the Great Duke, the other claimant to the succession; and these ladies gave their opinions erroneously, as it afterwards appeared, in favour of her pregnancy.

"DEAR COLMAN, London, August 25, 1731.

"I have not troubled you with many letters, not caring to write to any one by the post, and especially not to those I may chance to prejudice by my correspondence. I have lately been at Tunbridge, not on my own or Mrs. Pulteney's account, but for the sake of my little girl*, who has been much afflicted with an ague, but is now by the waters perfectly recovered.

"We have had a most dreadful hot summer in England, I reckon you have been roasted at Florence; notwithstanding which, I should be glad to hear Mrs. Colman is in good health, and more likely to bring a boy soon into the world than the Duchess of Parma. By the bye, I am told that you, among others, are one appointed to peep into the lady's privities, and watch narrowly that no pretender be imposed upon the world. Perhaps you may not be displeased with the office; but, as your friend, I am best pleased to hear that His Majesty is likely to pay for your peeping, and that you have obtained an additional pay of three pounds a-day. I heartily rejoice at it, and I know, dear Colman, that you deserved this long ago; but, in the present treaty-making age, there is but one way for a Foreign minister to

* The Hon. Miss Pulteney, Mr. Pulteney's only daughter, died in her fourteenth year, in March 1742.

get into favour and become considerable, and that is by trying to make a treaty as well as the best of them. This I understand you have done, and upon the success of it give me leave to congratulate you and Father Ascanio*. The great Horace himself, I dare say, could not have done better than it will appear you have done; I wish you could have got an article inserted in this treaty whereby the Venus of Medicis, and half-a-dozen other of the best statues and curiosities of the gallery, should be given and yielded to us, by way of acknowledgment for the services done to Don Carlos; and the Great Duke's great diamond I think ought to be yours, to compensate your trouble as a midwife and a minister.

"Mrs. Pulteney has received a letter from the Duchess of Buckingham; it is filled with praises of you and Mrs. Colman, and gives a long account of all your civilities. Such a number of English as have lately passed through Florence must have been extremely expensive to you, but Don Carlos's future favour must make up all. I expect to hear of your being his chief favourite, for which reason I have sent you a silver tureen, if that be not nonsense, but it is as good sense as a silver ink-horn; in which I beg you would give Don Carlos the first olio he eats in Italy†. I cannot tell you by what ship it is to be sent, but you shall soon have notice and the bill of lading.

"Many of your friends desire their services, but I have not room or time to tell you their names. Mrs. Pulteney sends her compliments to you and Mrs. Colman."

* The treaty, on the happy completion of which Pulteney congratulates Colman and Father Ascanio, refers to that signed at Florence on the 15th of the preceding month—July,—between the Great Duke of Tuscany and the King of Spain; by which the Spanish troops were to be admitted into the Duchy, and the succession of Don Carlos agreed on, conformably to the treaty of Seville.

† Don Carlos, passing by land, *viâ* France, to Italy, arrived at Florence, March 9, 1732.

CHAPTER II.

1732–1758.

Birth of George Colman the Elder—Lord Essex—Death of Francis Colman — Westminster School in 1744 — George Colman's first poem—The Countess of Bath's Letters—"The Connoisseur" first published—Colman and Bonnel Thornton—Cowper—Garrick—Robert Lloyd—Death of the Countess of Bath.

GEORGE COLMAN the Elder was born at Florence early in 1732, and was baptized in the great church in that city, April 18th, in that year. Garrick, while travelling in Italy, in a letter addressed to George Colman*, says: "Before I left Florence, I had much conversation with an old servant of your father's, who lives with Sir Horace Mann; he remembers your being born, and shewed me the house where you first crawled and cried: I looked at it for ten minutes with pleasure. I need not tell you how well I am prepared to set you right, if you should hereafter make any mistakes about your age; and I fear that we already differ a year or two in the calculation."

* Dated December 24, 1763. Sir Horace Mann died at Florence, November 16, 1786.

That the Pulteneys knew of his birth early, is evident from the mention made of "young master" in the following letter. The Mrs. Tyndall named therein was a sort of *gouvernante* in the family.

"DEAR SIR, London, June 1st, 1732.

"Though I wrote to you a few posts ago, yet I must trouble you with another letter. Mr. Sandys, a very particular friend of mine, has desired me to acquaint you that his brother-in-law, Mr. Archer, is coming to Florence, and he hopes you will show him all the civilities in your power. I assured him that my recommendation would be needless, for you were so polite, and so well-bred, that I was confident a gentleman of Mr. Archer's rank and distinction could not be a quarter of an hour in the town but Monsieur l'Envoy would be with him. However, lest any assiduity in paying your court to Don Carlos, should by accident make you less inquisitive about your countrymen, I take liberty to acquaint you that Mr. and Mrs. Archer will be with you soon; and as they are both of them acquaintances of mine and Mrs. Pulteney's, I hope you will be particularly civil to them, and do them all the honours you can.

"Young master, I suppose, thrives apace; and under Mrs. Tyndall's hand, to be sure, every thing grows as it should do.

"I hear that Lord Essex* sets out for the Court of Turin in about ten days, but probably he will stay some time at Paris. This day is to conclude a very tedious sessions of Parliament, and on Saturday the King begins his journey to Hanover, where he will not stay above two months. I hope our Court and that of Prussia are about to be reconciled, I am sure it is for their mutual interest to be on good terms with each other; and the delay of the match with the Princess of Mecklenburgh makes me

* William Capel, third Earl of Essex, appointed ambassador to the King of Sardinia, in which employ he continued till 1736.

conclude what I wish will be true, that a match will at least be made with our Princess.

"Lord Chesterfield is going to drink the Scarborough waters, which I am sorry to think he stands so much in need of. Perhaps a little quiet and regularity will set him up again, but at present he is in a bad way.

I wish you all happiness, &c.

WM. PULTENEY."

Lord Essex appears to have made no very long stay on his route to Sardinia; but on arriving at Turin, and having delivered his letters of credence, wrote the following to his neighbouring brother plenipo.

"MY DEAR COLMAN, Turin, August 26, 1732.

"As the formal letter is now over, give me leave to write to you as from an old friend, who is sorry he is so near you and cannot come quite to Florence to make you a visit; I need not assure you, if you come this way, I shall be extremely glad to see you. I should be very much obliged to you if you would let your steward buy for me a good Parmisan cheese, and some Mortadellos, and send them to this place, and let me know how many dozen of Florence one of your chests holds, and if it is a good time of year to send me some white and red; the white I should be glad to have of the sweet sort. When I have your answer, I will send you word what quantity I would have, and you will let me know to whom my banker shall pay the money. I should be very glad to know what prices the marble tables made at Florence come to, and what are the common sizes you have of those with birds and flowers on them. I beg a thousand pardons, my dear Colman, for giving you all this trouble. Pray my compliments to Mrs. Colman, and am, in a great hurry, my dear sir,

Most faithfully yours,

ESSEX."

The declining health of Francis Colman induced him to try a change of air; and, in December 1732, we find him residing at Pisa, from whence the following affectionate letter to his wife, Mary Colman, was addressed. The diction exhibits bodily debility, which terminated fatally.

"My dearest Life,

"You know I am positively forbid writing till I find myself stronger in health, so that I will only trouble you with these few lines, to wish you, and the two dear little ones,* a continuation of all health and happiness, and to tell you that I hope I begin to gather a little strength, though the weather has been very cold ever since my arrival here: however, I have one of the warmest and pleasantest little bed-chambers that ever I saw, the sun coming in from fifteen in the morning till twenty-three hours at night; and in the next room I have a chimney. The wild fowl is so extraordinary good here, that I shall send you a taste of it next Thursday morning by the *Procaccio*, which arrives at Florence that night.

"I can add no more at present than that I am with the utmost affection,

My dearest dear, yours for ever,

F. Colman.

"My service to Mrs. Tyndall."

Colman lingered at Pisa till April, when death relieved him from further suffering. Mrs. Colman was then present: a letter, written in the third

* His children, Caroline and George. They had each of them "the honour of a royal godfather and godmother, as children of a British plenipotentiary," from whom they took their several names.

person, to Mrs. Tyndall, at Florence, but signed by Mrs. Colman, records the particular minute of his demise. The letter exhibits a mother's solicitude for her children amid the anxiety attendant on the death of her husband.

"MADAM, Pisa, April 20, 1783.

"Mrs. Colman being uncertain whether she shall return to Florence to-morrow, or no, desires that you will take all possible care of the child: and notwithstanding you will be obliged to attend the Consul, who will be with you to-morrow, yet she begs that you would at the same time leave the child in the safest hands, as likewise take care of everything committed to your charge, especially dear Pecce, and not leave her to cry, but to take her with you everywhere where you properly can; which at present concludes from, Yours,

MARY COLMAN."

P. S.—Mr. Colman departed this life this morning, at thirty-five minutes past seven o'clock."

The child here mentioned was George Colman, and "Pecce," his elder sister Caroline. On her return to England, Mrs. Colman was allowed, by favour of the King, to reside during her long widowhood in a house * which stood near Rosamond's Pond, in the south-west corner of St. James's Park.

The library of Francis Colman was sold to the celebrated Tom Osborne, the bookseller in Gray's

* Mrs. Colman appears to have resided here till her death, in May 1767. The house is marked like a capital I in the map of St. Margaret's Parish, in Strype's edition of Stowe's History of London, 1720, Vol. II. book IV. p. 67. It has been long since pulled down, and the pond was filled up in 1770.

Inn. In February 1738, he published "A Catalogue of a valuable Collection of Manuscripts and Books, being the Library of his Excellency, Francis Colman, Esq. Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to his Serene Highness, the Great Duke of Tuscany." It was, however, the first part only of his general catalogue, and on inspection there is nothing to indicate what books really were those of Colman; they were doubtless not many.

On the demise of Francis Colman, the care of his son George, since known as George Colman the Elder, was generously assumed by his aunt's husband, William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath. By him he was sent to St. Peter's College, Westminster; and the letters of his lordship show naturally and pleasantly enough the varied style which accorded with the advancing gradations in the life of his *protégé*.

Cumberland, who was admitted into Westminster School in 1744, speaks of Dr. Nicolls as then head master; and Dr. Johnson, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, as second master. Vincent Bourne, subsequently known to the literary world for the elegance of his Latin verses, was usher of the fifth form; Pierson Lloyd, the father of Robert Lloyd the poet, and afterwards second master, was at the fourth. Cracherode, the munificent benefactor to the British Museum, was then in the head election, esteemed by all. At the head of the town boys was the Earl of Huntingdon; Warren Hastings, Colman, and Lloyd, were in the under school; and Hinchliffe,

Smith, and Vincent, then three boys in school together, afterwards succeeded to be severally head masters of that seminary, and not by the decease of any one of them,—a coincidence as singular in its results, as it is laudatory of the eminence and good government of the school at that time.

Colman's first poetical production, the verses to his cousin Lord Pulteney,* were written in 1747, while at Westminster.† The rhymes are rather of the Hudibrastic order:—

"VERSES TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT PULTENEY.

"To you, my Lord, these lines I write,
Lest you forget poor Coley quite;
Who still is drudging in the college,
In slow pursuit of further knowledge:
With many a cruel lash his —— on,
To make him, some time hence, a parson,—
A judge, perhaps,—or a physician,
Strolling on Radcliffe's exhibition.
While you with foreign monarchs dine,
Or sup with princes 'cross the Rhine;
Idle your hours in lazy state,
Just as forgetful as you 're great;
Ramble to ev'ry court your rounds,
Draw when you please an hundred pounds;
Despise expense, and dress out tawdry
In clothes of lace, and gay embroid'ry;
Shine at the ball, and briskly dance,
As though you had been bred in France.

* Son to the Earl of Bath—he died on the 16th of January, 1763.

† They appeared originally in "The St. James's Magazine," a periodical conducted by Lloyd.

" I hear, too, that your constant trade is,
To ogle and ensnare the ladies,
Whose hearts, unwary, fire like tinder,
And waste away by love to cinder;
Whilst you are glad to see your pride
On all occasions gratified,
And disregard your friends at London,
Not caring if they 're hang'd or undone.
" ' But hold !' you cry, ' why this abuse ?
Pray hearken, sir, to my excuse;
Nor hurry with impetuous thought
To blame your friend, ere he 's in fault.
At th' Hague we had not time to rest us,
Disturbances did so molest us;
For, you must know, these scoundrel Dutch
Rebel for being tax'd too much.
Loyal and passive we obey on,
And bear all taxes they can lay on:
The British lion now is couchant,
Grumbling, perhaps, but won't make much on 't;
Taking, with patient resignation,
Whate'er 's imposed upon the nation.
In camp, too, I 'd but little leisure,
My time was so fill'd up with pleasure,
With all old school-fellows so dear,
And Albemarle and Ligonier,
That I had scarce an hour to spare.
The Duke, too, show'd me a review,
All that, at that time, he could do;
For you must know, at present writing,
Our armies have all done with fighting.
From hence to Hanover we went,
Lived in a round of merriment.
I had no time to scribble letters
To you, dear Coley, or your betters.'
" My Lord, you 're right, and we from hence
Will quite o'erlook your negligence.
But, sans offence, may I inquire
In what the present hours expire ?
What pleasure or what study best
Your temper suits may I request ?

I hear in law you're a proficient,
And other learning have sufficient:
Can solve a problem mathematic,
And read with ease a Greek dramatic:
You're skill'd in history enough;
Of algebra have *quantum suff.*;
And are, by learned men's tuition,
The quintessence of erudition;
So vers'd in all that can be named,
Isis and Cam are quite asham'd,
And all their scholars are downright sick,
To see themselves outdone at Leipsic.
Tho' I have long with study mental
Laboured at language Oriental,
Yet, in my soil, the Hebrew root
Has scarcely made one single shoot.
" I've now broke up, but have a task, though,
Harder than your's with Mr. Mascow;
For mine 's as knotty as the devil,
Your law and master both are civil;
With milder means to learning lead,
By different roads, with different speed,
Douglas and you keep gently jogging,
But I must run the race with flogging.

GEORGE COLMAN."

Early in 1750, Colman, by attention to his studies, had, it appears, risen to the honorary distinction of being the second boy in the school, and was proceeding to be put in nomination in the election of King's scholars from Westminster to the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. The Earl was, however, of opinion that the continuing a year longer would render him more capable of standing his election with greater certainty and éclat. This opinion was the subject of a letter from France,

where the Earl and his Countess were then residing:

"DEAR COLEY, Paris, Feb. 23, 1750, N. S.

"I am very unwilling to give any opinion as to what may be best for you to do, and therefore will refer it absolutely to Dr. Nicholls; for my own part, I am inclined to think one year more in Westminster College, if you study hard, and employ your time well, may be of great service to you; but if the Doctor thinks it any disadvantage to you to stay only as second boy, and that you are at present fit and proper to go to the University, let him tell me which you would go to, that I may use my interest to get you chosen in the manner you wish to be.

"I hope your promises are sincere; I am sure they are made on proper considerations; for, as you have little or nothing of your own to depend on*, you must rise in the world by your merit only, and such friends as are able and willing to assist you. Among these, you may always depend upon me, provided you deserve my friendship; and to encourage you to study hard, and improve yourself by all manner of ways, wherever you shall be, I will tell you that I look upon you almost like a second son, and will never suffer you to want anything whilst it is in my power to procure it for you.

"Lady Bath and I desire our services to the Doctor and Mrs. Nicholls, and hope to hear from him upon this subject; for, till I hear from him, I can determine nothing. It is

* It has been stated by the late George Colman the Younger, that his father on the death of his mother, the Countess's sister, as he had been told, had six thousand pounds bequeathed to him by her.

not impossible but I may be in England before the election.

I am your friend and servant,

BATH."

"Our services to Mrs. Colman."

By the ensuing it seems, according to the routine of the school, Colman would have had to have stood the chance of the election, had not the Countess's timely arrival in London prevented it. The Earl, with no common pertinacity, appears to have been most anxious for the eminence and success of his half-adopted son. It was this letter which gave rise to the scandalous rumour that the Earl was in fact his father, by his wife's sister, Mary Colman, the wife of Francis Colman. The fallacy is apparent; the intercourse was impossible, from the length of time and great distance between the parties. The address to the following letter, was "Mr. Coleman, King's Scholar, at Westminster, in Dean's Yard, Angleterre, London."

"COLMAN, Paris, May 29, 1750, N. S.

"I have written to Dr. Nicholls* to let him know how well satisfied I am at your remaining one year longer at Westminster School. I perceive, notwithstanding my having declared strongly my opinion for your stay, that it was in some measure agreed you should leave the school this election; and that, if Lady Bath had not accidentally gone to England, you had been chosen this year to Cambridge,—

* Dr. Samuel Nicolls, Head Master of Westminster School, afterwards Rector of St. James's, Westminster, and of Northall in Hertfordshire; Prebendary of St. Paul's, Master of the Temple, and one of His Majesty's Chaplains. He died November 18, 1763.

a step that perhaps might have been of ill consequence to you for the rest of your life; but I hope now you will think of studying, as you ought, extremely hard this whole year, that you may make as good a figure as ever any boy did, at the next election, where I shall most certainly be, to judge how you have employed your time, and whether you mean to entitle yourself to my friendship and assistance, both which you shall most assuredly have, if you deserve them. Consider, therefore, as you ought, that you have little or no fortune of your own to depend on; that I am naturally inclined to have an affection for you, and, next to my own son, look upon you as one I ought to provide for in the best manner I am able: but, should you not merit my love, no other tie can lay me under the least obligation to take care of you. Reflect on this; be a good boy, and take care to continue me

Your friend and servant,

BATH."

The mother of George Colman, it would seem, lived not on the best terms with her sister the Countess, or the Earl; the reason is nowhere discoverable. On the Earl's return from Paris, he and his son, Lord Viscount Pulteney, went to the Hot Wells at Scarborough, and the Countess in their absence deigned to become the encourager of her nephew's attention to his studies.

The Countess's epistle runs as follows :—

"DEAR NEPHEW, London, July 15, 1750.

"I thank you for your letter dated the 12th. The assurances you give me that you are, and will continue to be, assiduous in the business you are about, gives me great satisfaction. Your own good sense will inform you better than I am able to do, how necessary it is to lay in a good stock of learning (now is your time), and be assured the

brightest parts will make no figure in the great world without that which must be got by study and great application.

"I wish you health; you may rely on my friendship, and be assured I shall do every thing in my power to advance you. Lord Bath and Pulteney are at Scarborough.

"I have never seen your mother since I returned last to England.

I am most affectionately yours,

A. BATH."

At the election in 1751, Colman obtained the distinction of being at the head of the list of the Westminster scholars who were sent to Oxford; Lloyd* stood in the same position with those who went to Trinity College, Cambridge.

The precise time of Colman's being admitted a member of Christ Church, is ascertained by the following certificate of his matriculation.

Oxoniæ Junij 5o. *Anno Domini* 1751.

"Quo die comparuit coram me Georgius Colman Ox. Æd. Xti Arm. fil. subscripsit Articulis Fidei et Religionis; et juramentum suscepit de agnoscendâ supremâ Regiæ Majestatis potestate; et de observandis Statutis, Privilegiis, et Consuetudinibus hujus Universitatis. ST. NIBLETT, *V. C. Dep.*"

* Robert Lloyd, as his associates always designated him, was educated at Westminster School, where his father, Dr. Pierson Lloyd, was second master, and where, as Chalmers remarks, he had, unfortunately, for his associates, Churchill, Thornton, Colman, and some others, to whose example his erroneous life may be ascribed.

The earliest letter which the Earl addressed to his nephew, as student at Christ Church, Oxford, has reference to the payment of his quarterage, and, as usual, is admonitory.

"DEAR COLMAN, London, February 29, 1752.

"I intended to have written to you by Mr. Douglas, but forgot it; however, my letter, by being franked, will put you to no expense, and it is to acquaint you that you may draw for your quarterage on Lady Bath, in the manner you mention in your letter to me. I recommend to you to stick close to your studies; you have parts equal to any scheme of life, but without daily labouring to improve them and to furnish yourself with knowledge, the best parts will be of little use. You know how well I intend by you, but then you must endeavour to deserve my kindness, and render yourself an object worthy of my care and attention."

While at Oxford, Colman commenced his essayic attempts by a Vision, printed as No. 90 of "The Adventurer," a periodical paper, conducted by Dr. Hawkesworth.* In December the same year, the Earl wrote to him, on the subject of his future conduct, and this letter shows that his nephew's predilection for the attractions of a Theatre was then a matter of disquiet with his Lordship.

"DEAR COLMAN,

I hope you have employed the long time you have now been without interruption at Oxford, usefully, and as you ought to do. You must consider that you have nothing to depend upon, for your future maintenance, but your parts,

* The paper in which this "Vision" appeared, bears date Saturday, September 15, 1753.

and your industry; apply yourself, therefore, strictly to your studies, and improve those talents God Almighty has given you, in such a manner, as to enable you to make a figure in the station in which you shall be placed. You know that you have been for some time entered in the Society of Lincoln's Inn, where you shall, in about a year or more, come to reside, and study the law. Keep Mr. Murray, the Solicitor General,* always in your eye, and let him be the example you propose to follow, perhaps to exceed. I propose you shall take your Bachelor's degree at Oxford, then come to Lincoln's Inn, not to quit the College, till you are obliged to do it, but to continue taking your other degrees in the University. At present I would have you come to town for the Christmas holydays. You shall stay with me in my house, for about three weeks, but not to be at your mama's, where you may have opportunities of strolling idly about the town, wherever your inclination may lead you; not that you shall be unreasonably confined at home, but have liberty now and then to visit your favourite play-houses, as well as your friends and acquaintances. If it be necessary you should acquaint your tutor, or the sub-dean of the College, for leave to come to London, you may do it in my name, or shew them my letter. You may set out in three or four days.

Your humble servant,

BATH."

On his return to Oxford, after the relaxation allowed him in the last letter of the Earl, Colman engaged with Bonnell Thornton in conducting the periodical paper, entitled "The Connoisseur." It commenced January 30, 1754, and was continued weekly till September 30, 1756. When the inex-

* Afterwards Attorney-General, then Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and created an Earl in 1776.

perience and youth of the writers are considered, the wit and humour, the spirit, the good sense, and shrewd observations on life and manners, which pervade these papers, will excite some degree of surprise. They indicate strong symptoms of the extraordinary talents which were subsequently to be more fully developed in "The Jealous Wife" and "The Clandestine Marriage."

Before the Christmas recess of 1753, it has been shown that it was the Earl's greatest solicitude that Colman should direct his studies towards a proficiency in the law. The next, is a reiteration of his desires on that head.

"DEAR COLMAN, London, February 12th, 1754.

"Two or three days ago I had your letter, and am glad to hear you got well again to Oxford, where I hope you will return to your studies with double diligence, in consideration of the little interruption your London journey gave to them.

"I have got from Mr. Guidott, the law-bookseller, a list of such law-books as will be proper for the beginning of your studies; but as you are not to begin those till you have finished at the University, it is needless to purchase those books till you return to town, unless you can find some of them in booksellers' shops, of good editions, and to be sold cheap. Lay by the list, till you return to London.

I am your good Friend,

BATH."

"The Connoisseur" appears to have occupied Colman's leisure time during this year, and we hear no more respecting him till the Earl's letter in reply to his nephew's application to the Countess for a Christ-

mas holyday, evinces it was "a prodigious bold request" that was not granted; and the profession of the law, the attention to which by Colman is made imperative on the Earl's part in a preceding letter, is in the ensuing epistle said to have been his own choice.

"DEAR COLMAN, London January 20th, 1755.

"About three weeks or a month ago, you wrote to Lady Bath, desiring to come to town for the Christmas holydays; to this letter I suppose she then sent you an answer, and I am now going to explain more fully to you both our meanings.

"Our intention is to give you such an education, as, with the parts you have, may enable you to get your own living, and hereafter make a figure in the world; but this must be done—and can be done no other way than by hard study and constant application. You must not think of trifling away any of your time in vain and idle amusements, such as those can afford who are born to estates. Your subsistence must be got by toil and drudgery in the profession you have chosen; but then, let me tell you, you will enjoy every shilling so got with much greater satisfaction. Let me place Mr. Murray, the present Attorney-General, before your eyes; look stedfastly towards him, and see what a rapid progress he hath made towards wealth and great reputation. You have as good parts, and are as able to pursue his steps, if you will exert the same diligence; all I can do, is to furnish the means, and give you such assistance as may be necessary by money and good advice. Think not, therefore, of losing an hour's time from your studies whilst you are at Oxford, but employ them in such occupations as may be proper for your future profession, I mean in a classical way, whilst you are at the University; such as reading often, and sometimes translating, parts of

Demosthenes' or Tully's Orations, and such like exercises; and when you have taken your Bachelor's degree, I promise to take you from the University, and place you in some chambers in Lincoln's Inn, of which society you have already been some time a member. When you are there, I tell you before hand, that I will have you closely watched, and be constantly informed how you employ your time. I must have no running to playhouses, or other places of public diversion, but your whole time must be given up to attend the courts of Westminster-hall during their sittings in a morning; and your evenings must be employed at home at your own chambers in assiduous application and study, till you have fitted yourself to make a figure at the bar.

"I left it to your own election what profession you would be of; you chose being a lawyer, and I approved your choice. The beginnings of all things are somewhat hard, and to shine in this profession requires vast application: think, therefore, of what I have said, and make a grateful return to me for the expenses I am at, and what I design further to do for you, and take this advice from

Your sincere friend and servant,

BATH."

Life is but an interchange of services rendered by one party to another, and tutors require pay as well as mechanics. The annual accounts, closed at Christmas, impelled Colman to apply for his quarterage and the sums due to his college, which, after some slight demur as to the cause of a particular claim, was conceded. The Countess's letter, dated from Bath House, Piccadilly, in March 1755, is almost a repetition of the Earl's injunctions; but, though it contains her Lord's general

principles of advice, it does not appear that they are improved by passing through the strainers of his Countess. We hear of cancelling obligations by the manner of conferring them, and, although her ladyship breathes regard, there is something in the air of her protection rather chilling to gratitude. The letter is printed literally, to give some idea of the mode of writing adopted by a fashionable female of the period.

" Dear Nep, Piccadilly, March.

" I recd your letter yesterday, and Lord Bath had one likewise from you sometime ago, He desires me to write the answer for us both & has told me in part what I shoud say, It is this, That whilst you do well, and endeavour to improve yourself as you ought, that you may depend on having all proper and reasonable assistance from us.

" We shall think now, soon, of sending for you from Oxford, to place you in Lincoln's Inn, where my Lord has taken care to have you enter'd some time ago. there you must study hard, attend the Courts of Westminster, and that constantly, and soon render yourself able to get your own livelihood, besides our assistance.

" As for your Quarteridge It shall be ready when Ever you send for it, and likewise the four Guineas for your Bach-rs degree, and the sixteen, as you say is usual to give your Tutor, tho' neither My Lord nor Dor Newton remembers such a Custom, but Lord B—h apprehends it is yt you have not paid your Tutor quart—ly ever since you have been in College, which he says you ought to have done out of your Allowance, and now the whole amounts to sixteen Guin-y at the rate of four a year. However it be the money shall be ready when you draw for it, and you may be sure of being deny'd nothing, whilst we think, and are persuaded you may deserve it.

"You to be sure will acquaint Lord Bath before you quit the univer-ty and take his Advice & directions in Every thing.

I am most
sincerely & affectionately
Yr friend &c
A Bath."

Now, had *George the Elder* condescended to become a punster, as his son, *George the Younger* decidedly was, he would, on beholding the signature of the Countess, A BATH, have exclaimed, "Yes: and a COLD one!"

Colman obtained his degree of Bachelor of Arts; and his withdrawal from the University, to shift for himself, and become a second Solon, was determined on by the Earl.

"DEAR COLMAN, London, March 27, 1755.

"As you have now taken your Bachelor's degree in the University, it may be time for you to come to London, to apply more particularly to that study, which is to become your profession, and your livelihood. I therefore recommend to you, when you are at Lincoln's Inn, where you have been enter'd for some years, and where I have now taken you Chambers, that you study hard in the evenings, and attend diligently the Courts of Westminster-hall in the mornings, constantly informing yourself, from friends and from books, of all the proper ways to signalize yourself in your profession. The chambers which I have taken for you, are small, but fitting enough for the present; they are up one pair of stairs, and I chose them so, rather than upon the ground floor, which is always damp. There are four small rooms, in which there are some presses and shelves for your books, which you will bring with you from Ox-

ford, and to which we will add such further law-books as may be necessary.

"At first, I suppose for a few days you must lie at your mother's, till we can get a bed, chairs, and such other things to furnish your chambers. When you grow a man of eminence in your profession, you may get into a better apartment, if you think fit, but that must be your own doing; I furnish you only with the means of rising, and recommend to you, never to stop in your career, till you have got to the head of the law.

"I tell you before hand, that I shall have you closely watched, that you do not idle away your time, in running to playhouses and such other diversions as I know you are fond of. Such amusements will not agree with your circumstances, who are by industry to get your own livelihood. Revolve what I have now said to you often in your mind, and resolve to do as I have directed you; you may then come to town as soon as you please, advertising your mother, whom I never see, of the day you propose to be with her.

"If there be any little matters to pay at the University, you may draw upon Lady Bath, or me, for the money. Should you have a mind to keep your name upon the College-books, till you have taken your Master's degree in the University, let me know what it will cost, though I do not see it can be of any great use to you.

"Send me word, likewise, what day you propose to be in town, because, upon further thoughts, I believe it will be more convenient for you to be with me, till we see you settled at Lincoln's Inn.

"Lady Bath will take care to get you a bed ready.

I am yours,

BATH."

The following letter, in Colman's autograph, and addressed to the Rev. John Duncombe,* exhibits him in his editorial capacity.

"SIR,

"I am very glad to hear from you again, as I was afraid our correspondence was dropped. I wish I could introduce your sonnet, but I fear it cannot be done with a good grace, as I have already treated of Ladies Poems: besides, I am willing to have as little poetry as possible in my papers.

"You know we are printing the first four volumes in twelves, it would therefore be no compliment to beg your acceptance of a set in their present form, as the twelves will have several additions and corrections. When these are finished, you must have a set—'the gift of the authors,' though I can assure you, they do not care how often you reduce them to the rank of mere editors. Without compliment, we look upon your contributions to the first volume, as a principal ornament to the work, and we hope that we shall not be less obliged to you, in the future progress of our papers.

I am, Sir, in the name of the Authors,

Your very obliged humble servant,

TOWN."

Colman was admitted into the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar, where he practised a very short time. At this period, his friend Lloyd addressed to him a pleasant poem on

* Rev. John Duncombe, M. A. The Duncombes, father and son, were amiable scholars, of a Hertfordshire family. The elder Duncombe, in his printed letters, mentions Dr. Cowper, the father of the poet, as one of his friends who possessed a talent for poetry.

the importance of his profession, and the seductions to which he was liable, on account of the muses. It was not probable, however, that a genius like Colman's could have remained devoted to the dry and irksome study of the law, and therefore when he seized an opportunity to renounce the bar, and attached himself to literary pursuits, more particularly the Drama, he did only that which his friends expected.

The anxiety of Lord Bath to inoculate Colman with an ambition for eminence in the legal profession, is strongly expressed in the following letter:—

"Dear Coley, Bath, October 11, 1755.

"I had some time ago your Lincoln's Inn letter, but without a syllable of news from Serle's,* or a word even of speculative politics from Chancery Lane. Must I from hence inform you what is doing in your own body? Why I can tell you, that Mr. Ord is to be made Chief Baron in Scotland, and some other promotions of a high nature, that at present shall be a secret.

"I can assure you that I shall be a little angry if you do not send me any pamphlet that comes out which bears the least character. If they are too bulky to put into one cover, split them, and send them in a couple, or three.

"I hope your increased revenue will now enable you to add a cotelet to your dinner, and a couple of oysters more to your supper, but I charge you to throw none of it away only in running after plays, which I know is your favourite diversion. Apply yourself diligently to your studies, and endeavour to rise in your profession faster than any body ever did before you. It has been said of Doctor Barrow, who was a great mathematician, that when head of Trinity

* Serle's Coffee House, in Carey Street.

College in Cambridge, speaking once of Sir Isaac Newton, then an under-graduate, he said, 'I have a young man under me who knows more of mathematics than I do, or than anybody else does!' Now I would have my Lord Chancellor say the same thing of you, when he is sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall, that he has a young man, in the very same quadrangle where he is sitting, who is a rising genius, who will soon outstrip them all, and become a second Bacon. Lady Bath sends you her service.

I am yours,

BATH."

In 1757, though bearing traits of having been written two years earlier, Colman depicted his own situation in a poem, which he entitled "The Law Student."* It commences—

"Now Christ Church left, and fix'd at Lincoln's Inn,
The important studies of the law begin—
There are, whose love of poesy has smit,
Who blind to interest, arrant dupes to wit,
Have wander'd devious in the pleasing road,
With attic flow'rs and classic wreaths bestrew'd:
Wedded to verse, embrac'd the muse for life,
And ta'en, like modern bucks, their wh—— to wife!"

From this poem we learn that the Countess of Bath was favourably inclined to Colman's "turning Parson," but the Earl would have him stick close to the bar, from which, notwithstanding the apparent severity of study, he found leisure to attend his favourite diversion in running after plays, and even to uphold an acquaintance with some of the most distinguished dramatists of the day.

* Printed in Colman's Prose and Verse on several occasions.

Among his associates, Colman had as arrant a wanderer as himself from the thorny road of jurisprudence into the primrose paths of literature and poetry, in the person of William Cowper, since so justly estimated as a poet of high rank. He had left Westminster in 1749, for a three years' noviciate in the law, in the office of an attorney named Chapman, and in 1752 settled in Chambers in the Inner Temple. The soul of Cowper was so refined and etherial, that it could not be expected to shine in the gross atmosphere of worldly contention; but during his residence in the Temple he appears to have been personally acquainted with the most eminent writers of the time, more particularly with his school fellows, Colman, Bonnel Thornton, and Lloyd. Cowper's pen was ready to second the charitable wishes of his heart, and his compositions were devoted to the service of any friend who requested it: it will not, therefore, excite surprise that Cowper was a contributor to "The Connoisseur." Several papers are ascribed to him, but only three were written by him, viz.—Nos. 119, 134, and 138; the first dated in May, and the last September 1756, of which he contented himself with the claim of authorship.

Colman's introduction to Garrick appears to have been occasioned by some well-turned complimentary remarks on the performance or management of the latter; Garrick's reply to this commendation is here inserted:

"SIR, Wednesday.

"I am extremely obliged to you for your particular and

genteel compliment to me,* and more so as I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance. I must assure you that I have more pleasure than uneasiness, when I read a true well-intended criticism, though against myself; for I always flatter myself that I can attain the mark which my friends may point out to me, and I really think myself neither too old nor too wise to learn. If you would still add to the favour conferred upon me, I should wish to have the pleasure of seeing you in Southampton Street, or rather I will do myself the pleasure of waiting upon you, when I return from the country, if you will signify to me by a line that it will not be inconvenient or disagreeable to you.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged servant,

D. Garrick."

" P. S.—I shall return from Hampton the beginning of next week. A line directed to me there (Hampton in Middlesex), will be with me the next day.

To George Colman, Esq., Serle's
Coffee House, Lincoln's Inn."

* This alludes to a pamphlet, written by Colman, entitled "Critical Reflections on the Old English Dramatic Writers, addressed to David Garrick, Esq.," which was afterwards prefixed to Coxeter's edition of Massinger's works. The advice, indeed, which is given in it to Garrick, refers more to his management than to his acting. The foregoing note was the opinion of George Colman, the younger. Another version has however been suggested, which is annexed :—

The 'particular and genteel compliment,' was couched in "A Letter of Abuse to David Garrick, Esq.," 1757-8, of which Colman was the anonymous author. In this production, wherein he professed himself to be the avenger of the numberless instances of most illustrious names in every branch of knowledge, who have suffered by a literary ostracism, and determined, like Damian, to stab this little tyrant of the theatre, in asserting the wrongs of Theophilus Cibber and Macklin, he covertly pays Garrick the highest compliment; and by rendering his opponents

So early as February 1758, we find Murphy advancing the opinions of Colman and Fitzpatrick, in approval of his farce of "The Upholsterer," to induce its early performance at Drury-lane.*

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Colman, March 18, 1758, and the fees, amounting to twenty guineas, were paid by the Earl of Bath. He soon after appears to have practised as a barrister, and to have gone the circuit. Whether the novelty of his calling, or his assiduity, were the causes of his not writing to the Earl, is not in evidence; the latter, however, soon took occasion to remind him of his negligence, and also of the twenty guineas expended for the degree.

His lordship writes with some humour.

"DEAR COLEY, Tunbridge Wells, July 29, 1758.

"I suppose you had such a vast deal of business on the circuit, and got so much money on it, that you had no time to lose in writing letters. We have had but two from you since you left us, and those extremely short; one of them as short as yourself, and the other, as a Shrewsbury cake. You must know that I expected a circumstantial and historical relation of every thing that happened on the circuit; how many causes you carried by dint of learning and ingenuity, to the surprise of the two stupid sages of the law, and to the astonishment of all the heavy stagers of the circuit. I should have been glad to hear likewise, of all the misfortunes which happened to you on the road,

ridiculous, exposed them to the public as undeserving of attention. Macklin is characterised as Shylock, Cibber as Bronze, and Paul Hefferman, author of "The Tuner," a dramatic periodical paper, Dr. Liffey, a physician, author, and critic.

* See the Garrick Correspondence.

how many shirts and other things your aukward footboy lost you, in your journey, and how much leather you lost by your lame hackney horse.

" Mr. Douglas is losing his money here at lottery tickets, but, perhaps, he may get a rich wife by it at last. He has won many an old woman's heart here, by an excellent sermon he preached, but I want to have him, by his gallantry, get a young one, with ten thousand pounds.

" Lord Pulteney came to us yesterday, and stays about a week, soon after which, we are in expectation of you, to lavish away some of that money, you got so plentifully, and with so much ease in your legal peregrination. The first thing an honest man has to do, is to pay his just debts, and consequently I shall have my twenty guineas refunded, with what interest you think fit. I hear you often dined with the sheriff and with the judges, but you will eat more luxuriously with us, for we have venison and whit-ears at every meal. Lady Bath will be glad to see you, and so you may be sure shall I,

Your most affectionate friend,

BATH.

" We have had very bad weather, and abundance of rain; I hope it has not been general, for the sake of the corn."

Anne, Countess of Bath, the sister of Colman's mother, died in September following, at Bath House, Piccadilly, and was buried in the family vault in Westminster Abbey.*

* Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, of the 24th of August 1758, says, " My Lady Bath has had a paralytic stroke, which drew her mouth aside and took away her speech. I never heard a greater instance of cool sense; she made signs for a pen and ink, and wrote *Palsy*. They got immediate assistance, and she is recovered."

CHAPTER III.

1759—1763.

Colman on the Circuit—His Odes to 'Obscurity and Oblivion'—Churchill—Polly Honeycombe—Garrick and "The Jealous Wife"—Disagreement with Murphy—"The St. James's Chronicle"—"The Musical Lady"—Miss Sarah Ford—Lord Bath's Portrait—"Terræ Filius"—Mrs. Carter—Spa in 1763—Colman and Lord Bath—Mr. Booth—Garrick and Quin—Garrick in Paris—D'Alembert—Marmontel—Clairon—"The Deuce is in Him"—Garrick at Naples and Rome—Gabrielli—Lord Spencer—Mrs. Cibber.

COLMAN, as Murphy's particular friend, was the mediator with Garrick relative to the unfortunate play, called "The Orphan of China," which was for some years a contested matter between them. After the piece had undergone Murphy's last revision, it was placed in Colman's hands, who submitted it to Garrick for his final determination. Colman's predilection was evidently in its favour, hence the difference of judgment alluded to in the ensuing letter.

"DEAR SIR, Hampton, Thursday.

"I am obliged to be from Hampton for a few days; at my return, I will most carefully consider what you have put

into my hands. I must beg leave to read it more than once, before I send you my opinion, which shall at least be a sincere one, and given with all the care that my regard for the author will always require from me.

"I have indeed been very unfortunate in my literary attachments, but I flatter myself, both from the little acquaintance I have with Mr. Colman, and from the knowledge of my own heart, that he will have nothing to urge against my sincerity, however we may differ in our judgments.

"You may depend upon my secresy in this affair, and may expect to receive a letter from me, directed as you desire, in about a week or ten days.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and sincere humble servant,

D. Garrick.

"I am very sorry that I could not have the pleasure of your company next week, with Dr. Markham and Mr. Bedenfield."

In 1759, Colman was still busied in his vocation. The Earl of Bath, in a letter addressed "To Mr. Colman upon the Oxford Circuit, at Shrewsbury, Shropshire," alludes to his having been employed as the advocate of two men, whom his tact had rescued from the extreme penalty of the law. A tincture of pleasant sarcasm embues most of the Earl's epistles, and there is admonition in all.

"Dear Coley, London, March 23, 1759.

"I thank you for your letter, and am glad to hear of your notable success at Oxford. You say you got two guineas by saving two men from hanging: I wish you was to have two guineas a piece for every man in Oxford that

deserves to be hanged, and then the University would be of some use to you. At Worcester, I doubt you will get but little; but get acquainted with two or three roguish attorneys, and they will lay you in a stock of causes for next assizes, when you are to be no longer at my expense.

"Mrs. Lake,* Miss Seare, Lord Pulteney, and Mr. Douglas drank your health on Sunday last, and wished to convey you a few bottles of the claret we drank it in.

"This letter I direct to Shrewsbury, which is the surest place to find you in. If you are concerned in the trial of any rape, the ladies desire you would send a minute and circumstantial account of all that passed at it.

"In the House of Lords we had a debate about bringing in Irish cattle. The Duke of Newcastle made use of the expression that beef gave additional courage to the soldiers, upon which some wag,† for the house was vastly crowded, dropped the following epigram:

> "Since beef adds more courage to soldiers in battle,
> I consent to the bringing in Irish cattle;
> But add then a clause to the bill, which annuls
> All free importation of *Irish bulls*.

"I hope the two horses, as well as the master and the man, hold out well, and will all return to town again in good health and flesh. If you bring back with you all the money you pick up on the road, no matter what way, your horse will find you more weighty on your return than in your setting out.

"Adieu, dear Colman, don't fail to write to me as often as you can, for I wish you very well, and am sincerely

Yours, BATH."

* Miss Letitia Gumley, sister to the Countess of Bath, married to Lancelot Charles Lake, Esq.

† Possibly the Earl was here showing himself up as a wag.

Colman's "Two Odes to Obscurity and to Oblivion," parodies on those of Mason and Gray, were first printed in 1759, and subsequently republished by their author in 1787.* During his progress at Westminster, and whilst at college, he formed those literary connections with whom he continued in friendship till they severally dropped off the stage of life. Churchill,† Lloyd, Bonnel Thornton, and other celebrated wits, were among his intimate associates, and gave éclat to his name by their notice of him in their several compositions.

Even so early as the publication of the "Rosciad," Churchill proposed Colman as a proper judge to decide on the pretensions of the several candidates for the chair of Roscius, and only complains that he might be thought too juvenile for so important an award. Speaking of the proposed judges who were supported by the suffrages of the public, he says:

> "For Colman many; but the peevish tongue
> Of prudent age, found out that he was young."

The season of 1760–61 had scarcely commenced with Foote's inimitable performances in "The Minor," and the hornpipe attractions of "Nancy Dawson,"

* In the second volume of his "Collected Works," in prose and verse.

† Charles Churchill, born 1731, was placed at Westminster School in 1739, then superintended by Dr. Nicols: thence he was admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge, but immediately returned to London, and never after visited the University; his early abandonment of which was possibly an attachment formed

when the death of King George the Second caused the theatres to be closed, from Monday, October 27th (His Majesty dying on the previous Saturday), until Monday, November 17th. "Richard the Third" was, by royal command, performed at Drury Lane on the 21st instant; Richard was played by Garrick. Lloyd, gratified probably by his acceptation of "The Actor," wrote "Shakspeare, an epistle to Garrick," with an "Ode to Genius," by the Author of "The Actor." It was published by the Dodsleys, on the 20th, the day preceding the King's visit to the Theatre, and was the property of Tom Davies,* but appeared with Dodsley's name in the title, they having published Lloyd's former work. On November 29th, proposals were issued for publishing by subscription, in a half-guinea volume, the poems of Robert Lloyd, M.A.; so early had his necessities, caused

while at Westminster School, and which ended in a clandestine marriage at the Fleet, about 1750.

In 1758, upon the death of his father, who was for many years Curate and Lecturer of the parish of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, he was appointed to succeed him; and, for some time, performed the duties with external decency at least. He was, however, immoderately fond of pleasure, a constant attendant of the theatres, and the associate of men who united wit and profligacy, and qualified themselves for moral teachers by practising the vices they censured in others; still, perhaps, those dissipations, while they ruined Churchill's character and impaired his health, were not indirectly the precursors to his celebrity in public life.

* Becket, who had been shopman to Andrew Millar, the bookseller, in the house lately occupied by Mr. Cadell, in the Strand, commenced business on his own account in January 1760, at the Tully's Head, near Surrey Street, in the Strand. In the same month, Tom Davies, then of Drury Lane Theatre, also started as a bookseller, in Russell Street, Covent Garden.

by his imprudence, rendered this appeal to his friends and the public desirable.

Churchill's Rosciad occasioned much consternation among the players upon its appearance. King, in particular, was much aggrieved, as appears by Garrick's letter to Colman, on Nov. 21, 1760, on which night His Majesty came to the theatre to witness his performance of Richard.

"DEAR COLMAN,

"I received this at noon, but pray let me see *you* after the play. If the King comes to Richard, I shall go to bed; if not, Hubert will call upon me, with you, in Southampton Street. Poor King, he is most miserable.

"My love to Churchill, his being sick of Richard, was perceived about the house.

I am, Dear Coley,

Yours ever and affectionately,

D. GARRICK."

"The Public Advertiser," Garrick's organ for his theatrical announcements, intimated, Dec. 2, that "Polly Honeycombe," a dramatic novel, of one act, would be performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, at the end of the week; and, on Thursday the 4th, it was stated that the eighth representation of "The Minor," was deferred till Tuesday, on account of the new petite pièce called "Miss Honeycombe." So, it appears that the puff preliminary was as much in vogue at that period, as it has been ever since. On Friday, December 5, "Merope" was played as the first piece; and as the bills announced, "to which will be added, never performed before, "Polly Honeycombe," a Dramatic Novel; the principal parts by

Messrs. Yates, King, Bransby ; Mesdames Kennedy, Bradshaw, and Pope."

Colman's first attempt was highly successful ; it was a satire levelled at the ridiculous prevalence of novel reading, and the name of " Honeycombe" was derived from that assumed in the vapouring flourish of the editor of the " Royal Female Magazine ; or, Ladies General Repository of Pleasure and Improvement, conducted by Charles Honeycombe, Esquire !" which was probably one of Lloyd's unsuccessful schemes. The first number appeared in February 1760, and the second was embellished with a portrait of Garrick as " Abel Drugger."

After the fifth night, it was stated, that " Polly Honeycombe" would not be performed again until the middle of the ensuing month of January ; the managers being obliged to interrupt the run of any new piece, however successful, on account of the number of their engagements. Such, in truth, appears to have been Garrick's finesse; but the remonstrance of Colman caused a different version ; which was, that it was only deferred until the ensuing week, on account of the production of " The Enchanter," in which the celebrated Leoni made his *début*, as a youth, on Saturday, December 13th. " Polly Honeycombe" was played a sixth time, which should have been the Author's night, on Wednesday, December 17th, when Shakspeare's "King John" was revived ; " King John, by Sheridan, Falconbridge by Garrick, and Constance Mrs. Yates." The bills announced, no admittance behind the scenes, nor in the orchestra ; and both pieces were repeated on the

Saturday following, to immensely crowded houses; Garrick being the supposed or accredited author of the Farce. The prologue and epilogue to "Polly Honeycombe" were printed in the Public Advertiser, Friday, December 12th. To the prologue some additional lines were added by Garrick, and spoken by King, on its being reported that the former was the author of the piece.

"Thus of our Polly, having rightly spoke,
Now for our author—but without a joke;
Though wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
Have laid his bantling at a certain door,
Where lying store of faults, they 'd fain heap more.
I now declare it as a serious truth,
'Tis the first folly of a simple youth,
Caught and deluded by our harlot plays—
Then crush not in the shell this infant Bayes!
Exert your favour to a young beginner,
Nor use the stripling like a battered sinner!"

It was stated in the same paper, of December 18, that the farce of "Polly Honeycombe" would be acted for the author's benefit the week after the holidays; and on December 31, Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," with "Polly Honeycombe," were played, as announced in the bills, "for the benefit of the Author of the farce."

So tenaciously was the secret of the authorship kept, that Garrick, who played Kitely that evening, before dressing for the part, took a survey of the Theatre, and in the annexed letter, which he addressed to Colman on that occasion, spoke only of him in the third person.

"My Dear Sir,

"I have this moment taken a peep at the house, for the author of Polly Hon. The pit and galleries are crammed —the boxes full to the last rows—and every thing as you and I could wish for our friend. I am most happy about it, and could not help communicating it to one I so much love and esteem. Pray let me see you at your arrival—the second music—and time for me to put on my fool's coat. Yours ever and most affectionately,

D. Garrick."

The farce of "Polly Honeycombe" was evidently produced without allowing Colman's name as the author to transpire. This was probably owing to a suggestion of Garrick, upon which he frequently acted, with reference to his own productions; nor was the Earl of Bath in any way apprized of these proceedings, till the great success of "The Jealous Wife," established Colman's dramatic fame.

Kenrick, in his Epistle to George Colman, says, "It is notorious, that Colman's first and best play, 'The Jealous Wife' was, like many others offered to the stage, a mere *rudis indigestaque moles*, when first presented to Garrick, who, with his usual alacrity, exerted his great abilities to reduce it into its present form." The reader, however, who is desirous of being more particularly acquainted with its merits, as it now stands, is referred to the critique inserted in the Monthly Review, about the time of its first exhibition, written by Colman's particular and very sincere friend, Captain Dr. John Berkenhout.

Garrick's misgivings in the following letter, as to

his study of the part of Oakley in "The Jealous Wife" are very amusing, more especially when it is considered that, after all, he was the original representative of that character :—

"My Dear Sir, January 1761.

"As I am confident that you are well assured of my goodwill and friendship to you, I shall open my heart to you. I have had Burton with me, to settle and go over the part of Oakley. I have considered it thoroughly, and I find that it will be impossible for me to get it so soon into my head, as I imagined. It is very long and particular, and will require more time to be master of it, than I can well spare. I have not slept these three nights last past, these matters have so perplexed and distressed me. Mr. Murphy has kept us off so long, and Lovemore (my character) * is so much more than I expected, that I must desire you to let me take a less part—the Major, or Sir Harry, or Charles; I have no objection to any of them. If Mr. Hume will defer his performance to the next year, to which purpose I shall write immediately to him, I can master Oakley very well by the time; but he is so connected with Lord Bute, and a much greater personage, that I must be a little delicate in that business. I wish that you would call upon me any morning this week, and let us consult, for I am at present very unhappy about it: I am this moment going upon the stage, but am at all times, and in all circumstances,

Most truly yours,

D. Garrick."

At this period there appears to have been a quarrel between Murphy and Colman, and the breach

* In Murphy's comedy of "The Way to Keep Him," first performed January 24, 1761.

in all probability was created by the rivalry in authorship, and the success of Colman. Murphy accused Colman of having entered into a league with Churchill and Robert Lloyd, imagining that such a triumvirate would be able to bear down all before them. Murphy also insinuates that there were certain artifices in the conduct of Colman which had come to his knowledge, and as they appeared to him in a bad light, he never would listen to any terms of a reconciliation. He, however, bore testimony to the excellence of the comedy of "The Jealous Wife," in the following sentence, "A more just imitation of nature was never seen, the play met with applause, and has from that time kept its rank on the stage."

The first night of "The Jealous Wife," was on Thursday, February 26, 1761. Cross, in his "Diary," says, that "The Jealous Wife" met with greater approbation than any thing since "The Suspicious Husband."

Colman dedicated "The Jealous Wife" to his patron, in the year 1751. This refutes the report, which obtained general belief, that he forfeited Lord Bath's affection and favour, through his pursuit of the drama.

The St. James's Chronicle, it appears, was established by a co-proprietorship. Bonnel Thornton, Garrick, and Colman, certainly had shares, and by their joint industry drew the productions of the wits of the day to that paper; which, as a depository of literary intelligence, literary contests, and anecdotes, and articles of wit and humour, soon

eclipsed all its rivals. Colman exerted the full force of his talents to promote the interests of this newspaper, in a series of essays, and humorous sketches on occasional subjects. Among these, the paper called "The Genius," which was commenced June 11, 1761, and continued at irregular intervals, to the fifteenth number, appears, on the whole, superior to "The Connoisseur" in general merit. The experience of the writer had ripened; there is more solidity, and the humour is of a cast infinitely more chaste and classical. Colman's occasional contributions were very numerous, and upon every topic—politics, manners, and the drama. A selection of them constitute part of his prose works, published by himself in 1787.

The following invitation from Lord Bath to Tunbridge Wells, is in a rather more cordial strain than was usual with that nobleman.

"Dear Coley, Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 6, 1761.

"I have had two letters from you, to which I would sooner have returned an answer, but that you have been so much upon the ramble, that it was uncertain where to catch you, whether picking up money on the road, or distributing justice from the bench. I fancy the likliest place to meet you is in Lincoln's Inn, to which I direct this, to invite you to Tunbridge, when all your legal affairs are finished. Dr. Bartholomew is here, and expects you, but I cannot say there are many here of your female acquaintance; perhaps Dr. Douglas may spare you a lady or two, for he has abundance that belong to him, and to his lottery-table. We have had the hottest weather I ever felt, which I believe, (though very troublesome to us all) is of great use to us water-drinkers, at least; I am sure they agree very well

with me, and have done me much service. Come to us when you please, you will find the room ready, excellent soups every day at dinner, and most admirable fish, fresh from the salt sea. Adieu.

I am yours, BATH."

During the visit to Tunbridge Wells, it was suggested that Mrs. Carter should collect and publish her Poems in one volume, with a dedication to the Earl of Bath, with whom the idea seems to have arisen. Lord Lyttleton contributed a page of commendatory lines in blank verse, and it is a singular fact that the Earl wrote the Dedication to *himself*.* The volume was published in 1762.

The following letter from Lord Bath is in his old strain of incitement to Colman, lest he may forget "the main chance."

"DEAR COLEY, December 18, 1761.

"I thank you for your letter, and I have had one likewise from Miss Seare, in answer to that which you gave her from me. I find she does not think of coming to town, till towards the spring. I suppose you dance every ball-night country dances with his R. H. the Duke of York; you should try to be appointed his attorney-general. He has, I hear, made Moysey his physician. Are you in pursuit of any other more material business, such as following any fine woman, with a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds, or do you design to return to us again, just as wise and witty as you went, with only a little less money in your pocket? Lord Pulteney wants much to see you, and hopes you may be grown a little since he left you. We

* "Memoirs of Mrs. Carter," Vol. I., p. 237.

are all pleased with "The Genius:"* we suppose you wrote it on the road, and sent it to town; it is extremely pretty, and well written. You have, no doubt, heard of the rude and foul-mouthed attack made on Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons, by one Colonel Barré, whom all the world blames most extremely, so that I suppose the gentleman will be muzzled for the future. Doctor Douglas sends you his compliments, Lord Pulteney, and Lady Mary Carr, who are just going to sit down to dinner with me, send their services, and I am,

Dear Coley, your's affectionately,

To George Colman, Esq. at Bath. BATH."

"The Musical Lady," a farce, in which the folly of pretending to a fine ear, without a true taste, is justly exposed to ridicule, was performed for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre, March 6, 1762, and met with success. The incident was originally part of the comedy of "The Jealous Wife," but discarded by Garrick as a mere surplusage. The farce was inimitably acted by Yates, King, and Miss Pope.

Colman's intercourse with Garrick and Drury Lane Theatre, as a dramatist, led to a closer connection between him and Miss Sarah Ford,† who became the mother of the late George Colman, and to whom she gave birth October 21, 1762.

* The series of essays, under the title of "The Genius," before alluded to.

† Miss Ford had been the mistress of Mossop, and by him had a daughter, who was possibly the means of the mother's support before she was Colman's mistress. There is reason to believe that the infant Miss Ford was employed at Drury Lane Theatre in 1761, and that she performed in "The Rehearsal," played before their Majesties George III. and Charlotte, in the September of that year, immediately subsequent to the royal nuptials.

In 1763, D. Martin engraved a portrait of the Earl of Bath, from a picture by Allan Ramsay, in the possession of Lord Lyttleton. It gave occasion to show the Earl's acquiescence in his protégé's theatrical connections. All his repeated admonitions to *Coley* "not to throw away his money and time idly, in running after plays, of which he knew he was fond," but to stick to the law, and follow the steps of the Attorney-General, end in a request to procure his Lordship the *honour* that a print (probably his own portrait, and for which he prudently declines the expense of a frame), may be hung up by Mrs. Garrick.

"DEAR COLEY,

"I have sent you two of the prints you saw yesterday; pray present one of them, in my name and with my humble service, to Mrs. Garrick, and let her know, if she will knock to pieces any old deal box, and make a kind of frame, and hang the print up in any chamber that belongs to her, it will be doing me and the picture more honour than either deserve. Fix a day when Garrick and you will come and dine with

Your humble Servant,

To Mr. Colman. BATH."

In the "Cobbler of Cripplegate's" Letter to Robert Lloyd, A. M., first printed in the St. James's Magazine, April 1763,* Colman has thus mentioned Garrick and himself:

"Garrick 's a dealer in grimaces,
A haberdasher of wry faces,
A hypocrite in all his stages,
Who laughs and cries for hire and wages;

* Reprinted in "Colman's Prose and Verse," 1787.

As undertakers' men draw grief
From onion in their handkerchief,
Like real mourners cry and sob,
And of their passions make a job.

" And Colman too, that little sinner,
That essay weaver, drama spinner,
Too much the comic sock will use,
For 'tis the law must find him shoes;
And though he thinks on fame's wide ocean
He swims, and has a pretty notion,—
Inform him, Lloyd, for all his grin,
That Harry Fielding holds his chin."

During the Encœnia at Oxford, in honour of the Peace, in July 1763, Colman published a paper entitled " Terræ Filius;" the first number, dated July 5th, he forwarded to Chatsworth, to Garrick, who, with Quin, was then on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire. Garrick thus acknowledged its arrival:

" Dear Colman,

" Many thanks to you for " Terræ Filius:" it is very lively, and I long to see the second number.

" Pray write to me, and let me know how the town speaks of our friend Churchill's Epistle.* It is the most bloody performance that has been published in my time. I am very desirous to know the opinion of people, for I am really much, very much hurt at it: his description of his age and infirmities is surely too shocking and barbarous. Is Hogarth really ill, or does he meditate revenge? Every article of news about these matters will be most agreeable to me: pray write me a heap of stuff, for I cannot be easy till I know all about Churchill, Hogarth, &c. How did the " Terræ Filius" work at Oxford?

* Churchill's Epistle to Hogarth.

"Have you yet received any letter from Lord Bath? Pray be particular in *that*; for, though my curiosity is much concerned in my former questions, my heart and soul are interested in the last.

Yours ever, my dear Colman,

D. GARRICK."

The following, from Lord Bath, was written during a journey on the continent.

"DEAR COLEY, Spa, July 13, 1763.

"Why are you so suspicious of my being angry with you? I can assure you that the only reason why I did not take you with me was because I apprehended your stay in London might be absolutely necessary with regard to Lord Pulteney's affairs; as it was not till the morning we set out quite determined, whether we were to proceed by arbitration or by your proving of the will.* I wish now that you

* Viscount Pulteney, member for Westminster, the only son of the Earl of Bath, died at Madrid, February 12, 1763; and appears to have been allowed so little to support his quality, that at his decease his affairs were under great embarrassments. Colman's adroitness was therefore fully required in their arrangement; and as some excuse for the cause, Mrs. Carter, in a letter to Mrs. Montagu, after the Earl of Bath's death, states that "his own disposition was naturally compassionate and generous; but his unfortunate connection with a wife of a very contrary disposition, and to whom he was too good-naturedly compliant, had checked the tendency of his own heart, and induced a fatal habit, which he found it difficult to alter at so advanced an age; yet he nobly broke through it, in paying above twenty thousand pounds of Lord Pulteney's debts, for which there could have been no legal demand on him."

In what the nobleness of the act consisted, we are at a loss to discover. The father, immensely rich, constrains the son to become indebted to the public to support his grade in society. This was really at best but an act of justice, even then too tardily delayed.

had been with us ; the waters, which have done us all much good, might have been of use to you likewise, after your illness, and you would have had an opportunity of making acquaintance with a vast number of princes and princesses, with whom you might have played at whist every night, for twopence a corner.* Dr. Douglas has struck up a great intimacy with the Bishop of Augsburg ; he often dines with him, and constantly swallows a large quantity of Tokâ, as it agrees greatly with the Spa waters. We have here at least an hundred English lords, gentlemen, and ladies; balls now and then, a play three times a week, with a tolerable set of strollers, that do pretty well in comedy, but make wretched work with a French tragedy.

" I suppose you are often at Hampton : make my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, I should have said my love to her ; but whisper that only in her ear, for he must know nothing of the matter. I was not a very dangerous man when I left England, but the waters are rejuvenescent,

* Whist at twopence a corner, or even lesser stakes, appears to have been very agreeable to Mrs. Carter and the Earl. On August 10th she wrote :—" We are going to be very illustrious to-day, the Bishop of Augsburg and his suite, the Princess Esterhazy, and Lady Mary Coke, are to dine with my Lord Bath. Dining with princes and princesses is one way of life, and playing at penny quadrille is another ; but it is a mighty good thing in its turn, and I can very cordially accommodate myself to both." Indeed so it would seem, as in reference to the society of Lady Westmoreland and Lady Primrose, she had previously observed, " I am going with my Lord Bath to play quadrille with them, at the expense of Mrs. Montagu's purse, for I never give myself the airs of playing with such personages on my own account. " We have besides," continues the lady, " the rooms, a French play ; the princes, and consequently all the world besides, go every night ; when I say all the world, I do not mean to include myself. A company of French comedians is a great resource to about a thousand souls, who have no earthly thing to do, unless they go out to fetch it."

and bid him beware of me when I return, for I shall be quite another creature.

"If Churchill's poem upon Hogarth is worth the postage, send it to me, but if it be long it will cost a huge sum. Perhaps you may hear of somebody coming this way, who may be willing to bring it, and wit pays no duty, either on importation or exportation. General Sebright brought me two pamphlets, one of which I think well written: it is called "The Constitution Asserted," printed for Becket; pray tell me who was the author.

"I am told that Wilkes* called the other day at my house, and asked how I did? Pray, when you see him, tell him I am pretty well, but very angry with him for kindling such a flame in our poor country, which God knows when it will be extinguished; our poor good king deserves better usage. Send me all the chit-chat news you can pick up, whether in Lincoln's Inn, Grub Street, or St. James's; let it be private scandal or political falsehoods; anything will amuse us at this distance, and do no manner of harm, for we shall have forgot it all before our return.

"I have written you a long letter, considering that I have this morning drank eight large glasses of water; and as I find my head begins to ache I will take my leave, assuring you that I am

Your true friend, and humble servant,

BATH."

* Colman had no doubt apprised the Earl of his emanations respecting the Encœnia, and possibly forwarded to him the "Terræ Filius." Mrs. Carter, writing to a relative on the 25th, has a paragraph with something of a malevolent tincture: "The Encœnia at Oxford is no more an object at Spa, than is the country of the great Mogul, so that I am entirely at a loss about the prize subjects. To the great mortification of my English vanity, the principal figure that we make in the Foreign Gazettes is contained in accounts of the proceedings in the affairs of Wilkes!"

Of this journey to Spa, Mrs. Carter narrates some curious memoranda. They landed at Calais at four o'clock in the morning, at the Lion d'Argent, a much better inn than any she had seen at Dover. A little *perruquier*, with a most magnificent *queue*, belonging to the inn, with whom she was on the most friendly terms imaginable, was her second page. Her first, a little French boy, with an English face, was provided for her by the Earl. Set out for Lisle on the 7th, where they arrived at night. Took a hackney coach, which is quite another thing than at London, for they are extremely easy and clean, and sit on springs, so that they turn in a place surprisingly small, and in this machine they visited the principal places. Arrived at Ghent at night, on the 9th, and at Brussels, in the afternoon of the 11th. The equipages consisted of the Earl's coach, a *vis-à-vis* in which were Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter, a post-chaise, and a *chasse-marine*, with ten or twelve outriders. The roads to Liege, which Mrs. Montagu humorously designated the Seven Dials of Europe, appeared fine, and certainly were so, but tore the English carriages to pieces. The Earl's coach lost the hind wheel, after they had proceeded eighteen miles from Brussels; however, after some repairs they went on in good spirits, excepting some apprehensions from the crippled state of the coach. The axle-tree broke, and the coach was overthrown with a violent crash, as they entered Liege, but the Earl and Mrs. Montagu escaped unhurt.

On the road to Spa, which they reached at six in

the afternoon, June 16th, the *chasse-marine* was overturned, and Mrs. Carter's little page gave her a terrible account of the mishap. At the Spa, Mrs. Montagu's house was opposite the Earl's; and Mrs. Carter, describing it, observes: "Mrs. Montagu's chamber looks upon a river, and mine upon a wooded mountain; so she is entertained by the gurgling of the water, and I by the song of a cuckoo!" They dined each day with Lord Bath, and usually went with him to the fountain in the morning. The Prince Bishop of Augsburg kept a table, and invited all the company by turns: "We have already been there three times; *c'est une visite fort illustre et bien triste.* The dining with a sovereign prince is an affair of more honour than pleasure, and is nothing like society; one circumstance is very aukward to little folks, that the attendants are all men of quality, and we must either choke with thirst, or employ a Count or a Baron to bring a glass of water. An Excellence, with an embroidered star, comes to us from His Highness, when dinner is on table, which is half an hour after twelve!"

On the 8th of July, Mrs. Carter wrote, "There is a world of English arrived within this week, very few French, but German counts and barons innumerable. The Prince and Princess Ferdinand of Prussia, Duke Ferdinand and Princess Amelia of Prussia, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Brunswick; Madame Keith, the *grande maîtresse*, a Prussian, but whose face had learned Scotch; the Countess de Choiseul, from Paris, with a face like a

coach-wheel, *cum multis aliis*;" which she sums up as grave bishops, serene princesses, English lords and ladies, high Dutch barons, low Dutch burgomasters, and Flemish fat gentlewomen."

In reference to the German princes, she observes: "Their manners are unaffected and agreeable; but their dress so ridiculously stiff, that the first time I saw them all together, they put me in mind of King Pharoah's court in a puppet show!

"The variety of dress in the company here makes the first *coup d'œil* on the walks of the Geronsterre very amusing. Priests and hussars, beaux and hermits, nuns and fine ladies, stars and crosses, cowls and ribbons, all blended together in the most lively and picturesque manner imaginable.

"The streets are all day long crowded with people, without any bustle or noise: all the company is very peacable and quiet, and there seems to be none of those fashionable pests of society, the bucks and choice spirits, among us; and I thought I felt a little foolish at hearing one of my foreign friends observe most maliciously, that it would not be known there was any of our country at Spa, if a footman did not now and then run through the streets, screaming in English after a strayed dog."

Colman's fear of offending the Earl has been apparent on more occasions than one; and it has long been the settled opinion of the world, that something of the kind had precluded his enjoying a larger share of the Earl's property than was bequeathed to him. In the "Particulars of his Life," written at the commencement of his illness,

which terminated fatally, he professed to give an account of some circumstances touching what had been supposed to be the leading feature in his character, in which the world had been most grossly deceived and mistaken. Colman attempted to show that these erroneous notions had been founded chiefly on two propositions, of which the first in date has reference to this period of his life, and as such is given in his own words:

"The first of these propositions is, that by my literary pursuits and dramatic compositions I lost the favour and affection of the Earl of Bath. That I had an early taste and relish for polite literature, and particularly for compositions of the stage, is most true; nor will I pretend to deny that I was betrayed into youthful follies and irregularities, which involved me in temporary inconveniences and distresses. To extricate myself from the embarrassments that those follies, ill suited to narrow circumstances, brought upon me, I had recourse to my pen, which was rarely used dramatically, or otherwise, but with a view to profit; the Earl of Bath, however, was so little displeased with these efforts, that he even countenanced and encouraged them, and often deigned to consider them as the earnest of something better that was to follow. So dear, indeed, did he hold me, that he has not only in words and in writing told me, that he considered me as his second son, but, in several wills and testaments executed during that period, and during the life of my dear friend and kinsman, Lord Pulteney, absolutely testified that he regarded

me in that light; nor did any of my theatrical productions abate his affection, or in the least tend to alter his intentions. A more fatal event was the cause of such alterations; I mean the early and unexpected death of Lord Pulteney. From that moment he new-modelled his will, in which he still made a handsome provision for me, but left it to the discretion of General Pulteney to consign, or not consign to me the estate, which he had in many preceding wills absolutely devised to me, in case of the death of his only son, Lord Pulteney.

"The little that has been already said on this subject, is, perhaps, more than sufficient to refute the charge contained in the first proposition; but it may not be amiss to speak of one or two circumstances, before we entirely dismiss it. I have mentioned, that Lord Bath considered me as his second son; and, indeed, his avowed partiality for me, induced many persons, not intimately acquainted with the history and connections of the family, to think me really so, and of consequence to report it as a fact. Not to dwell on the grossness of the supposition, implying a criminal intercourse between his lordship and his wife's sister, there were certain physical impossibilities in the case. My mother went over to my father, who was resident at Florence, four or five years before I was born. Mr. Pulteney and his family were in England; I had a sister born there two years before me; so that neither of us, natives of Florence, could derive our origin from my mother's brother-in-law, considering the unfortunate intervention of the Alps and the Me-

diterranean. We had, indeed, each of us the honour of a royal godfather and godmother, as children of a British plenipotentiary, from whom we took our several names of George and Caroline.

" The other circumstances, referred to above, come closer to the point in question, and, indeed, form a chain in the succeeding narrative; and it gives me no small satisfaction to be able to seize this opportunity of paying a due tribute of affection and respect to a most ingenious, learned, and worthy man. The story will speak his eulogium. The man I mean was my most esteemed and honoured friend, the late Mr. Booth, of Lincoln's Inn.

" It was Mr. Booth who first acquainted me, very soon after the irretrievable loss of poor Lord Pulteney, of the new arrangements of Lord Bath's affairs. His lordship, however," says he, " assures me he has taken care of you; but that care, I dare say, will be very unequal to his original intentions. The world supposes, that the death of Lord Pulteney is a great event in your fortune. You and I know the contrary; and if you have a mind, I will still endeavour to enable you to make your fortune another way. Though you are my neighbour in Lincoln's Inn, and have your chambers in the next staircase to mine, yet I believe you have not hitherto thought of the law so seriously as I have done. If you have talents for the bar, you may make much more money than ever I have made; my religion has prevented my appearance there; yet my gains have not been inconsiderable, though less than what they have been rated. If you do *not* attend the bar, still

the law is no mean resource. I will, if you please, give you a plan of study; I will shew you every case I ever answered, and explain to you the principles on which I founded my opinions. My life is wearing; and as I go out of business, I will make it a point to bring you into it.

"This was the substance of what this good friend said to me on this occasion. I have every where endeavoured to clothe the matter as nearly as possible in his own expressions, and to the last words I could almost venture to swear.

"Though he had for some time shewed me many civilities, and even marks of friendship, yet I must confess that this touching instance of it almost overcame me. Penetrated with his kindness, and struck with the nicety of my situation, I seriously determined to avail myself of his most friendly offer, and to follow his advice."

The following letter from Garrick, still on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire, acknowledges the receipt of the conclusion of Colman's "Terræ Filius."

"Chatsworth, Monday, July 18, 1763.

"My Dear Colman,

"I have half a moment to let you know, that I received your last agreeable packet. I thank you from my soul for your literary turtle. Quin never eat half so much,* or so

* Quin's epicurean propensities were frequently the theme of Garrick's jokes, and he once urged them, in excuse for carrying with him to Bath, a wild turkey which Lord Halifax had sent him, when his impaired health had deprived him of the enjoyment of it.

greedily, of the real one, as I did of that you sent me—it was all green fat, and I have been at it again and again.

"I think Newberry* behaved very ill to you, and deserved correction, but I am so delicate about *women*, that I could wish that she had been exempted from the lash. I hope that you and yours are in possession of Mrs. Garrick's horse. I am sure that he will answer your ends. I shall be in London next Thursday sen'night, and hope to see you there. My Lord Duke (the best and most honourable of men) often speaks of you, and with great desire of knowing you. Were you near us, you would be happy to be with us; all mirth, bagatelle, liberty, and a little drinking at times.

Yours ever,

D. GARRICK."

"The Duke of Cumberland is to be here the 26th, which makes our going sooner than we thought, or his Grace desired."

On September 15, 1763, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick set out from their house in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, for the Continent. They intended to take the tour of Italy. George Garrick was left to assist Lacy in the management, and Colman was assigned some share in the direction. This last event evinces the tact and policy of Garrick, as Colman

In the letter returning thanks to his Lordship, he writes, "when our old friend Quin was on one occasion ill, and had received a present, I believe from the same bounteous hand that has sent me mine, his Doctor told him, that he would not be fit to touch such a thing for a fortnight. 'Sh'ant I?' says Quin, 'then by G—— it shall travel with me till I am fit.'"

* John Newberry, bookseller, in St. Paul's Church-yard, he died in December 1767.

was so much connected with the public press of the period; besides the advantage that must accrue to the Theatre from his knowledge of, and zeal in, dramatic affairs.

The following is Garrick's first letter to Colman from abroad.

"My Dear Colman, Paris, Oct. 8, 1763.

"Though I have said in George's letter that I would not write to you till I got to Lyons, yet I can't help scribbling to you, for indeed, my dearest friend, there is no love lost between us. I am vastly happy that Powell strikes you so much in the rehearsal. He will surprise, and I most cordially wish it, for I think him a very worthy man. Pray take care that the play is quite ready, before he makes his appearance.

"You cannot imagine, my dear Colman, what honours I have received from all kind of people here. The nobles and the literati have made so much of me, that I am quite ashamed of opening my heart even to you. Marmontel has written to me the most flattering letter upon our supping together; I was in spirits, and so was the Clairon, who supped with us at Mr. Neville's. She got up to set me a going, and spoke something in Racine's Athalie, most charmingly; upon which, I gave them the dagger scene in "Macbeth," the curse in "Lear," and the falling asleep in "Sir John Brute," the consequence of which is, that I am now stared at, at the playhouse, and talked of, by gentle and simple, as the most wonderful wonder of wonders. The first person I find going to England, shall bring you Marmontel's letter. D'Alembert was one of the company, and sings my praises to all the authors of "The Encyclopædia." I am glad to hear of the Prologue, if they love to hear me abused, they will have great pleasure this winter, for I am told they have begun already; but I am happy, and in

spirits, and shall not read any newspapers on this side the Alps. Many thanks to you for the trouble you take about "The Invasion;" cut as you please. I leave it to you. As for "Midsummer Nights," &c., I think my presence will be necessary to get it up as it ought; however, if you want it, do for the best, and I'll ensure its success. Mr. Calcraft's behaviour astonishes me, but I hope Lacy will be firm. Pray continue in his good graces, for my sake. I am this moment going to see a new piece at the Italian Comedy, and last night I saw a new one at the French Comedy, taken from our "Tancred and Sigismunda." It had very indifferent success, but Clairon was great; she has her faults, between you and me; but I do not say so here, for she idolizes me.

"God bless you! my dear Colman, and have a corner of your eye upon my theatricals. I think you have begun well, and may continue it, if my partner will be advised, and stick tightly to his business; he behaves well, and I most sincerely wish, for all our sakes, that he may not want me. I have desired George to write his next letter to Florence. George has my direction, à Monsieur, Monsieur Garrick, chez le Marquess Friscobaldi et fils à Florence. Pray put in a postscript, that I may comfort myself in foreign parts with the sight of your most agreeable scrawl. Once more, my worthy friend, adieu! My wife sends her love to you *de bon cœur*. Ever and ever yours and yours,

D. GARRICK."

The foregoing agreeable epistle may require a little explanation on some of its points, which we shall endeavour to elucidate without the repetition of marginal notes. George Garrick was brother to the Roscius, and was always ready at his call; he was a sort of acting manager (as it is now denominated) in Drury Lane Theatre; the duties of that

office being to supervise the whole detail of the establishment. In fact, the acting manager of a theatre is the first lieutenant of a ship; a great part of the responsibility rests on his shoulders, though, to the world at large, he seldom appears as the conspicuous person: the Captain, or principal manager, generally taking all the credit of his labours. But to return to George Garrick, we must relate two little anecdotes. George was affectionately attached to David, and held him in great awe; Garrick, when acting, was extremely nervous about any noise made behind the scenes, as it destroyed his effects; consequently, George was accustomed to parade up and down on the stage, and if any persons were talking, to exclaim, "Hush! hush!" This was his constant habit.

The salary of George Garrick was considerable in the theatre, and it was more than once enquired, why, or for what, George Garrick was paid that amount? Charles Bannister in a moment solved the question, "It is *hush money*," said he.

George Garrick usually inquired every night, on coming behind the scenes, "Has David wanted me?" On its being idly asked how George came to die so soon after the demise of his celebrated relation, the answer was—"David wanted him."

D'Alembert, one of the ablest mathematicians of the age, and who by a singular and happy versatility of genius, to a profound skill in the abstract sciences, joined all the accomplishments of an elegant, vivacious, and entertaining writer, was one of the principal editors of "The Encyclopædia," and Se-

cretary to the French Academy. He died at Paris, October 28, 1783.

The prologue* mentioned in the letter, Colman had written to "Philaster," in which there is no further mention of Garrick than—

> "While one great Comptroller,
> No more a Manager, turns arrant stroller,
> Let new adventurers your care engage,
> And nurse the infant saplings of the Stage!"

The "Invasion" spoken of, was the pantomime called "Harlequin's Invasion," produced in 1759, and the "Midsummer Nights," &c. was Shakspeare's play as altered by Colman, and performed in 1763, without success. Mr. Calcraft's behaviour relates to some proposed engagement of Mrs. George Ann Bellamy. Lacy was Garrick's partner in Drury Lane Theatre.

Garrick writes, "I am happy, and in spirits." It must be remarked that the great actor was always "in spirits," when he shone as first fiddle in any or every society. A *jeu d'esprit*, written by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to illustrate a remark he had made, that "Doctor Johnson considered Garrick as his property, and would never suffer any one to praise or abuse him but himself," was privately printed by his niece, the Marchioness of Thomond, in 1816, 8vo; and in a dialogue between Gibbon

* Lord Byron, in a letter to Lord Holland, written in Sept. 1812, says, "There are but two decent prologues in our tongue: Pope's to Cato,—Johnson's to Drury Lane. These, with the epilogue to "The Distrest Mother," and, I think, one of Goldsmith's, and a prologue of Old Colman's to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," are the best things of the kind we have."

and the Doctor, the former professing to abuse Garrick, Johnson defending him, some illustration is afforded as to the means adopted by him in securing that attention:

GIBBON. "You must allow, Dr. Johnson, that Garrick was too much a slave to fame, or, rather, to the mean ambition of living with the great; terribly afraid of making himself cheap, even with them, by which he debarred himself of much pleasant society: employing so much attention, and so much management upon such little things, implies, I think, a little mind. It was observed by his friend Colman, that he never went into company but with a plot how to get out of it; he was every minute called out, and went off, or returned, as there was, or was not, a probability of his shining."

JOHNSON. "In regard to his mean ambition, as you call it, of living with the great; what was the boast of Pope, and is every man's wish, can be no reproach to Garrick. He who says he despises it, knows he lies. That Garrick husbanded his fame, the fame which he had justly acquired, both at the theatre and at the table, is not denied; but where is the blame, either in the one or the other, of leaving as little as he could to chance. Sir, Garrick left nothing to chance!"

Colman's revival, with some alterations of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," which introduced Powell to the stage, was performed at Drury Lane, on Saturday, October 8, 1763. In the play originally are many beauties, and the unravelling of the plot is so natural, that the Duke of Buckingham,

in his "Essay on Poetry," proposes it as a model for all authors, observing—

> "The occasion should as naturally fall,
> As when Bellario confesses all!"

Colman's alterations were effected with great propriety, and with an eye strictly in support of the reputation of the parent authors.

Woodfall, in the Public Advertiser of Oct. 10, 1763, bestows a just encomium on the merits of the *débutant*, which were subsequently verified.*

The success of "Philaster," induced Colman again to advertise,† as lately published, "Critical Reflections on the Old English Dramatic Writers, addressed to David Garrick, Esq., by the author of 'The Jealous Wife.'"

On Friday, November 4, 1763, Colman produced his farce in two acts, of "The Deuce is in Him," which had been previously read and approved of by Garrick. The subject was taken from one of Marmontel's Tales,‡ and the story of Mademoiselle Florival, related in The British Magazine, both happily interwoven. The farce was greatly applauded, as indeed it deserved to be, and was for several nights a favourite entertainment.

On Monday, November 21st, "Philaster" was per-

* "Philaster," with Colman's alterations, was printed for the Tonsons, and published by Tom Davies, on the 13th of the same month.

† Public Advertiser, October 21, 1763.

‡ "Marmontel's Moral Tales," translated from the French, by Churchill, C. Dennis, and Robert Lloyd, were published at the same time.

formed; and "The Deuce is in Him," for the benefit of the Author of the farce.

In the following letter, Garrick gives a very amusing account of his Italian tour.

"My Dear Colman, Naples, Dec. 24, 1763.

"*Per varios casus*, we are at last arrived at our journey's end, and a very long one it has been. I have now time to shake my feathers a little, and open my heart to thee, thou best of friends!

"We got to this place, the 17th, after a most disagreeable journey from Rome, for we were taken in the midst of the heavy rains here, and were well soaked with them all the way. At present the weather is inconceivably fine, and we are basking in a warm sun, with the Mediterranean at our feet, and Mount Vesuvius in our view. Though it is Christmas, we have green-peas every day, and dine with our windows open. These are our pleasures, in part; as for our distresses since we left Rome, which have been as ridiculous as unexpected, and are the common occurrences upon this road, I shall reserve them for our social hours at Hampton. We are all at this moment, Biddy* not excepted, in the highest spirits, and I am much the better for my expedition.

"My Lady Oxford, who is settled here, and has the greatest interest with the first people, has been most uncommonly kind to us. I am to have the honour and satisfaction of seeing the King's Italian actors perform

* Biddy was Mrs. Garrick's lap-dog, and at this date was growing into years, as she is mentioned in a letter of the Marquis of Hartington to Garrick, dated in Dublin, May 1755. Mrs. Cibber, in October 1765, writes to Garrick, "If Biddy has any children, I should be infinitely obliged to Mrs. Garrick and you, to spare me one." Her own lap-dog, whom she had ludicrously named *Swivel Eye*, was then defunct.

before him, in the palace, a most extraordinary favour. They perform extempore, and the nobleman who stands in the place of the Lord Chamberlain, has sent me word, that if I will write down any dramatic fable, and give the argument only of the scenes, they shall play it before me in twenty-four hours after, as the greatest compliment they can pay me. I shall work at it to-morrow. I hear there is one great genius among the performers.

" The situation and climate of this place are most extraordinary, and the people are still more so. They are a new race of beings, and I have the highest entertainment in going amongst them, and observing their characters, from the highest to the lowest. I was last night at their great theatre, San Carlo; a most magnificent one indeed. I was really astonished at first coming into it; it was quite full, and well lighted up; but it is too great, and the singers were scarcely heard. The famous Gabrielli pleased me much; she has a good person, is the best actress I ever saw on an opera stage, and has the most agreeable voice I ever heard; she sings more to the ear than to the heart. I cannot quit you till I say something about Rome. I hardly slept the night before I arrived there, with the thoughts of seeing it. My heart beat high, my imagination expanded itself, and my eyes flashed again, as I drew near the Porta del Popolo; but the moment I entered it, I fell at once from my airy vision and Utopian ideas, into a very dirty ill-looking *place*, as they call it, with three crooked streets in front, terminated indeed at this end with two tolerable churches. What a disappointment! My spirits sunk, and it was with reluctance that I was dragged in the afternoon to see the Pantheon; but, my God! what was my pleasure and surprise! I never felt so much in my life as when I entered that glorious structure. I gaped, but could not speak for some minutes. It is so very noble, that it has not been in the power of modern

frippery or Popery, for it is a Church you know, to extinguish its grandeur and elegance.

"Here I began to think myself in *old* Rome, and when I saw the ruins of the famous amphitheatre—*omnis Cæsareo cedat labor amphitheatro*—I then felt my own littleness, and was convinced that the Romans were as much superior to the moderns in every thing, as Vespasian's amphitheatre was to Broughton's. It is impossible, my dear Colman, to have any idea of these things, from any prints that have been made of them. All modern performances look better upon paper; but these ruins are not to be conceived but *by the sensible and true avouch of your own eyes.* Though I am pleased, much pleased with Naples, I have such a thirst to return to Rome, as cannot possibly be slaked, till I have drank up half the Tiber, which, however, in its present state, is but a scurvy draught. It is very strange, that so much good poetry should be thrown away upon such a pitiful river; it is no more comparable to our Thames, than our modern poets are to their Virgils and Horaces. I was so taken up for the fortnight I was at Rome, in seeing ruins, statues, pictures, and palaces, that I had not the least inclination to see his Holiness and his troop of cardinals, though they had two or three public days when I was there. I shall have their blessings in the Holy Week.

"I attend Lord and Lady Spencer to-morrow, to Herculaneum, where I am told they have dug up every utensil that was in use among the Romans, and have got even a lady's toilette entire; the lady herself was found dressing herself, and in the act of sticking a bodkin into her hair; which bodkin is of a most elegant make, not much unlike a modern one, with the difference of a Jupiter, or Minerva, carved at the end of it.

"Next week, we shall mount to see the top of Vesuvius; it is a most terrible object indeed, and the greatest natural wonder I have ever yet seen. In short, we are encompassed

with classical prodigies, and when we shall be able to get out of this enchanting circle, I cannot possibly tell. I shall write by the next post to brother George, from whom I expect a letter very soon, though I received one from him, and another from you at Rome.

"I have seen the St. James's Chronicle here, and from that and other papers I see that "The Deuce is in Him," goes on as my heart could wish. I have seen letters, where King is much praised, and Miss Plym; but surely O'Brien and Pope must bear the bell. The poor "Midsummer Night's Dream," I find, has failed. I know the author, and love him, though he abuses the *grown* gentlemen and ladies.

"Mrs. Cibber, I find, is still prudent, and will run no risks of reputation to support poor Old Drury, to whom she has many, many obligations. What is become of the "Invasion," the "Dupe," and the "New Entertainment?" I hope I shall have some account of them, and a good one, in your next. How does Powell go on? does he keep, or lose his ground? If he is to be advised, don't let him play the fool, as others have done; remember me to all of them whom you think deserve my remembrance. Send me some news, dear Colman, as soon as you receive this. My love to George; I have not yet received his letter to Florence. If Clutterbuck is among you, my best affections to him too, and thank him for his delightful letter; tell him I hope to have the *solid pudding* instead of the *praise*. I think hitherto that my plan of operations has been as nearly followed, as the circumstances would admit of, so that be the success good or bad, I have my share of the *praise*, as well as of the *pudding*; that for Clutterbuck. Pray desire George to let me know how David and all his children are, particularly in his next. My wife sends her love to him, and you, and Clutterbuck.

"Your story of Hubert and his family, have not surprised me, as we received a letter from Mrs. Hubert, and one from

Castlefranc: there never, sure, was such a mean scoundrel. He had no way to excuse the meanness of his behaviour to us, but by pretending a falsehood. I was an entire stranger to the whole, upon my honour, so that it is impossible my wife could suspect her jewels were changed without acquainting me with it—proof positive. Mrs. Hubert might have spared herself the trouble of sending such a letter after Mrs. Garrick to Florence, and she will be sorry that she wrote it, when she knows the truth, as I suppose she may before this.

What is become of my friend Garnier? If he is in London, pray my love to him: we could wish to meet him in Italy; I fear that he will set out next spring, and then we shall not see him, as our intentions are to go through Germany from Venice, and so by Brussels, and not return to Paris. Pray let me know his motions. What is become of your Terence? I have not yet written a word of the fourth or fifth acts of "The Clandestine Marriage," but I am thinking much about it. We are made so much of, as Mr. Cadwallader says, by your dukes and earls, and barons and baronets, that I have not a moment for thinking. Churchill's affair makes me unhappy. What are you doing with Wilkes? Is he not undone? or will they go *too far*, and give him once again the advantage? and what will he do with it when he has it? My heart overflows to Schomberg, Townley, and Hubert.

And I am,

Ever and most affectionately,

Thine, my dear friend,

D. Garrick."

P. S.—"I have, in my hurry, forgot this blank side, but you can make it out. My wife and I desire you will present our respects to Lord Bath. I do assure you, if 'the

Deuce was in him,' I should not be so easy with the flirtation that his Lordship sends, and Mrs. Garrick receives so warmly. However, I am in a country that will teach me how to secure my honour, under lock and key, and I hope to return to England, with less apprehensions of his Lordship. My best wishes to Mr. Burney. I shall write soon to him."

This long and entertaining epistle, seems to require and to deserve a running commentary. We will commence with Gabrielli, who possessed most surprising talents. Her wonderful execution and volubility of voice was long the admiration of Italy; Brydone, speaking of her in 1773, describes her as the most dangerous syren of modern times, and one who had made more conquests than any woman breathing. Her powers in acting and reciting were scarcely inferior to those of her singing, and she is said to have owed much of her merit to the instructions she received from Metastasio. When in good humour, and she chose in earnest to exert herself, nothing that Brydone had heard was in any way to be compared with her performance, for she sang to the heart as well as to the fancy, and commanded every passion with unbounded sway: but she was seldom capable of exercising these astonishing powers. Her stubborn caprice, and her predominant talents, gave her, all her life, the singular fate of becoming alternately an object of admiration and contempt. She was very rich, from the prodigal munificence of the Emperor Francis the First, who was mightily fond of having her at Vienna; but she was at last banished

thence, as she had been from most cities in Italy, in consequenoe of the *brouilleries* which her intriguing temper, perhaps more than her beauty, had excited. Neither interest, flattery, threats, nor punishment, had the least power over her caprice, and the treating her with respect or contempt had an equal tendency to increase it. Many attempts were made to engage her for the opera in England, but without effect, from her want of resolution; the reason being, as she stated, that she could not command her caprice; that it for the most part governed her, and in England there was no opportunity of indulging in it. "For," said she, "were I to take it in my head not to sing, I am told the people there would certainly mob me, and perhaps break my bones; now I like to sleep in a sound skin, although it should even be in a prison!" She alleged, too, that it was not always caprice that prevented her singing, but that it often depended upon physical causes.

Garrick, while in raptures with the public buildings of Rome, makes a ludicrous comparison to Broughton's amphitheatre; Broughton was the celebrated prize-fighter of the day.

The Lord Spencer alluded to, as being at Rome at this period, was John Viscount Spencer, afterwards first Earl Spencer, great grandson of the Duke of Marlborough, and grandfather of the present Earl Spencer. He married Margaret Georgiana, daughter of Stephen Poyntz, Esq., December 27, 1755, and had issue, the late George John, Earl of Spencer, Lady Besborough, and Georgiana, Duchess of

Devonshire. Lady Hervey, in a letter dated January 17, 1756, writes :—" One has heard of nothing for some time past but the magnificence, or rather the silly vain profusion, on account of Mr. Spencer's wedding; and what is the most extraordinary is, that it was quite disagreeable to both the young couple, and entirely the effect of the vanity and folly of a daughter of Lord Granville, I mean Lady Cowper, Mr. Spencer's mother. They both came to town from Althorp, where they were married, with three coaches and six horses, and two hundred horsemen: the villages through which they passed were put into the greatest consternation; some of the poor people shut themselves up in their houses and cottages, barricading the doors and windows as well as they could. Those who were resolute, or more desperate, armed themselves with pitchforks, spits, and spades, all crying out it was the *invasion* which was come; and to be sure, by the coaches and six horses, both the Pretender and the King of France were come too! In short, great was the alarm, and happy they were, when this formidable cavalcade passed by, without setting fire to the habitations, or murdering the inhabitants."

Lady Cowper, Mr. Spencer's mother, was Lady Georgiana Carteret, daughter of Lord Granville; and after Mr. Spencer's death, re-married with Lord Cowper, and died in 1780.

The Miss Plym, who is mentioned by Garrick, made her first appearance on any stage, at Drury Lane, as Viola, in Shakspeare's " Twelfth Night," October 19, 1763. King, in the farce of " The Deuce

is in Him," played Prattle; Miss Plym, Mademoiselle Florival; O'Bryen, Colonel Tamper; and Miss Pope, Emily.

The alterations in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" had been made by Colman, and the allusion to the abuse of the "Grown Gentlemen and Ladies," has reference to an essay by him.

Garrick appears to have regretted that he could not induce Mrs. Cibber to re-appear on the boards of Drury Lane, but as she was now nearly fifty years of age, perhaps she was prudent. Mrs. Cibber was the sister of the celebrated Dr. Arne, the composer. She was born in 1715, and married Theophilus Cibber in 1735: she played at Covent Garden till 1747, when Garrick became patentee of Drury Lane, and she and Mrs. Pritchard enlisted into his dramatic corps. In the great contest of the two theatres, respecting the performance of "Romeo and Juliet," Barry had the advantage over Garrick; but Mrs. Cibber's superiority to Miss Nossiter as Juliet, caused a concession to be made by the Covent Garden champions. She died at her house, in Scotland Yard, Westminster, on Thursday, January 30, 1766; "leaving," says Dr. Johnson, "a greater reputation than she deserved, as she had a great sameness, though her expression was undoubtedly very fine. Mrs. Pritchard," adds the Doctor, "was a very good player, but she had something affected in her manner; I imagine she had some player of the former age in her eye, which occasioned it."

"The Dupe" a comedy by Mrs. Frances Sheridan, was produced in 1764, and condemned, on account of some passages which the audience thought too indelicate. The new entertainment was a spectacle, entitled "The Fairy Tale."

The David alluded to was Garrick's nephew, and Castelfranc appears to have been a servant engaged by Garrick for his continental tour.

Hubert was a common friend and visitor in Garrick's family, and a letter to Quin, dated June 20, 1763, described him as "at present, chief favourite and first gallant, at Hampton, with Mrs. Garrick."

Churchill, in a letter written immediately before Garrick's setting out for the continent, notices particularly, Garnier's decease. "Poor Garnier! I much lament that such men should die." Churchill was misinformed, as will appear by a subsequent letter from Garrick.

CHAPTER IV.

1764.

Garrick at Rome—The Pope in a Storm—Delane—Sterne—Colman in Paris—The Earl of Bath—Miss Ford—George the Younger—Edward, Duke of York—Garrick at Venice—Death of Lord Bath—Lady Hervey—Lord Bath's reasons for accepting a Peerage—Sir Robert Walpole—The Duke of Argyle—General Pulteney—Death of the Duke of Devonshire, and of Hogarth—Garrick in Paris—Death of Churchill.

GARRICK would seem to have soon after returned to the 'immortal city' of Rome. In a letter from thence, he explains, "I scarce know, my Lord, what sensation to call it, but I felt a strange unusual something at entering the very city where the great Roscius exerted those talents which rendered him the wonder of his own age, and of which I fear the living actors convey but a faint idea to ours."*

A letter from Colman, in answer to that of Garrick addressed from Naples, on the eve of Christmas-day, induced the following reply:

* The London Chronicle, January 28, 1764.

" My Dear Colman, Rome, April 11, 1764.

" Though I resolved, in my last letter to George, not to trouble you any more till I got to Venice, yet I cannot hold it out so long, but must say a word or two more to you from this place, which, of all places in the world, is the most worth coming to, and writing about. To show you that I think so, you must know that I am antiquity-hunting from morning till night, and my poor wife drags her lame leg after me. By the bye, she is now much better, and we have hopes of her being able to run away again from me, if she can meet with another Captain Caswell. She desires her love to you, and thanks you for writing to me, as I am sure to be always in spirits for some time after the receipt of a letter from you.

" I have not been quite so well here as at Naples, which is rather extraordinary. Whether I fatigued myself too much, or whether the climate does not suit me so well, I can't say, but I have had some disagreeable nervous flutterings that made me as grave as an owl for a few days, but since the rains have fallen—and they came down here in pailfulls —and the sun is bright upon us, I have been as frisky as the poor flies, who were woefully damped by the wet weather, but are now as troublesome and as pert as your humble servant. His Holiness the Pope is trying, by prayers, tears, and intercessions, to avert the famine with which his State is threatened. He has crept up the Holy Stairs (Santa Scala), which were brought from Jerusalem, has ordered processions, and what not.

" We are not so bad as they are at Naples; for there, indeed, the tragedy was deep. I remember some scenes with horror, and since we came away many people have dropped down in the street, and been taken away dead, from mere want of food. Our prospect at Venice is rather worse, for we hear that the plague has spread as far as Trieste, and that they begin to talk of quarantine in the neighbouring States; if so, we shall run the gauntlet

terribly; but we are not dismayed, and must go through with it.)

"I must thank you again for the trouble and care you have had about Count Firmian's books. He is very happy at the execution of the commission, and was highly pleased with your sending your own matters to him gratis: it pleased me much. I have not seen a St. James's Chronicle since the end of January. If I have them, I wish you would desire George to keep them for me to rummage over when I come to England. Mr. Baldwin, I hear, is no friend to our house.*

"*A propos*, I am very angry with Powell for playing that detestable part of Alexander. Every genius must despise it, because that, and such fustian-like stuff, is the bane of true merit. If a man can act it well, I mean to please the people, he has something in him that a good actor should not have. He might have served Mrs. Pritchard, and himself too, in some good natural character. I hate your roarers. Delane was once a fine Alexander—damn the part! I fear it will hurt him; but this among ourselves.

"I was told by a gentleman who has just come from Sterne, that he is in a very bad way. I hope Becket has stood my friend in regard to what he ought to have received for me some time ago. I had a draught upon

* Henry Baldwin, as a printer, was one of the old school, bred under Mr. Justice Ackers, of Clerkenwell, the original printer of The London Magazine. He commenced business for himself under the most promising auspices, first in Whitefriars, then in Fleet Street, and finally in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, in a house built expressly for him, now the office of The Standard newspaper. Connected with a phalanx of wits, Bonnel Thornton, Garrick, Colman, Stevens, and others, he started the St. James's Chronicle, on the foundation of a smaller paper of nearly the same name, and had the satisfaction of conducting it to a height of eminence unexampled by any preceding journal. He died at Richmond, February 21, 1813.

him, from Sterne, for twenty pounds, ever since he went abroad; pray hint this to him, but let him not be ungentle with Sterne.

"I have sent the plan of a fine scene, and coloured, among some small things in a little box of Mr. Stanley, of the Custom-house. It is in several parts, and wrote upon the back, which is first, second, &c. I will send a further explanation of it; but any Italian, and our Saunderson will understand it. They should go upon it directly, it will have a fine effect.

"Many thanks to you for your attendance on the Pantomime; I am sure they wanted help: no more humour than brickbats. I am afraid that Love, in humorous matters, carries too much gut to be spirited. Flip-flaps, and great changes without meaning, may distil from the head whose eyes are half asleep; but humour, my dear Coley, and scenes, that shall be all alive, alive ho! can only proceed from men of small stature, whose eyes are either quiee asleep, or quite awake; in short, from men who laugh heartily, and have small scars at the ends of their noses.

"I am surprised about Murphy, and want to know how he got off from Mr. Lacy. Poor Lloyd! and yet I was prepared. The death of any one we like does not shock us so much when we have seen them long in a lingering decay. Where is the bold Churchill?—what a noble ruin! When he is quite undone, you shall send him here, and he shall be shown among the great fragments of Roman genius.—Magnificent in ruin!

"Voltaire, in his additions *à l'Histoire Générale*, at page 183, under *Usages du Seixième Siècle*, says something about translating Plautus into verse; that will be of use in your preface to Terence.

"Speed your plough, my dear friend; have you thought of 'The Clandestine Marriage?' I am at it.

"I must desire you to write to me once more, and direct à Monsieur, Monsieur Garrick, Gentilhomme Anglais, chez

Monsieur Dutens, à Turin, and I shall get it by hook, or by crook.

"Pray send me all kind of news: a letter from you will comfort me in bad roads, and through plague and famine; so write, I beg, as soon as you receive this. My love to all the Schombergs, Townleys, Kings, Hogarths, Churchills, Huberts, &c.

"Remember me kindly at home."

The weather, this season, at Rome, appears to have been unusually boisterous and rainy. A ludicrous account of the Pope's being overtaken in a shower, is detailed in a letter from thence, dated July 14. "About three days ago, the Pope, his Life Guards, and other attendants, made a grand procession to St. Peter's, but unfortunately, on their return, such a storm of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning arose, that it put the Pope's guards in a fright: they who were on horseback, rode away as fast as they could, and they who had no horses, ran for it as fast as their legs would carry them. The Pope had six horses to his carriage: the postilions cut the harness of the first four horses, and joined the rest of the party, leaving, like most undutiful children, their most Holy Father, with no other attendants than the coachman and two horses to draw the carriage, which is larger than our King's state coach. A man on horseback who supported a fine golden cross before the Pope, endeavouring to make a precipitate retreat, was thrown down, horse and all, but recovered with no damage but his fears, and the mortification of beholding some contusions on his cross. The Romans are much chagrined at

this circumstance, and say that it affords matter of great satisfaction to the heretics."

Tom Davies records, that Delane's "Alexander the Great," was his most admired and followed character; and his success in that part, brought him from Goodman's Fields to the more critical audience of Covent Garden."

Sterne's autograph letter, soliciting the loan from Garrick, mentioned in the foregoing letter, when proceeding on his "Sentimental Journey," is brief, but to the purpose:—

"DEAR GARRICK,

"Upon reviewing my finances, this morning, with some unforeseen expenses, I find I should set out with twenty pounds less than a prudent man ought. Will you lend me twenty pounds?

Yours

L. STERNE."

Mrs. Pritchard, for her benefit, on Tuesday, March 20, treated the public, with "not acted for these twenty years," the Rival Queens; Alexander, Powell; Clytus, Love; and Roxana, Mrs. Pritchard. Powell's excellence in the part rendered this piece highly attractive on several repetitions.

Mr. Love was the *getter up*, in a theatrical phrase, of the Pantomimes of Drury Lane Theatre. "But humour, my dear Coley," &c. is a complimentary allusion to Colman, in fact, *ad hominem et ad nasum.*

The mention of Murphy is conjectured to have been in connection with one of the severest letters he ever wrote to Garrick, in which he charges him

with the black character of Tiberius, in storing up resentments for occasional use; the quarrel appears to have originated in a pecuniary matter.*

Garrick had read in the Public Advertiser, October 29, 1763, that "Late on Thursday night, the corpse of the late Mr. Lloyd, was carried from his *only* late dwelling house, in Crown Street, Westminster, and interred in the new vault in St. Margaret's Church," and supposed it had been Robert Lloyd, the intimate and associate of Churchill, Colman, and Bonnel Thornton, but the conjecture was erroneous. The poet survived till December.

Colman, in May, went to Paris for the recovery of his health, and resided at the Hotel de Modene, Rue de Jacob, in the Fauxbourg St. Germains. The ensuing letter, possibly the last he received from the Earl of Bath, appears to express uneasiness of Colman's illness, and a regret that he had not accompanied the Earl to Shrewsbury.

"Dear Coley, Shrewsbury, May 21, 1764.

"I thank you for your letter, and the enclosed poem [The Candidate] in it, which is in my opinion the severest, and the best of all Churchill's works. He has a great genius, and is an excellent poet; there are, to be sure, some as fine lines as ever were written, and some as low prosaic trash as ever came from Grub-street.† One may plainly see that

* See Garrick Correspondence.

† Dr. John Brown, in a letter to Garrick, November 1762, affords a similar character of this writer, "I do not like your friend Churchill's third book. To talk in the grand epic style, it has neither beginning, middle, nor end; it is crammed with personal abuse, and that too thrown on people who did not deserve

all his works are what the French call *pièces rapporté.* He has always a vast number of loose verses lying by him, which he can bring into any poem, that he wants to enlarge to the price of half-a-crown, and so sticks them in, as he wants them. I cannot, however, in the main, approve of such abominable abuse. You know I never was famous for great partiality to Ministers, I am acquainted with very few who are at present such, and I never would be one myself, though often offered it. From these considerations you may be sure that it is not any fondness of mine for great men that makes me dislike this poem, but really it is so scandalously abusive and scurrilous that no one who has the least decency can approve such Billingsgate stuff, 'running *a muck,*' as Pope calls it, at once upon all mankind.* I wish you had come down with us instead of Peele, but our whist party would have been spoiled by Remend's illness; he has been in some danger from a violent fever. On Monday next we remove from hence, and go to Wolverhampton.

I am yours,

BATH."

it, for aught that appears. It is obscure; here and there a good line, but many of the mediocre rank in my opinion. In short, he will scribble himself down, in spite of genius.

* Pope uses this phrase in the couplet:—

'Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet,
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet.'

To '*run a muck*' has long been a common expression amongst sailors, but Dr. Johnson was at a loss to discover the derivation of the term. Among the Malayans, an almost unconquerable spirit of gaming characterises all grades, and having lost their stake or property, the luckless gamesters, in despair, loosen a certain lock of hair, indicating destruction to all they meet. Intoxicated with opium, they sally forth, in maddened frenzy, biting or killing any one or every person who may fall in their way, and employing on those occasions a *muck* or lance. But so soon as the murderous lock is seen flowing, it is lawful for any

The foregoing letter from Lord Bath was received in Colman's absence, by Miss Ford, who opened it, and on the blank page wrote the following, re-sealed it, and addressed it to Colman at Paris :

" Thursday (May 24), 3 o'clock.

" I have just drank my dear Coley's health in a glass of port, alone in the bedchamber. This letter came last night, and as I thought it would make you happy, I have sent it by to-night's post. I am just going to the play with Mrs. Jewell and Mrs. Beard.* Milley (Miss Mills) told Powell that she thought it was very unkind that Mrs. Powell had never been to see me since you left me—I think it has done good. So I imagine that by your writing to them it will be of great service, as they think you have much interest with Garrick, and you know there is nothing to be done without it. Poor George (Garrick) was in great fright that you were gone to meet his brother ; I could hardly make him believe to the contrary. Your dear little boy† has been

one to shoot at or destroy the madmen with all possible dispatch. This would form a tolerable ground-work for some of the writers of our modern melo-dramas—and the title too, in the play bill, would be striking—RUN A MUCK !

Dryden has also an allusion to the practice :—

' Frontless and satire-proof, he scares the streets,
And runs an Indian muck at all he meets !'

* To Covent Garden Theatre, when Hull played for the first time Loveless, in " Love's Last Shift," and the " Intriguing Chambermaid," for the benefit of Evans and Green, box-keepers.

† The " dear little boy " was George Colman the Younger, of whom much more will hereafter be detailed.

Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Bellamy were actresses belonging to Garrick and Lacy's company. The very bad benefit on the preceding night was at Drury Lane Theatre, " For the Fairies in the Fairy Tale," one of whom was Miss Ford's daughter by her previous *liaison* with Mossop. The play was the " Rival Queens ;" Alexander, Powell ; Roxana, Mrs. Pritchard ; and the " Fairy Tale "

very ill, but is now much better. Milley and Bell (Mrs. George Ann Bellamy) send their respects.

" I am afraid I shall be late, and therefore dare say no more, but that there was a very bad benefit last night.

" My compliments to Mrs. H (ubert ?) Pray write soon, and to Powell. God bless you, and send you home in good health and spirits, and be assured I shall ever be sincerely yours, S. F."

Colman wrote an epilogue to the " Fairy Tale," which was spoken by Hopkins the prompter's daughter, then not five years old (afterwards the wife of John Kemble), in the character of the " Fairy Page." *

Garrick's visit to Italy was this year rendered doubly interesting to him, by the presence of the King's brother, Edward Duke of York, who was then visiting the Italian States, and was, as the Earl of Ulster, received by them amid spectacles of extraordinary magnificence and splendour. The Duke's fondness for music and theatric pomp was indulged by a display of all that the Continental cities could proffer. Garrick followed his movements, and participated in these pleasures; personally known to the Duke, he was at the same time the associate of Earl Spencer and Lord Palmerston, and other distinguished English nobles there, and his own eminence as the English Roscius, led to his invitation to almost every entertainment which was instigated by the Duke's presence. Garrick, in his letter of April 11th, does not mention him; but the Duke was then there, and on his departure thence,

* It was included in Colman's collected Works.

on Tuesday, April 28th, presented forty sequins to Giovanni, the celebrated performer on the violoncello, accompanied by an invitation to visit England, but which, on account of his advanced age, that distinguished musician declined.

The Duke reached Bologna, on May 5th, and arrived at Parma on the 9th. In a letter to Colman, dated from Venice, Garrick says, "I called at Parma on my way hither, and was introduced to the Duke when he dined with the Duke of York; he speaks English well, and understands it better. He has read Shakspeare, and was very desirous to hear our manner of speaking, which desire he shewed with so much feeling and delicacy that I readily consented, in the presence of the Duke of York, Lord Spencer, and the first Minister. He was greatly pleased, and the next morning sent me a very handsome gold box, with some of the finest enamelled painting upon all sides of it, I ever saw. He likewise ordered apartments for me, and sent me from his court, more conceited by half, than I came to it."

Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord Palmerston, and other distinguished English personages, are notified as having come to Venice on May 23rd, and on the 26th the arrival of the Duke of York was announced. That Garrick was busied in these movements is sufficiently evident, by a letter from the Adriatic capital, dated May 29th, in which he says, "Poor Mrs. Garrick is in an indifferent state of health. She got a *sciatica* at Naples, and cannot walk without support, yet she will set out for Germany with

her husband, as soon as the public rejoicings are over."

Garrick was too much occupied by these raree-shows, and the ill health of himself and spouse, to have much leisure for corresponding with his friends in England. His letter to Colman, on his leaving the grand *scena* of excitement, is however highly interesting.

"DEAR COLMAN, Venice, July 12, 1764.

"I SHALL leave this place to-morrow, and return to Padua, in order to be near the famous mud of Abano, which the physicians here tell us, will certainly restore Mrs. Garrick. She is not worse, but she continues lame, and the continuance is very alarming I fret to be at home, I dread the Italian suns, and I am afraid, that my presence is necessary to make a plan for the next winter. If I can be at home a month before the opening of the house, I shall think that I have done wonders. I shall try all my might to compass it. This Venice is the most particular place in the whole world; it glares upon you at first, and enchants you, but living a month here (like the honey-moon) brings you to a temperate consideration of things, and you long for your *terra firma* liberty again. I am tired to death, though I have seen such sights here, as I had no conception of, but in fairy land, and have seen the visions of the Arabian Nights realized by the Venetian regate.* This show was given on the 4th of this month, in honour of our King, and to entertain the Duke. I shall be a week in telling you all I saw and felt on that day: such elegant luxury! which plainly shewed that the contrivers were as little formidable in war and politics, as they were superior to all the world as

* *The Regatta.*—For ample details of this truly magnificent spectacle, see The London Gazette, of June 25th, in a letter from Venice.

managers of a puppet-show. I have taken my evening walks of meditation on the Rialto, and have fancied myself waiting for my friend Pierre; but the whole idea has vanished at the sight of a Venetian noble, who can give you no idea, in look or in dress, but that of an apparitor to a spiritual court in the country; but then their Courts of Justice! and their lawyers! If there is any thing more particularly ridiculous than another, it is one of their pleadings. It was some minutes before I recovered my senses, and when I found I was really awake, and in a Court of Justice, I was ready to burst with laughter. It is inconceivably strange, and more whimsical and *outré* than the Italian Theatre; and yet all sober people agree, that their decrees are generally just and impartial.

"I have been buying pictures and books, and am scarce able to hold my pen with fatigue. I have no joy now in thinking on the stage, and I shall return (if I must) like a bear to the stake: and this baiting, my good friend, is no joke after forty.

"Pray tell George, that I hope he has written me a long letter to Augsburg, with a full account of what business is ready for the campaign. I have been thinking of it seriously. I am in treaty with a fine dancer, and hope to succeed, at Padua.* Pray write me a letter, and send me word what people really say about me, and what you think of our affairs.

"I have received an obliging letter from Powell,† his playing himself to rags astonishes me! What can be the

* Garrick's attempts to engage dancers, were known at home; and it was stated that a large train of effeminate exotics would be brought over with him.

† Powell in the letter alluded to, dated March 30th, with much gratitude, asserts, "During my poor but best endeavours in the duty of my new profession, I am indebted to Mr. Colman for every assistance; his friendship can be equalled by none but that which I have experienced from you."

meaning of it? Damn Alexander! O horrible, horrible! Delane got credit by that stuff; damn it! I say again.

"I believe, after all, that you had better write to me, at Calais, some time after you receive this. After that sweating, tedious journey, a long letter from you will be consolation indeed. Let George write too. I hope the great scene which Saunderson was preparing, is getting ready. I have received George's last. God bless you."

Garrick, with most of the English residents, appears, in all these transactions, to have preceded the Duke of York by some days. If he really quitted Venice on the 13th, the Duke did not leave till the 16th, and arrived the same day at Padua, where he witnessed the gorgeous festival of the *Corpus Domini.** At day-break, July 4, the Duke left Padua to visit Turin, and thence visited the Court of Berlin. This accounts for Garrick's desiring Colman to direct his letter to Turin; but his anxieties, and fears of ill heath, induced him to waver his resolves, and Colman, on July 24, announced that "David Garrick and his lady were expected in town, from abroad, at the beginning of the following month."

The Earl of Bath, on whom Colman relied for a provision, died somewhat suddenly, about ten at night, on Saturday, July 7, and on the following day, the body was embalmed, agreeably to the directions in his will. In the St. James's Chronicle, on the 10th, it was stated, that "by the death of Lord Bath, an annuity of nine hundred guineas per annum, devolved

* The particulars of this festival will be found in the London Gazette, July 23, 1764.

to George Colman, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn." The same newspaper intimated that "his Lordship, among other legacies, has bequeathed a ring and a pair of diamond ear-rings to Mrs. Montagu, wife to Edward Montagu, Esq. M.P. for Huntingdon.

Lady Hervey, the widow of John Lord Hervey, in a letter to the Rev. Edmund Morris, dated July 14th, thus speaks of his decease: "I am really sorry for the death of poor Lord Bath, who, though of a great age, might have lived much longer. He had his understanding as perfect as ever, enjoying company, and partly contributing to the enjoyment. He threw away his life by a needless piece of complaisance, in drinking tea out of doors, after being warmed and heated by a great deal of meat, a great deal of company, and a good deal of mirth at dinner. He was not at an age, nor is ours a climate, for those *al frescos:* it was thoughtless in those who proposed it, and weakly complaisant in him who complied with it. From various circumstances, I have seen him but seldom for many years past, but whenever we did meet, he was always the same, and ever cheerful, and good company. He was to me, like a sum in a bank, of which, though I made but little immediate use, I could always be sure of having my draft answered."

The Earl's body was deposited, on the night of Wednesday, July 18, in the same vault with his Countess and their only son, Lord Viscount Pulteney, in Abbot Islip's Chapel, in Westminster

Abbey. On the 20th of the same month, Lady Hervey thus expresses herself more in detail respecting the Earl's disposition of his property :—

" Lord Bath's leaving me no little bauble in token of remembrance, did not surprise, and consequently did not vex me. He was a most agreeable companion, and a very good-humoured man ; but I, who have known him above forty years, knew that he never thought of any one when he did not see them, nor ever cared a great deal for those he did see. I am sorry he did not leave poor Johnstone wherewithal to make her easy, as she was not only a near relation, who wanted his kindness, but the daughter of a man to whom he had essential obligations, and professed to love. He has left an immense fortune to a brother he never cared for, and always with reason despised ; and a great deal to a man he once liked, but had lately great reason to think ill of. I am sorry he is dead ; he was very agreeable and entertaining, and whenever I was well enough to go down stairs, and give him a good dinner, he was always ready to come, and give me his good company in return. I was satisfied with that ; one must take people as they are, perhaps hardly any are, in every respect, just what they should be."

To the reader in English history, and in times no further back than the reigns of Queen Anne, George the First, and Second, the character of William Pulteney must be familiar. Of his oratory, his

political acrimony, his playful occasional poetry, his pleasantry in conversation, and his domestic qualities, (in which last there appears to have been a mixture of affection, generosity, and avarice,) every body who reads, has read and still may read.

Among all the obloquy heaped upon William Pulteney on his loss of popularity, through his acceptance of a peerage, (his reasons for which acceptance are given in the following pages,) nothing perhaps galled him more than the odes of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Satire can laugh while it kills reputation; and the death-wounds of ridicule inflict a double-torture.

The subjoined explanation of his motives for quitting the House of Commons, and accepting an earldom, is a curiosity. It was found among the posthumous papers of George Colman the Elder, by his son, and the manuscript is in the handwriting of the former :—

" On Wednesday, October 4th, 1756, I overheard the following conversation between Lord Bath and Mr. Hooke, author of the Roman history, in the parlour at Isleworth. When I came into the room, I found that they were conversing on the subject of his lordship's quitting the House of Commons. As this was a subject on which I had never heard Lord Bath ever utter a single syllable before, I listened with great attention, and I believe that I remember most of what was said, nearly in the very words, but am sure that I have not made the least addition, or any alteration in the circumstances.

" Upon my first entrance into the room, Lord

Bath was just closing an account of a conversation between himself and the King, by which it appeared that the partisans in the opposition had had some differences among themselves. Upon this occasion His Majesty made use of these words to Lord Bath. 'As soon as I found you were at variance among yourselves, I saw that I had *two shops to deal with*, and I rather chose to come to you, because I knew that your aim was only directed against my minister, but I did not know but the Duke of Argyle wanted to be king himself.' These words, it was agreed, both by Lord Bath and Mr. Hooke, were suggested to His Majesty by Sir Robert Walpole.

"Mr. Hooke then said, that he had always looked upon his lordship's conduct in that affair as a mystery, and so did most other people, who cried, 'It is strange that Will. Pulteney should be taken off by a peerage, when we all know that he might have had one whenever he would, for many years before.' But that he had conversed with some of his lordship's friends, who, though they also looked on his conduct as a mystery, still believed that he had good and honest reasons for what he did.

"His lordship replied that he certainly had; that there were several curious anecdotes relating to that affair, and some particulars known to no soul living except the King and himself; that he had never made any minutes of those transactions, but that he could easily recollect all the principal circumstances; which he would at times endeavour to do, in hopes that Mr. Hooke, as he had a fine pen, would, if he survived his lordship, work up those materials into

a sort of history of this affair; that this he was desirous of having done for the sake of truth, and therefore could wish that these particulars might be made public, while some of the parties concerned were yet living, and unable to deny their authenticity; that a regard to truth, and the furnishing materials for genuine history was his chief motive, for that, as to his own character, conscious of his integrity, he had never said so much as he had now mentioned to any one before, or taken the least pains to vindicate himself. He then told the following story:—When it appeared that Lord Bath, then Mr. Pulteney, was at the head of the House of Commons, that no supplies could be raised, no business carried on, and that Sir Robert Walpole was in imminent danger, Mr. Pulteney received a letter from the Duke of Newcastle, signifying that 'his Grace had a message to deliver to him from the King, and desired that Mr. Pulteney would meet him (appointing that or some other particular evening) at eight o'clock, at Mr. Stone's, in the Privy Garden.' To this letter Mr. Pulteney returned an answer to this effect: 'that he was very ready to receive any message from the King, but that he absolutely refused to receive any such message by meeting his Grace by stealth, at his under secretary's, in the dark; that if the Duke had anything to say to him from His Majesty, his Grace must come to him at his own house, by daylight, in sight of all his servants. He further desired the Duke not to impute this behaviour to pride, for that it was necessary for a person at the head of a party

to manage his reputation in this manner.' To this the Duke replied to this purpose: 'that he thought Mr. Pulteney was entirely in the right in using so much delicacy and precaution; that he would wait on him at his own house, in the manner he prescribed, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor.' This produced a further answer from Mr. Pulteney, signifying 'that in order to put himself on an equality with his Grace, who proposed bringing the Chancellor, he also thought proper to call in an aid on his side, *viz.* Lord Granville.' In consequence of these letters, the Duke of Newcastle and the Lord Chancellor came together to Mr. Pulteney's, and found him, expecting their arrival, in company with Lord Granville. The Duke of Newcastle then told Mr. Pulteney that he had a message to him from the King, which was to desire 'that Mr. Pulteney would accept of being at the head of the Treasury, and the nomination of those other persons whom he would have put into power; and that as Sir Robert Walpole found it expedient to retire, that Mr. Pulteney would promise to preserve him from persecution.' This was the substance of what was said by the Duke of Newcastle, to which Mr. Pulteney made answer to the following effect: 'That he utterly disclaimed all aiming at power, that he would accept of no places; that what he aimed at was not merely a change of men, but measures also; and that he would never come in to carry on the same system of corruption: that as to promising His Majesty to secure Sir Robert Walpole, he neither would, nor could, make any such promise: that if

his Grace would read Cardinal De Retz, he would find that *a party was like a serpent, that the* TAIL *pushed on the* HEAD; so that if he promised, he should engage for more than he was able to perform: that, however, he was no blood-thirsty man, that he had no sanguinary views, and that he wished Sir Robert might be able to escape by his innocence, and the rather, because he had once incautiously said in the House of Commons, that *he would pursue Sir Robert to his* DESTRUCTION. This had been considered by many as a very cruel speech, but all he meant by it was the *destruction* of Sir Robert as a minister, not as a man; he meant a destruction of his power not of his person. But, in short, as to a promise, for the reasons above, he could make none, so that if any such promise was expected, his Grace's treaty with him must here break off before it was begun.' The Duke then complained that he was dry, and some wine being called for, Mr. Pulteney filled out a glass, and told his Grace with a smile, 'that he would drink to him in the words of Brutus:—

> "'If we should meet again, 'tis well,
> If not, why then this parting was well made.'

"This story ended, Lord Bath observed that during this conference, and some others on the same occasion, the Lord Chancellor did not say a word; nor Lord Granville, till he was nominated by him to be put in as Secretary of State. Just at this time dinner came in, and interrupted the conversation. After dinner this

conversation was resumed, and took a different turn, but had more the air of general chat, in the course of which Lord Bath said 'that it was he who nominated Lord Winchelsea to be placed at the head of the Admiralty; a secret which he had never mentioned to any body before, and which Lord Winchelsea himself was not acquainted with to this day, but imagined that he was brought in by Lord Granville. That, after he had brought in Lord Granville, he wrote to his lordship, when abroad with the King in the last war, to inform him that the high favour in which he stood with the King had created many jealousies in the rest of the ministry, who would certainly get him out, if he relied solely on the favour of the King, and did not take care to secure himself by forming proper connections and dependences.' To this letter he received an answer from Lord Granville, telling him 'that he made no doubt of standing his ground by being so high in His Majesty's favour, that he had even shewed Lord Bath's letter to the King, who told him, upon the occasion, that he knew indeed that several little plots were formed against him, but that he would keep his lordship in, in spite of their teeth. In about a fortnight after their return from abroad, he was turned out.

"Among many other particulars which fell from Lord Bath on this occasion, and which, from the confusion and irregularity of the conversation, I cannot well recollect, I particularly remember the following:—'When things began to draw to a crisis, and the parties in the opposition saw them-

selves soon likely to come in, they became at variance with each other concerning who should have the best places. This it was that occasioned that speech of the King's, mentioned in the beginning of this account, and destroyed,' said Lord Bath, 'that glorious scheme which I had laid of bringing about a reconciliation in the royal family on a proper foot, and retiring with honour myself. When I found,' continued he, 'what they were driving at, I went to the Prince of Wales, and first asked him whether the others in the opposition had not been there before me. The Prince frankly owned that they had been with him. I then told him that I found that their views were directed to the securing rich preferments to themselves, but that my sole aim was to reconcile His Royal Highness to the King on a proper foot, and to make him appear in a right light as Prince of Wales. To convince him of this, I only begged to come alone, and confront all the rest in His Royal Highness's presence; upon which the Prince appointed a meeting at his house in Pall Mall, at eight o'clock that evening. I went accordingly, and found them there before me, *viz.* the Duke of Argyle, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Gower, Lord Cobham, and Lord Bathurst. Each of these spoke in his turn, and I answered each successively. When we had all spoken, the Prince said that he thought Mr. Pulteney acted from the best motives, and delivered it as his resolution that he would go in with him. This was so sore a mortification to the Duke of Argyle, that it is thought to have been the occasion of his death.'"

The comparatively slight provision that had been made for Colman, was the surprise of many. One of his biographers has recorded, that "The Earl left him a very comfortable annuity, but less than was expected, owing, it was said, to some little differences that existed between them, just before the death of that nobleman." * His posthumously printed vindication, however, had not then appeared. In that statement, Colman says, "that Lord Bath, to the day of his death, continued his favour and protection to me. I entered his house as familiarly as my own chambers, and occupied without invitation a place at his table. On his death, his brother, General Pulteney, received me as a friend, and gave me to understand that I was *un enfant de famille* that must not be overlooked or neglected. He told me that he supposed I should no longer think of the profession to which I had been destined, and made me a present of his chariot.

"Such a call *from* the bar was too tempting to be resisted, and I accordingly quitted my tie-wig, gown, and band, and my chambers in Lincoln's Inn. I did not, however, roll long in the General's carriage without some rather disagreeable jolts in it. Malice soon began her operations, and endeavoured to prejudice him against me; yet he continued my friend, and in answer to a letter to him at Tunbridge, he returned me the following comfortable epistle:"

Vox audita perit, litera scripta manet.

* "Gentleman's Magazine," 1794.

"DEAR COLMAN, Tunbridge, Aug. 3, 1764.

"I esteem you very much for your acknowledgment, and grateful sense of poor Lord Bath's affection and kindness to you, which has urged you at present, in writing to me, to express yourself, with the overflowings of an honest heart, in so very obliging a manner, that if I had no other motive, it would be sufficient to make me love you with great cordiality and kindness to my life's end. But I will over and above assure you, that I have ever loved you, and am persuaded, that nothing will alter my affection and opinion of your deserving from me all the good that Lord Bath has visibly designed, and wished you to enjoy. All that can be said further, must be superfluous and unnecessary. Let me add, however, that I shall always be glad of a visit from you: the reason that after the 11th was mentioned to you for coming here, was from an engagement about that time, to the Bishop of Rochester, and would be an hindrance to your being at the same time with me, as my house would be quite full; but as he makes no longer a stay than a day or two, you may then take your own time and conveniency of obliging me with your company; being,

Dear Colman,

Yours very affectionately,

H. PULTENEY."

"Nothing could be more open and direct than the contents of this letter, yet some subsequent events, too strange not to be noticed, but yet too minute to be recapitulated, made me conceive it more than barely possible, that the General would, on some pretence, render void his most explicit and voluntary declaration. Under this persuasion, I thought it advisable to secure to myself, if possible, some advantages more solid and permanent than an annuity which was to vanish with my life, and

might render it impossible for me to provide for any survivor."

Garrick, early in August, reached Munich, where he was attacked by an alarming fit of illness. His letter to Arden,* dated thence, September 15th, states, "I have been confined more than a month to my bed by the most dangerous bilious fever that ever poor sinner suffered, for the small fault of a little innocent society." He was then, however, sufficiently recovered to continue his course to Augsburg on the morrow, and had determined to depend on the intelligence he should receive there, or at Stutgard, either to push on for Spa, or make the best of his way to some other waters in France. This illness appears to have incapacitated Garrick from busying himself much about what was passing. Death, in the ensuing month of October, deprived him of two of his most loved associates. The Duke of Devonshire died on the 3rd, at Spa, at half-past nine in the evening; and Hogarth expired suddenly, after being very cheerful at supper, at his house in Leicester Square, on Friday the 26th. These facts, with the length of time since Garrick's last communication, impelled Colman to write, expressing a hope, that so long a silence might not again occur; and Garrick appears to have written after that dated in June, requiring a reply to be addressed to him at Nanci, but which, if it ever reached Colman, is now lost.

* See "The Garrick Correspondence."

Colman appears to have heard of Garrick's illness, and to have reiterated the expressions of anxious solicitude of more persons, who were the great actor's friends as well as his own. The following was Garrick's answer.

"My Dear Colman, Paris, Nov. 10th, 1764.

"I obey your friendly commands, and write by the first post. I have for a long time, I hope it will never be so long again, been impatient for a letter from you. I hope you did not direct any letter to Nanci, as I desired, for I found not one for me there. I could wish that George would enquire if Mr. Beighton of Egham received my letter, and whether he answered it. If he did, that likewise is lost; though in general I have been very lucky in those matters.

"You say that you want to talk with me, and have many, many things to say to me. I do assure you, that I never close my eyes, without believing that I am emptying all my store of friendly prattle into your ears, and receiving yours into mine. Had I been happy enough to have caught you here, my dear friend, I should not have wanted James's Powder, *l'Exercise du Cheval, et beaucoup de dissipation*, as all the French doctors have prescribed, and I have had three of them, which, with three German ones, and two of my own country, make the number, eight! Eight physicians, my good friend, and still alive! and very likely to continue so, so set your honest heart at rest; and perhaps those of my other friends who care about me, may not be wholly insensible at this intelligence.

"I am a little the worse for wear, and was so altered a fortnight ago that I was not known till I spoke; but now, my cheeks are swelling, my belly rounding, and I can pass for a tolerable looking Frenchman; but my nerves, Sir, my nerves, they are agitated at times, and the Duke of

Devonshire's death had very near cracked them. They kept his death from me by the management of the best of women and wives, till I was better able to struggle with such a heart-breaking loss. He loved me to the greatest confidence, and I deserved it by my gratitude, though not by my merits. I must not dwell upon this subject, it shakes me from head to foot. I cannot forget him, and the blow was as dreadful to me, in my weak condition, as it was unexpected. I heard nothing of Hubert and Hogarth, before your letter told me of their death. I was much affected with your news, the loss of so many of my acquaintance, in so short a time, is a melancholy reflection.

" Churchill, I hear, is at the point of death at Boulogne. This may be report only; he is certainly very ill. What a lust of publishing has possessed him for some time past! The greatest genius, no more than the greatest beauty, can withstand such continued prostitution; I am sorry, very sorry for him: such talents, with prudence, had commanded the nation. I have seen some extracts I don't admire.

" What is Brown's book upon Poetry? Pray let me have some literary intelligence. How could Mr. Francklin imagine, that any difference between us would affect any of his dramatic productions? I hope my heart is free from any injustice and malignity of that kind. Mr. Lacy at present manages our theatre. If he receives Mr. Francklin's performance, I wish it success; this paragraph you may read to him if you please. Did you receive my letter about our Comedy? I shall begin, the first moment I find my comic ideas return to me, to divert myself with scribbling; say something to me upon that subject. I have considered our three acts, and with some little alterations they will do; I will ensure them.

" Had Lord Bath behaved to you as he ought, and not suffered himself, at the last, to be flattered by a learned lady and her flatterers, I should *have dropped a tear* too, but my nerves bore the news of his death without agitation.

Madame la Précieuse, I hear since, has been disappointed, and has acted her part for a pair of ear-rings only; I hope 'tis true from my soul.

"I received a very agreeable letter from Powell; I have not answered it yet, but I will. Advise him to study hard; for without it, no reputation, however brilliant at the beginning, can be supported. I have sincere regard for him, and rejoice in his success.

"Your attention to my friend Townley's brat, gives me true pleasure—is the Farce received? George does not mention it. My love to Townley. Is your Terence yet published?

"You wish me in Southampton Street, and so do I wish myself there; but not for acting or managing, but to see you, my dear Colman, and other friends. The doctors, all have forbid me thinking of business. I have at present lost all taste for the stage; it was once my greatest passion, and I laboured for many years like a true lover, but I am grown cold. Should my desires return, I am the town's humble servant again, though she is a great coquette, and I want youth, vigorous youth, to bear up against her occasional capriciousness: but more of this when I see you.

"Foote has been here: I did not see him; did his pieces succeed last summer?

"News, news, news, my dear friend, and in return I will let you know every thing that passes here, and send you my sincere love and best affection into the bargain."

Mr. Beighton, was "the honest vicar of Egham; a generous, modest, ingenuous, and disinterested clergyman," as Garrick described him. Lord Chancellor Camden also spoke of him as "one of the best men that ever Christianity produced!" There are few who would not feel great pride in a commendation from two such individuals, placed in

different situations in life, but both pre-eminent. At his death, he bequeathed to Garrick and Lord Camden, who were his executors, his library, which produced nearly 800*l.* by auction.

Garrick, in a letter to his friend Arden, written from Munich, in September, thus describes himself; "I am most truly the *Knight of the Woeful Countenance*, and have lost legs, arms, belly, cheeks, &c. I have scarce anything left but bones, and a pair of dark lack-lustre eyes, which have retired an inch or two more in their sockets, and wonderfully set off the parchment that covers the cheeks. I recover daily, but invalids will prate of their ailments."

Churchill died at this period: his illness was ascribed by his aspersers (and, naturally, he had an abundant share of them), to his fondness for French wines, but it was really occasioned by a cold, from which he suffered from October the 29th, until his death, which occurred on November the 4th. The Sunday following, at 2 p. m., as soon as his decease was known, the English ships in Boulogne harbour, struck their flags; and on Saturday, November the 10th, the day on which Garrick's letter is dated, his body was landed at Dover, and interred there on the 12th.

A laxity of morals does not appear to have been any drawback to success at that time, as is evident from many of the letters we have inserted; the following letter by Churchill is liable to the same observation. Perhaps in bad taste, we introduce a letter written by Churchill to a friend, on his resignation of all

clerical functions: at any rate, he was "a bold-faced villain."

"DEAR ——, Feb. 1761.

"I have in both respects acted as I told you I would the last time I was at your house. I have got rid of both my causes of complaints; the wife I was tired of, and the gown I was displeased with.

"You have often heard me say, I had no sort of chance of enjoying any ecclesiastical preferment, and that I heartily despised being a pitiful curate. Why then should I breathe in wretchedness and a rusty gown, when my muse can furnish me with felicity and a laced coat?

"Besides, why should I play the hypocrite? Why should I seem contented with my lowly situation, when I am ambitious to aspire, and wish for a much higher? Why should I be called to account by a dull phlegmatic * * * *, for wearing white thread stockings, when I desire to wear white silk ones and a sword? In short, I have looked into myself, I have examined myself attentively, and I have found that I am better qualified to be a gentleman than a poor curate. It has been, therefore, from principle I have shook off the old rusty gown, the p— burnt bob, and the brown beaver, which set so uneasy upon me. I find no qualms of conscience for what I have done, but am much easier in my mind. I feel myself in the situation of a man that has carried a d—n'd heavy load for a long time, and then sets it down. So much for my wife and gown.

"I shall be at the Shakspeare to-morrow night, and shall be glad to see you there; and believe me to be, dear ——, what I really am, and shall always continue,

Yours, &c.

C. CHURCHILL."

Mrs. Carter, after her return from Spa, writes thus,

in one of her letters to Mrs. Talbot, "I have lately heard that Churchill, within two years, has got 3,500*l.* by his ribald scribbling! Happy age of virtue and of genius, in which Wilkes is a patriot, and Churchill a poet!"

Churchill became connected with Wilkes in the notorious "North Briton;" and when the resentment of the Government was excited by the never-to-be-forgotten No. 45, it appeared, in evidence before the Privy Council, that Churchill received the profits of the sale; orders were consequently issued for the arrest of Churchill. Southey * gives the following account of a scene, and an ingenious *ruse* on the part of Wilkes, whilst he himself was in the custody of the King's Messenger, which saved his friend. When Churchill, ignorant of what had taken place, entered the room, "Good morning, Mr. Thompson," said Wilkes to him, "how does Mrs. Thompson do? Does she dine in the country?"—Churchill received the hint as readily as it had been given, made a suitable reply, and almost directly took his leave; hurried home, secured his papers, retired into the country, and eluded all search. Southey adds, that this anecdote is related by Wilkes himself, in a letter to the Duke of Grafton.

It has been stated, that the year after his death, a volume of sermons was published, which he had prepared for the press; but this seems improbable. They bear no marks of his composition;

* Life of Cowper.

and it has been conjectured that they were some of his father's, which he had copied for his own use. Southey adds (and he is excellent authority), "that Churchill was no hypocrite," consequently he would not have published sermons for a serious purpose, nor could he in after-life have been tempted by necessity to avail himself of public curiosity.

In the course of Garrick's last letter, he alludes to the Rev. Thomas Francklin, patronised in early life by the Earl of Bath, and the translator of Sophocles and Lucian. He had some difference of opinion with Garrick, which appears to have originated in a few unguarded words relative to Dr. Brown's tragedy of "Barbarossa." The effect of these remarks yet rankled in the heart of the manager and actor. Garrick's wish for the success of Francklin's drama was verified; it was his play of the Earl of Warwick, in which Mrs. Yates's performance conferred great reputation. The line "about *our* comedy" refers to the afterwards renowned Clandestine Marriage.

The "learned lady" and "Madame La Precieuse," must have been the celebrated *bas-blue*, Mrs. Montagu, and her friend and flatterer, Mrs. Carter. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the translatress of Epictetus, was generally distinguished by Archbishop Sherlock and his family, as *Madame* Carter, and Garrick's knowledge of the old Earl of Bath's flirtations with her might have suggested the cognomen.

Townley was the head master of Merchant Tailors' school, and the author of High Life Below Stairs, one of the best farces on the English stage,

and two other pieces,—that in question must have been the Tutor, produced 1765, and acted only two nights.

Powell's letter to Garrick, of March 30th, remained unanswered till December 12th, when Garrick's reply was replete with sincere advice, to study hard, and at leisure to read other books besides plays, in which he was concerned.

" Our friend Colman," he continues, " will direct you in these matters, and as he loves, and is a good judge of acting, consult him as often as you can upon your theatrical affairs." He conjured him never to let Shakspeare be out of his hands, or his pockets ; but to keep him about him as a charm ; to guard against splitting the ears of the groundlings, and concludes with " I shall leave the rest to the friendship of Colman, and your own genius.* "

* See the Garrick Correspondence.

CHAPTER V.

1765.

Sir H. W. Dashwood—The Sieur Monnet—Puffing in 1765—The Flibbleriad — Hardham's 37 — Baron d'Holbach — De Belloy — Garrick's Puffs — Wilkes at Bologna — Death of Robert Lloyd—Colman's Terence—Bonnell Thornton—Rev. R. Shepherd—Clandestine Marriage—Dispute with Garrick—George Colman the Younger's Evidence as to the Authorship of "The Clandestine Marriage."

THE worthy Baronet, mentioned in the following letter, was Sir Henry W. Dashwood, and the passage relates to some pecuniary accommodations in bill transactions, for which Colman had become answerable.

"MY DEAR COLMAN, Paris, Jan. 23, 1765.

"I think your affair with the worthy baronet a sufficient excuse for your not answering my last letter sooner. I forgive you with all my soul, and only wish that with all my soul I could be of the least assistance to you. You may, and must command me upon all occasions. D—— all such treacherous villains! I did not lose a moment to enquire after his worthiness. He is spending away as if he had the Duke of Devonshire's estate, and has made a more brilliant and fantastical, and in his case profligate, figure

than any of his countrymen. He was last Sunday at the Ambassador's. I went directly to our good friend Mons. de Beaumont,* and asked him if it was not possible to do something in your affair here. He thinks you should lose no time in sending over your security and papers to him, if you cannot conveniently come yourself. I don't know whether you would not have a better chance to manage him here than in England or Ireland; and if he has money you should try all you can to get it. I know my banker would not trust him; but he has money, and spends it like a fool. Don't lose a moment—the matter is of great consequence. I would really let all other affairs give way to this. Two thousand pounds is no small object. Do you think my plaguing him would be of service? If it would, I'll haunt him day and night. My return to England is fixed for the beginning of April, but I have a week or ten days allowed me for packing up and getting away. I shall certainly be in England (accidents excepted) by the middle of that month. Suppose you could be here in February, and the sooner the better, would it not be a better scheme? 'Terence' will not be the worse for a little delay, the baronet grows worse and worse in fortune, credit, and honour every day; *nil mihi rescribas, &c.*, was never better applied nor quoted.

"I hope you have received some comfort from Mr. Hutchinson.† You must not sleep over this matter—it has been too long neglected already, and yet, I suppose, some management with General Pulteney will be necessary. Have you told him of it? Do you think of opening it to

* M. Elie de Beaumont, advocate of the Parliament of Paris, and celebrated for his defence of the family of Calas. Beaumont was in London during the months of September and October 1764, and on the 15th of the latter month had the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him by the University of Oxford.

† John Hely Hutchinson.

him? Perhaps it would be better to hear it from yourself, than from the next oars (as they call themselves), the Darlingtons. You cannot hide it from the world, and they will perhaps be very ready, for many reasons, to tell it; think of it seriously.

"I shall send the prospectus of Monnet's book to Becket, by a gentleman who sets out for England to-morrow. I shall beg of you to say something about it in the St. James's. I will enclose a note to you, and perhaps save you the trouble. The book will be most elegant and entertaining upon all accounts.

"If my brother George can find, by the help of Goring, the book-binder, three volumes of "Nugent's Tour through Europe," in twelves, (I have one volume here, the others are in my study,) I shall give them to Mrs. Beaumont. There are people coming from London every day; perhaps you'll bring them yourself.

"My health is better and better, and, a kingdom for a horse, 'tis your only remedy. Write to me soon, and let me know your determination. I shall say nothing of the drama, your affair engrosses me wholly: all hurry, affectionately yours,

D. GARRICK."

The Sieur Monnet endeavoured, in November 1749, to establish the exhibition of French plays in the Haymarket. Many of the nobility patronised the attempt, but John Bull would not suffer it; riots ensued in the theatre, and Monnet and his troop left the country. Garrick, in the following letter, appears to have taken a lively interest in some proposed publication of his friend Monnet, and more barefacedly points out a line of the puff direct for himself. If puffing had not in these times gone beyond what might have formerly been supposed its *ultima Thule*,

here were a lesson from a master of arts! Alas! dwell there such little souls in great men! Oh! Garrick, Garrick, that any man of true talent, whether fully aware of his established fame or not, should forget the dignity of genius, and descend to this!

"DEAR COLMAN, Paris, Jan. 27, 1765.

"I have taken a slice at the law-oratory here—I have heard Gerbier, the French Mansfield, twice. He has great merit, and pleaded with great warmth and force; I was much pleased, it was a *cause celèbre*, but the particulars are too long to send you. I could be glad that something was put into the St. James's Chronicle, or into Say's paper (The Weekly Journal), for my friend Monnet. You have seen his prospectus by this time. The three volumes are very elegant, the songs well chosen, and the ornaments very well fancied, and executed with great taste. The price is only thirty livres, French, about eight shillings a volume. His expense for engraving the music and cuts, with the paper, which is made on purpose for him, will amount to more than a thousand louis d'ors.

"Suppose there was an extract of a letter from Paris, in which many things may be mentioned, and your friend among the rest, that it may take off all suspicion from me. I should be glad that you would add, diminish, correct, and blow a little pepper into the tail of the following nonsense:—

(*Extract of a Letter from Paris.*)

"'The great subject of conversation here at present is the affair of the hermaphrodite, who has married a girl at Lyons. They have annulled the marriage there, and in their sentence have condemned the hermaphrodite to wear woman's apparel hereafter. From the circumstances of his case (and very strange they are), the sentence is thought unjust,

and there is an appeal from it to the courts here, and the curious wait with great impatience for the consequences.

"'The Philosophical Dictionary, which has made so great a noise here, and thought to be Voltaire's, is absolutely disowned by him, and for very good reasons. The Parliament has taken it into consideration; and if the author is known, he may have reason to repent both of his wit and his indecency. The play-house, the French one I mean, cannot stand against the comic operas, at the Italians. The last, which is taken from our George Barnwell, and called "l'Ecole de la Jeunesse," is much admired. They have changed the murder of the uncle into an intention of robbing his scrutoire, where the young man finds his uncle's will, in which he is left heir to all his uncle's estate. This occasions a new catastrophe, by repentance, &c., and it ends happily and heavily. This brings me to mention the former director of the comic operas, our old friend Monnet. He is the gayest man in Paris, he has got enough by his operas to live happily, and has honourably paid all the debts that his unfortunate expedition to London brought upon him. He is greatly beloved by the men of wit and pleasure, who have assisted him in collecting materials for three volumes of the most chosen songs in the French language; it will be a complete history of their lyric poetry. He has great taste himself, and began his collection when he was the manager of operas. His engravings for the music, his elegant designs exquisitely executed, with the happy choice of the poetry, will make a very great addition to the musical library. The songs are all new, set by the best masters here. Pray recommend them as warmly to your friends as I do most sincerely and warmly to you.'

"I write in confusion, for the Ambassador's private secretary has promised to send this for me in his packet, and the man waits for it. I think you must leave me out as I have, or begin the paragraph about me. 'Our little stage hero looks better than he did.' If you think it right,

speak of me as you please, gravely, ludicrously, jokingly, or how you will, so that I am not suspected to write it. Pray touch this matter up for us, and believe me, at all times, and in all humours, walking, trotting, or galloping, ever and ever yours,

D. GARRICK."

The next letter would make it appear that Colman had worked upon Garrick's hint for a *puff*, and had published his notable performance in the newspaper, so as to displease or alarm the mighty English Roscius.

"DEAR COLMAN, Paris, Feb. 16, 1765.

"You see by the enclosed that you will have a letter by the next post; when the baronet sends it I shall direct it only, and put it into the post. I have desired to see him, for it was with much ado that we knew how to send the letter, but he keeps with the lady, and sees no body *chez lui*. I will go to the ambassador's to-morrow in hopes of catching him, and will call at Madame Clairon's for that purpose too; but I am sorry that you did not draw upon him in my favour, as the trade calls it, and then I should have had a sort of right to torment him. He has some ready money at present, and I could wish that we had our hundred and fifty out of it. Mons. de Beaumont wants to know what security you have, and he can tell you what is to be done here; though if you are safe in Ireland, what more can be done about the great debt?

"My dear Colman, you frightened me with the extract of a letter from Paris. I am very sorry that you mentioned the woeful want of me as manager and actor. They will suspect it came from me, and I have no right to say so much, as I have been taking my pleasures, and left the theatre for a time; it appears ungenerous and ungrateful

in me, which hurt me much. I beg that you will do all you can to make them not think the paragraph mine, if I am suspected. I never in my life, praised myself knowingly, except a little matter in 'The Fribbleriad,'* which always pinched me. Perhaps I am too sensitive about this delicacy, and nobody thinks about me or the extract; settle my mind about that matter in your next. The devil was in you to mention 'the hoop at Sadler's Wells,' for I wrote that very thing to my friend Arden at Lord Spencer's. I desired you to say something against me, and you stuck your pen in your heart, and wrote as you felt. I wish from my soul that you had not; if Becket mentions *you* to any body, it is just as bad. Madame Riccobini, a very good novelist, and a generous creature, is very angry with Becket; I took his part. I fear he did not do right; she is much hurt at him.

"We had a fine laugh at Baron d'Holbach's, where you dined once, about the wicked company I keep; I am always with that set. Pray set my mind at ease; I hate to be thought malicious. Has George said anything to you about it? Pray tell me, for I can't know elsewhere, what has become of Hardham's girl? What poem is that against Murphy and others? There is likewise a volume of poetry, with cuts and very pretty head and tail pieces, in Suard's hands; pray let me know something about these matters. Vive la 'Clandestine Marriage!'"

The Fribbleriad was a poem by Garrick, against a Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was at the head of the riots whereby half-price was established in the London theatres, except on the nights when a new pantomime was exhibited during the first winter of its performance. Fitzpatrick was a friend of Murphy.

* Printed in The Public Advertiser, Feb. 9.

Garrick, writing to his friend Arden from Munich, on his recovery in the preceding September, says, " As you have been troubled with part of my misfortunes, you must have the sequel. When I had got rid of my fever, and was so well as to ride out twice a-day, I was seized with a fit of the gravel or stone, collected by my lying in bed so long, that threw me back another week, so that though I cannot ' creep through an alderman's thumb ring,' yet I can thread the smallest tumbler's hoop, and I think at my return to England, of entering myself at Sadler's Wells, as much fitter for that place, than for the sock or buskin, at Drury Lane."

The wicked company alluded to at the Baron d'Holbach's, were Voltaire, d'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, and others.*

John Hardham, was Garrick's under-treasurer, and kept a snuff-shop in Fleet Street, at the sign of the Red Lion, where he contrived to get into high vogue a particular *poudre de tabac*, still known as " Hardham's Thirty-seven." Steevens, while daily visiting Johnson in Bolt Court, on the subject of their joint editorship of the plays of England's Dramatic Bard, never failed to replenish his box at the shop of a man, who for years was the butt of his witticisms. Hardham was the Mæcenas and referee of numberless embryo players, both male and female,

* Paul Thyry, Baron d'Holbach, born in 1723, of a wealthy family at Heidesheim in the Palatinate, but who spent the greater part of his life in Paris, where he gave excellent dinners, every Sunday, to the above-named coterie. The Baron was an *ultra* free-thinker.

of whom, it appears, he had recommended one of the latter to Garrick's notice. Hardham died a bachelor, September 20, 1772, and bequeathed 6,000*l.*, the savings of a busy life, for the benefit of the poor of his native city of Chester.

The volume of poetry which Garrick mentions was the first edition of Bishop Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

In the following letter to Colman, Garrick is still in anxiety as to whether there had been any public inquiry for his return to the London boards.

"My Dear Colman, Paris, March 10, 1765.

"I can very readily believe what you tell me of my brother Consul. He will never forgive my being the means of his making a figure in the world, but this between ourselves. I have other matters for you when I see you, and which he does not expect, but, mum.

"Pray does Powell continue to visit you, and get a little sense from you, or is he topsy-turvey like the rest, and thinks, like 'Richard the Third,' that he is himself alone? I hope he is wiser, but I 'll answer for nothing, or nobody, in a play-house; the devil has put his hoof into it, and he was a deceiver from the beginning of the world. Tell me really what you think of him. I am told by several that he will bawl and roar. Ross, I hear, has got reputation in 'Lear,'—I don't doubt it—'The Town' is a facetious gentleman.

"What do you mean, my good friend, by my being obliged to appear, if I manage? Upon looking over your letter, I find your words are 'expected to appear.' I must intreat you to be very sincere with me: does the town, in

* Printed in 1765, in three volumes, and reprinted with considerable additions and revision, by the Bishop's nephew, in 1794.

general, *really* wish to see me on the stage, or are they, which I rather think the truth, as cool about it as their humble servant? I have no maw for it, at all,* and yet something must be done to restore our credit: that I may be able to play, and as well as ever, I will not deny; but that I am able to do as I have done, wear and tear, I neither must, or can, or will. The physicians here, Dr. Gem among the rest, advise me, to a man, against appearing again. I had a little nervous attack last week, and the doctors croaked more hoarse than usual, against my thinking to do as formerly. Tranquillity and retirement from business, he says, are the only means to make me myself again.

"A tragedy here called 'The Siege of Calais,' written by a friend of the Clairon, and also my intimate, has made the people mad. The boxes, from top to bottom, are all taken for months to come. They give it, gratis, next Wednesday, to the people, when the doors will be opened at twelve o'clock at noon, and the play will begin at two. 'Tis the present epidemical distemper. The author has received many favours from the King:—three thousand livres, a gold medal, liberty to dedicate to him, and what not. The French will hardly bear to hear a criticism upon it; the following distich is handed about *in terrorem*.

> D'un Auteur Citoyen vouloir tenir l'honneur,
> C'est pretendre à l'Esprit au depens de son Cœur.

However there are some objections made by the cooler few. There is much merit in the play, and more luck in the choice of the subject. I rejoice at the success, for Monsieur de Belloy, the author of it, is a most ingenious, modest, and deserving man. His genius is an honour to his own country, and would be to any other. You may mention something of this in the St. James's, but not from me.

* "Nolo episcopari!"

" A gentleman, yesterday, shewed me a letter from England, in which were the following lines to me. Have they been in the Papers?

> ' Take pity, Garrick, on our erring youth,
> Restore their minds to Shakspeare, and to truth;
> Return, return, our hopes are all in Thee,
> Save us from tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!'

" I have not got it right, the third line is better in the original, but I have not time to recollect it. This is all I can say at present, for the boy waits, to take it to our ambassador's; it goes by his bag.

Yours ever,

D. GARRICK."

The foregoing lines were evidently written for a puff, and Garrick afterwards concluded the Epilogue to The Clandestine Marriage in the same words.

" MY DEAR COLMAN, Paris, March 18, 1765.

" I think you are a little too hard upon Monsieur De Belloy, the author—my friend, sir—of ' The Siege of Calais.' There is flummery to be sure, but there is good stuff, too, and he will write better—nay, he has; for he read to me one, called ' Gabriele de Vergi,' a famous story, that to me is worth two of ' The Siege of Calais.' However, the French world is mad after it, and if my friend's head does not turn with it, it may boast great, good qualities.

" You did not answer all my inquiries in my last; you are afraid of making me uneasy, but I am as sound as a — what shall I say?—nervous man can be. Mr. Panchaud has not seen me but three times, I believe, and the last time was at his own house, just after a return of my fever; but, perhaps, he spoke as he wished, and, if so, I am flattered, for he is a very sensible, agreeable man. You made me laugh at the farthing candles: what a true picture! I am happy with the thoughts of seeing you upon the road I

will give either George or you notice of my coming: if I see you at Canterbury it will suffice, and I can perhaps tell you the day or night we shall be there. So you have nothing to do, but be ready booted and spurred, as the knights of old were, and set off at a moment's warning. Terence for ever! my dear little, great friend: there's your mind and body at once!

"I shall send you next Monday a little parcel—a great secret; it is a fable I have written, 'The Sick Monkey,' to be published on my return.* Severe upon myself. I have likewise got a print, engraved by Gravelot; I shall send you the plate. I would have Becket be in the secret and print it, but not publish it under his name, for it may be suspected. I shall cut it, and you may cut more, or return what I have queried. You will find yourself there as a Galloway. I have given some of my friends, whom I love, a little fillip; for heaven's sake take care to be secret. When Becket gives it to be published, he must swear the printer to secresy, for fear of offending me. I shall speak to Foley about your stockings, the other things will most certainly be seized; if I could bring Notre Dame upon my back for you, you should have it. Marmontel has given an imitation of Churchill's character of me, at the end of the Rosciad, finely done! Hochereau, the bookseller here, brings you this; pray be civil to him, and give him a dish of coffee."

In the poem of "The Sick Monkey," among the valuable qualities of Pug's friends, Garrick, in allusion to Colman, asserts:

> "The steed alone was firm and fast,
> The generous steed stood by him to the last.

* Another little art of Garrick; a poetical anonymous satire upon himself, by himself, to excite curiosity previous to his re-appearance. It failed of its purpose, and fell still-born from the press.

The horse, who saw his friend's distress,
Did thus his honest mind express:
'Come, prithee rouse, this life's the devil:
What, sigh and sob, and keep within?
What YOU, who used to frisk and revel,
For ever chatter, and for ever grin?
Zounds! it would make a parson swear!
Get on my back and take the air.'
Away they went, and as they pass
The hog, the dog, the bear, the ass,
Pug's diff'rent foes in diff'rent places;
If in the least they shew'd their spite,
The horse would whinny, snort, and bite,
And throw the dirt into their faces."

Garrick in comparing Colman to a horse, was at any rate assured of his *stable* friendship!

At this period Wilkes was wandering an uncertain course on the continent, but had been apprised by Colman of the decease of Lloyd. During his stay in Milan, Wilkes resided in the palace of Prince Triulzi. His arrival at Bologna, from Modena, had been announced on January 18th, and his setting forth for Florence daily expected. On reaching Naples, his mind appears to have been more at ease and at leisure, and he took the opportunity to suggest the propriety of Colman's participating in the publication of the works of both Churchill and Lloyd. The language of the following letter evidently flowed from the heart.

"MY DEAR SIR, Naples, March 25, 1765.

"I had your most friendly letter by Monsieur de Beaumont, but I have not been able before this to write to you. Your idea was so closely joined with that of poor Churchill, that for a long time I sought to avoid it, and

though it returned upon me in my late pursuits, I could not cherish it as I used to do. My grief began a little to abate, when the additional shock of Lloyd's death almost overset me. I have tried ever since, by journey and a variety of company, to recover the even tone of my mind, but I am at times more melancholy than it is almost possible for you to conceive a man of so good animal spirits to be.

" I had fully opened my mind to Lloyd as to my idea of the Second Volume of our friend's Works, and he had undertaken to write a short preface and to correct the press. I begged him, likewise, to announce the edition I had porjected at our dear Churchill's desire. I wish you would take upon yourself the publication of the Second Volume, and tell the world how you loved the man as well as honoured the poet. If you think worth while to enquire for my letters to Lloyd, you will find in them a variety of hints, which perhaps may be of use. You must give me leave, in my own edition, to take the opportunity of the notes on the ' Rosciad' to speak of you, not only as an author who does my country honour, but as a friend, too, who will ever be dear to me.

" I have taken a house in a very pleasant situation, which commands this town, and the finest bay in the world. I shall be there in a few days, and mean to give myself entirely to our friend's work and to my ' History of England.' I wish to equal the dignity of Livy. I am sure the greatness and majesty of our nation demand an historian equal to him.

" I live much retired, in the bosom of philosophy ; not in the least peevish, nor angry at the world. I live thus retired merely to attend to what I take to be my present business, and I form no idle resolutions *de fugâ sæculi et contemptu mundi.* My warmest wishes follow you and a few more. I only regret that my ill stars will not let me be in the same degree of latitude with you. I would soon make it the same place too.

"The foreign gazettes are very impertinently sending me into the service of the King of Prussia, or Sardinia, or I know not what republics. I hope my friends do me more justice at home, and think of me, as I do of myself, ever in the service of England, and for my life unalienably attached to my native country. The most unjust and cruel persecutions, the most unmerited outlawries, shall never warp my allegiance.

"I long for your 'Terence,' and the moment it is printed I hope you will order Becket to send it to me. The Jesuit's edition, which I wished to have got for you, was sold the day before to the Duke de Choiseul.

"I hope Lloyd's works will be reprinted in twelves; such an edition would certainly succeed. He was indeed a very pretty poet, as well as a very amiable man. I find he had subject of just indignation against Thornton; so had Churchill. I am a little inclined to revenge both their quarrels. Our dear friend wished I would. What is your opinion? If you wish him to be saved, he will owe his salvation only to you. All this is quite between ourselves.

"I have desired Mr. Becket to send me what is most valuable from the English press, and I beg you to give him directions from time to time.

I am, with very great truth and regard, my dear Sir,
Your affectionate friend and most humble servant,

To George Colman, Esq. JOHN WILKES."
Inghilterra.

When Lloyd's beggared circumstances rendered him an inmate of the Fleet prison, the friendship of Churchill was the only remaining source of comfort and support to him. Churchill's generous bounty of a guinea every week was regularly paid to him, as were likewise all the expenses of a servant who constantly attended him. When his benefactor's

death was told him, it fell on him like a thunder-clap; his last stay gone, he became ill, took to his bed, and living never rose again. He died Dec. 15, 1764, and was interred at St. Bride's on the Wednesday evening following; none of his associates in brighter days accompanying his body to the grave.

In June 1767, it was announced in the papers that the celebrated Mr. Wilkes was writing a History of England from the glorious Revolution to the end of the fourth year of the reign of his present Majesty; and that a considerable part of it was finished. Wilkes's stay at Naples was not of long duration. Mr. Samuel Sharp, in a letter to Garrick, dated Geneva, August 18, 1765, says, "Wilkes is here, very busy, writing and printing some things, which I hope his friends will prevent him from publishing. I am his well-wisher, and would wish he was not quite so zealous; such zeal may tend to the good of mankind, as martyrdom advances religion; but I should be sorry that my brother, or David Garrick, were the instruments in either case."

The love of fame was Garrick's darling passion. He held the small wits in contempt, and yet lived in fear of them, or as Dr. Johnson observed, "He knew that they had not the vigour of the bow, but he dreaded the venom of the shaft." Thus imbued, he found time, amidst the pleasures of the Continent, to write the poem of "The Sick Monkey," a fable in which he treated of himself as the monkey, and he imagined that this trifle would not only anticipate the malevolence of his enemies, but defeat their object. His anxiety on the subject

was fruitless. Grub Street was silent, and the play-going public expressed only joy and congratulation, while the poem was wholly disregarded.

" Paris, Easter Sunday,

" My Dear Colman, April 7, 1765.

" I have sent you the nonsense, that I threatened you with in my last. I am rather pleased with the notion, and shall continue so, till you undeceive me. I have copied it hastily, but you can make it out; if you approve the scheme, pray let it be printed ready for my arrival. I shall either send, or bring a little copper-plate by Gravelot, representing the fable, with great taste and spirit. I would have it printed in quarto, and well; and if you will correct the sheets for me, I shall be happy. It is written in too great hurry to be correct, but you will lick the cub, or knock it on the head, if it is shapeless. If you can think of a good motto, down with it. I once thought of '*Medicus sum.*' I have given a stroke at Dr. Hill, and the College of Physicians; you may out with it—I believe that personal satire is best avoided.

" I cannot say exactly on what day we shall set out, but I will either let you, or George know. If George can get us a good cook, we shall be obliged to him, and a house-maid, but we could wish that they had some character fixed to their tail. I hate to change, and the general run of them are such infernal b——s, that my constancy is always to give way, or I should neither be clean, or able to eat.

" If you would be so obliging to write me a line by the next post *chez l'Aubergiste à la Table Royale, à Calais*, I shall have great pleasure to receive a letter from you, after my journey. You will do it, I know, because it will give me pleasure; speak your mind about my fable freely. I have no mother's pangs with any of my bastards.

" I have this moment seen Mr. Beauclerk,* from London.

* Hon. Topham Beauclerk.

He speaks strangely of Powell; be sincere with me upon that head. 'What all my children!' I fear he has taken a wrong turn. Have you advised him? Do you see him? is he grateful? is he modest? or is he conceited, and undone?

"Once more, my good friend, correct my Fable; keep the secret most sacredly. Becket is your man, but not to be published under his name. It may be printed, ready, and the print for the frontispiece may be struck off in a day or two.

"Burn this for fear of its being lost, and of course, wetting the powder of our squib.

"You would not answer that part of my last letter which related to your fears of the public not being satisfied with my management without acting. You did not explain that; no matter, I am prepared. Be civil I beg of you to Hocherau. I have received great honours from the *Princes du Sang* and shall return to you, quite a Clodio in the 'Fop's Fortune.'

Yours ever, my dear Coley, &c.

D. GARRICK."

The subjoined letters from persons of eminence to Colman, relate to his translation of Terence's Comedies.

The first letter is from James Booth, who had obtained great celebrity and affluence as a conveyancer; though, professing the Roman Catholic religion, he was precluded at that time from practising at the bar. In Colman's Terence, the play of "The Brothers" is dedicated by him to Mr. Booth, from whom he had received great marks of kindness and friendship.

"DEAR SIR, Bloomsbury, April 22, 1765.

"I can delay no longer to return you my best thanks

for the fine present you have made me, of your Terence; but the everlasting obligation you have conferred on me, by letting the world know, in so public a manner, that you reckon me among the number of your friends, deserves every degree of acknowledgment in my power. My own labours would never have preserved the memory of me from oblivion, above half a dozen years beyond the grave, but by annexing my name to so permanent a work, as Mr. Colman's Translation of Terence, you have made my reputation almost immortal. Yet, it flatters me still more, to be thus persuaded, that you love me, and that you think me sincerely in earnest, when I profess myself to be,

Dear Sir, with infinite regard,
Your most obliged, most affectionate and
most humble servant,
JA. BOOTH."

Bonnell Thornton, a fellow-labourer in the literary vineyard, whose letter to Colman on the same subject follows, was the son of an apothecary in Maiden-lane, London. At the age of thirty, he took the degree of Bachelor of Physic, and in the same year, he and Colman commenced the periodical paper, 'The Connoisseur,' (January 1754). Their humour and talents were well adapted to what they had undertaken, and the portions written by the respective parties are undistinguishable. This work was highly successful, and on drawing it to a close, they declare, "For our own parts we cannot but be pleased with having raised this monument of our mutual friendship; and if these essays shall continue to be read, when they will no longer make their appearance as the fugitive pieces of the week, we shall be happy in considering that we are men-

tioned at the same time. We have all the while gone on, as it were, hand in hand together; and while we are both employed in furnishing matter for the paper now before us, we cannot help smiling at our thus making our exit together, like the Two Kings of Brentford, 'smelling at one nosegay.'"

Thornton and Colman were also two of the original proprietors of The St. James's Chronicle, which at once assumed a literary character far above that of its rivals.

Southey* says, "Colman translated 'Terence' with admirable skill, and Thornton, when the intention was imparted to him, conceived the design of translating Plautus in like manner. Colman assisted him by translating one play, 'The Merchant,' which is thus acknowledged in a pleasing dedication:

"Instead of prefixing your name to this work, with the distant air of a dedication, I wished to have had it coupled with mine in the title-page: I wanted you as a *comes jucundus*, an agreeable companion, in this new, unbeaten tract of translation, which you have so happily struck out before me. I own, indeed, I shall feel more than ordinary disappointment if I should be judged unworthy to rank with you in this humbler branch of literature; for I confess, in the pride of my heart, that one great inducement to my engaging in this task was the hope that our names would be mentioned together as the translators of 'Terence' and 'Plautus'; though I cannot aspire to an equal share of repu-

* Life of Cowper.

tation with the author of 'The Jealous Wife,' or the joint author of 'The Clandestine Marriage.'

"DEAR COLMAN, April 22, 1765.

"I have been trying your 'Terence,' (for which I thank you) by reading the original all the way along with it. Upon my life you have astonished me: I hardly thought it was possible to have hit off the expressions so happily. I can easily perceive you flag now and then—I mean in the numbers, and I could almost wish in some places the numbers, where the dialogue is broken, had been a little less hard; but in the longer speeches you have been prodigiously happy. The language upon the whole is mightily the thing; not affected by stepping out of the way for less modern phrases. Indeed I think it the happiest version of any author possible. What a sweet thought it was! but then it requires a good English linguist to execute it. *Hic labor, hoc opus. Quod sibi quivis, et quæ sequuntur.*

"I say nothing of your notes, because I would not allow myself time but barely to skim them over at present, but surely they are very pleasing.

"I have only had time to go through the 'Eunuch,' the first that opened to me. No mistakes struck me in my cursory reading: one passage I suppose I myself did not understand before, 'tis at bottom of p. 136, and top of p. 137 of your version. You say, 'Other ills may be told,'—one would think the obvious meaning of *incommoda alia sunt dicenda*, was other ills may be called incommoda. But you, who have examined it, must know best.*

"You have put me entirely out of love with the bare

* In the edition of 1768, the reading is, "lighter ills may pass for *inconvenient*;" which tallies with Thornton's construction, and that of Madame Dacier, *le mot*, mal à propos, *est pour des accidens ordinaires*. Colman had therefore adopted Thornton's amendment of this passage.

idea of my 'Plautus.' Had I before ever so little confidence about it, I now quite despair; so far am I from being spurred and encouraged by what you have done. As you are got in the track, I really wish you would pursue it, or, could I bring myself to think I could travel with you, so lazy am I, and so fearful withal, I could wish to be a *comes jucundus in via* with you. Be it as it may, I most sincerely desire you will bestow a thought on it, with or without me.

"Supposing the whole of Plautus will not bear translating, which I much suspect he will not, a judicious selection might at least be made of him. Besides, he is a queer, crabbed fellow, and is enough to put any one, but one of your perseverance, quite out of all patience with him; and I question after all whether he is worth the trouble, take him all together. But of this more hereafter. Now to my own affair.

"I hear Garrick is either come, or coming to come. Do not entirely forget the manuscript I put into your hands, but at a proper time take occasion to mention it to him?* I mean, after you yourself have looked into it, and think it in the least worth a second thought.

"The beginning of this note might seem written purely as a sugar-plum to you to induce you to swallow down the end of it more glibely, but I am certain you will believe me in this and every particular

Your's in all sincerity and affection,

BONNELL THORNTON."

Colman inscribed his version of the Eunuch, one of Terence's comedies, to the King's scholars at

* This seems to allude to some drama which Thornton had written, with a view to its representation on the stage. If so, his intention proved abortive, for he is only mentioned in the "Biographia Dramatica," on account of his translation of

Westminster school, and presented a copy to Thomas Winstanley, their captain, who in acknowledgment sent the following reply :

" Friday, April 27, 1765.

" Mr. Thomas Winstanley's compliments to Mr. Colman, hopes he will accept of his thanks for his valuable present, in the following lines, which he would have sent him sooner had he not been indisposed.

" Siccine captat adhuc purus te sermo Terenti,
Ut juvet eloquio jam decorare novo ?
Nec mirum : *interpres* quas reddis adultus, *agendo*
In scenis aderas haud minor ipse puer.*"

The following epistle, is from the Rev. R. Shepherd, fellow of Corpus Christi College; one of the knot of academical geniuses who were the associates of Churchill, Colman, and Thornton.

" Sir, Brighthelmstone, September 27, 1765.

" Your favour was sent to me to this place, having first laid some time in Duke-street, or you would have received an earlier answer to your inquiries concerning the genuineness of Churchill's Sermons. He used laughingly to say

* To make the turn of the epigram in this letter clear, it should be understood, that when Colman was a King's scholar, he was reckoned a very good actor in Terence's Comedies, which are represented at Westminster by the boys, previously to the Christmas holidays; and the following paraphrase, by the late George Colman the Younger, may serve to give the English reader some idea of the point in the Latin tetrastic :—

Is then your love for Terence still so true,
That his pure style is graced again by you ?
Well may the man whole dramas thus translate,
Whose parts the boy so well could personate.

they were none of his: whose they were, the public, if they could, might find out. I always suspected them to have been compilations, and compilations of his father's: for he himself, I am persuaded, would not have submitted to that kind of drudgery. Some of them have been said to be transcripts from a Doctor Stephenson; but I have never given myself the trouble to inquire minutely into the truth of such a report. If I should in future have an opportunity of looking into such an author, your inquiry will induce me not to pass it by.

"Though you evaded my suggestion, the good humour with which you took it hath tempted me to go a step farther, and to propose to you a subject. As you hold a pen *in utrumque paratam*, equally successful in prose and verse, a new Boëthius, on the Consolation of Christianity, would I conceive form not only a useful, but a pleasing work. I have often thought of it myself, but had much rather see it in your hand for a hundred reasons.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

R. SHEPHERD."

To George Colman, Esq.,
Richmond, Surrey.

During the summer of 1765, there appeared, on the part of both Colman and Garrick, some serious intention of completing the comedy of the 'Clandestine Marriage,' for representation early in the ensuing season. Though professedly a secret on both hands, there are sufficient facts to show that the conjoint labour of the writers was known to their particular friends. Dr. Hoadly, in a letter to Garrick, dated September 24th, writes: "I am pleased to hear that

Mr. Colman's comedy, two acts of which you shewed me at Hampton some years ago, is in such forwardness, as I found, by his talk at his own house last winter, that he had not worked any farther upon it. I did not let him know I had seen any part of it, or was privy to the scheme, which surely is a good one. God bless you both."

As the season 1765–6 advanced, Garrick positively refused to play the part of Lord Ogleby, a subject upon which Colman had as positively made up his mind he would have represented by him; and as Garrick was determined, it caused an interruption of their friendly intercourse, and Colman retired to vent his chagrin at Bath.

Garrick urged an unwillingness to study any new part, and as the similitude between Lord Chalkstone in his own farce of Lethe, and that of Lord Ogleby, was very apparent, it is not a matter of surprise that he should object to play it. Add to this, that the petulance of Colman seems to have excited some expressions against Garrick as a manager, which by being carried to him by an intermeddler, (who by the way seems to have been his brother George, and to have minced no part of Colman's censure) the theatrical monarch felt aggrieved, and reigned in his own breath "aye, every inch a King."

Clutterbuck, the common friend of both, was very desirous of healing these differences, and in a letter to Garrick, of Nov. 9th,* ventures to attribute them to the hastiness of both their tempers. Colman, in

* Garrick Correspondence.

a very long letter, dated Dec. 4th, summoned courage to write to Garrick, and drew forth some explanations as to the several points on which he considered himself to have been deceived in the hope of his playing Lord Ogleby. There appear also to have been some disputes as to the share each had in the outline and colouring of that character. Colman's letter abruptly commences :—" Since my return from Bath, I have been told, but I can hardly believe it, that in speaking of the 'Clandestine Marriage,' you have gone so far as to say, 'Colman lays a great stress on his having penned this character on purpose for me—suppose it should come out that *I wrote it !*' "

This remark, and some others, seem to have stirred up the energy of George Colman the Younger, in 1820, to defend the rights and claims of the authorship of the 'Clandestine Marriage'; nor when we consider the excellence of the comedy (which may be put in the list of the acting drama next in merit to the 'School for Scandal,') can we be surprised at the zeal of the son, though somewhat lengthily expressed, in upholding the talent of his father. Since the minutest points of dramatic history have become objects of research and argument, the following documents may be thought acceptable. At all events, papers tending to remove doubts relative to the comedy of the 'Clandestine Marriage' are no anomalous appendage to a book, consisting chiefly of letters on theatrical topics, and of which those from Garrick to Colman (joint authors of the play above mentioned) form a considerable portion.

George the younger writes thus :—" Previously to giving the evidence in my possession, a reference to some opinions on this case may not be improper. In a series of plays with ' remarks' mingled with biography ' by Mrs. Inchbald,' that lady has observed of Garrick, that ' The favour in which he was held by the town made them attribute to his genius (and Colman never came forth to deny such conjecture) the most popular character in this play, Lord Ogleby. But it is rather to be suspected that Garrick did no more as a writer to the work than cast a directing hand and eye over the whole ; a task he was much better able to perform for the advantage of an author than to produce any one efficient part.'

" Well suspected ! Mrs. Inchbald :—but I have already taken the liberty (of the press) to ask this lady how she happened only to suspect, when she should have done all in her power to ascertain.* It is incumbent upon writers to procure as much knowledge as they can of subjects on which they profess to instruct the public. On this subject it might have occurred that I had some information to give, and I would have given it with pleasure, if Mrs. Inchbald had done me the honour to request it ; but she chose to guess—it is the shortest way, and saves the critics and biographers a world of trouble !

"Much in the same spirit of preferring ease to duty, thus publisheth the continuator of the Biographia

* Vide preface to the Heir at Law.

Dramatica:—'We have usually heard that Garrick's share of this piece was Lord Ogleby and the courtly family; and Colman's, Sterling, and the city family.'

"Where did *we* hear this?—and hear it usually? It is a comical mode of scribbling a comedy!—The two families in this play are blended in conversation through most of the scenes; and, to write according to the foregoing receipt, one author must have penned a question, and the other an answer,—here, Garrick must have replied, for Lord Ogleby, —there, Colman must have rejoined, for Mr. Sterling,—and so on, *iterum iterumque*. The folly of listening to such a supposition needed not the additional absurdity of recording it.

"But the 'Continuator' continues; and says that, 'The following was related to us by a gentleman, who declared it was from the mouth of Mr. Colman himself: Garrick composed two acts, which he sent to me, desiring me to put them together, or do what I would with them. I did put them together, for I put them into the fire, and wrote the play myself.'

"This account differs from that which I have heard from 'the mouth of Mr. Colman himself.' What he told me, I shall tell again presently. When this play was first consigned by its authors to the press, the motto on the title-page, was,

> "Huc adhibe vultus, et in unâ parce duobus:
> Vivat, et *ejusdem simus utergue parens!*"

and, in the advertisement which follows the title-

page, the reader is told that,—'Both the authors, who have been before separately honoured with the indulgence of the public, now beg leave to make their joint acknowledgments for the very favourable reception of the 'Clandestine Marriage.' I had forgot to say, that the title-page bears the names of George Colman and David Garrick, as the authors.

"Is it likely that, either before or after such an avowal, Colman could so far commit his character as a gentleman, or even as a man of common consistency, as to assert that 'he put Garrick's two acts into the fire, and wrote the play himself?'

"It appears, however, from the contradictory reports, and surmises, to be gathered from Mrs. Inchbald, and the 'Biographia Dramatica,'—that Garrick wrote Lord Ogleby; that he did no more than cast a directing hand and eye over the whole; that the courtly characters belong to Garrick, and the *bourgeoisie* to Colman; and that Colman wrote the whole play!

"Enough of these incongruities; of their both having a share in the play, there cannot be a doubt: and that they did not construct it in the ridiculous way of each author alternately making speeches for the two families, is pretty clearly proved by one of Garrick's letters from abroad; in which he says, 'Have you thought of the Clandestine Marriage? I am at it.'

"The probable process was, that they consulted, first, as to the general plan, and, secondly, as to the conduct of the incidents and scenes; then wrote

separately; and afterwards compared and modified, together, what each had composed.

"I now proceed to the documents, which are in my late father's hand-writing, and which he has headed, 'Papers relative to plan of Clandestine Marriage.'

FIRST DOCUMENT.

G. C. to D. G.

IDEA OF PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Garrick, — Earl of Oldsap*—an old lord that fancies every woman in love with him, which idea influences his whole behaviour, and makes him leer, ogle, and pay a ridiculous attention to all he meets. But this notion you are more fully possessed of than I.

Lord Sapplin, his son.

Traffic, a rich merchant of the city, who has created a great fortune by business; whose great ambition is to appear generous and genteel, which serves more effectually to expose his bourgeoise manners. He talks of all elegances, marks of grandeur, &c. in the most vulgar style. In this

* In these crude hints for a comedy, the dramatis personæ were not regularly christened; hence the names of performers intended to act some of the characters, will be found repeatedly substituted for the characters themselves:—thus, by Miss Bride, is meant the Fanny of the play; Miss Pope, Miss Sterling; and Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Heidelberg. Traffic afterwards became Sterling; Lord Oldsap, Lord Ogleby; and Lord Sapplin, son to the old nobleman, was changed to Sir John Melvil, his nephew.

character may be happily introduced all the modern common-places of humour on the citizen.

Lovewell, privately married to Miss Bride; warm, and sensible.

Mrs. Clive, Kennedy, or Bradshaw, sister to Traffic, and something of the same character in petticoats, only that he is rough and hearty in his manner, and she affects to be delicate and refined. Her dialect is particularly vulgar, aiming at the same time to be fine, not by murdering words in the slip-slop way, but by a mean twang in the pronunciation, as *Qualaty—famaly*, &c.

Miss Pope, eldest daughter to Traffic, a keen, smart girl, full of sense, spirit, wit, humour, mischief, and malice.

Miss Bride, youngest daughter to Traffic, a sensible girl, of a soft and amiable temper, not without proper spirit.

ROUGH DRAUGHT OF THE GENERAL SCHEME.

A treaty of Marriage is supposed to be on foot between the Court and City family, in which it is intended that Lord Sapplin, Garrick's son, shall be married to Miss Pope, eldest daughter to Traffic. It happens, however, that the young lord has contracted a violent affection for Miss Bride, who is, before the beginning of this play, clandestinely married to Lovewell. The efforts made by Lord Sapplin to bring about his match with Miss Bride, instead of Miss Pope, the perplexities arising there-

from to the young couple, Lovewell and Miss Bride, the growing jealousy and malicious artifices of Miss Pope, and the naturally involving the old Earl (Garrick) in circumstances tending to shew his character, together with the part which Traffic and his sister may naturally take in this affair, to make up the story of the play.

Here is undoubtedly sufficient ground to build a comedy upon, as well as a faint outline of the plan of the comedy itself. For these three days I have boen endeavouring to collect my thoughts, in order to fill up this outline. My labour, I hope, has not been entirely lost, though I have not half accomplished my design. I have drawn out the above rough sketch. merely to enable you to think in the same train with me. That you may be still better acquainted with the stuff of my thoughts, I have here subjoined some loose hints of acts, scenes, manner of conducting the story, of shewing the characters to advantage, &c.

N.B.—Before I go into any thing else, I will first submit one thing to your consideration concerning the general scheme drawn out above, and that is ' whether the plot would not be still more pleasantly embarrassed, by introducing a character (a good one) openly intended to be married to Miss Bride?' This, perhaps, might make her's and Lovewell's situation more critical, as well as Lord Sapplin's, and might produce some pleasant circumstances, from the direction of Miss Pope's jealousy to a wrong object.

LOOSE HINTS OF ACTS AND SCENES.

In the first Act, and as soon as possible, the audience should be made acquainted with the two grand points on which the whole will turn; *viz.* the clandestine marriage of Bride and Lovewell, and Lord Sapplin's defection from Pope, and attachment to Bride. In order to do this the better, and to heighten Lovewell's character above the insipid level of good sort of men in comedies, as well as to account more probably for the proposed union between the two families, I will suppose Lovewell to be a relation of the noble family (a nephew of the old Earl's, perhaps), placed with Traffic in order to be brought up as a merchant, in which case the young Lord might not improperly make him the confidant of his passion and intentions, which will become both interesting and pleasant to the audience, who are in the secret of his being privately married to the object of his Lordship's passion; and Lovewell's emotion and constraint on receiving this intelligence, meeting together, might afford room for some theatrical touches of even a Garrickean nature. In this first act, too, the old Earl (Garrick) might be shewn dressing, and he might speak of himself, hold his son cheap as a man of gallantry, talk of what he could do with the women, that even now all the family are more in love with him, &c.; a short lawyer scene (*à la* Hogarth), with some family strokes on mortgages, settlements, &c. might perhaps be introduced. If the city family are at all

produced in this act, they may be supposed in expectation of the arrival of the Lords, preparations making on all hands, Traffic talking of his venison, turbot, pine-apples, &c. His sister, on tenterhooks to receive persons of *famaly*, and Miss Pope's elevation, and pride about her noble match, and contempt of her sister, &c.

II.—Between the two acts, I think I will suppose the Lords to have arrived, for the sake of opening the second with a scene of Oldsap, (Garrick) with all the women, though this may be contrived fifty different ways. Such a scene, however, I am sure would be pleasant. A scene of humour also might be struck out from Traffic's shewing his garden, and giving an account of his improvements in the modern way. You will not find many materials for this in your own garden at Hampton, but you may among your neighbours. In this act also, Lord Sapplin may find means to make a declaration to Miss Bride, whose amiable character may be shewn, and her spirit properly exerted in refusing him; she may expatiate on the indelicacy of his transferring his addresses from her sister to herself—an indelicacy in which she would partake, if she gave the least encouragement to them, or even heard them without emotion. Miss Pope's jealousy might, in this place, be excited by some interesting circumstance, which should give cause to her suspicion, incense her against Lord Sapplin and her sister, whom she supposes endeavouring to circumvent her, and she may resolve to carry her point by making a friend of the old Earl, by paying her court to him, and

playing on his foible, which her shrewdness has discovered, and her malice determines to turn to her advantage.

III.—N. B. Though I mark the acts, I by no means would suggest to you that I have here planned out any thing like the form of the business of the play. But to go on.

Here it may be resolved between Lovewell and Miss Bride, that she shall break the secret of their marriage to the old Earl. His peculiar behaviour to her, which she modestly construes into the good-natured partiality of an old gentleman, induces her to take this liberty; for he (Garrick), fancying all women in love with him, behaves to all women as if he was making love to them. Miss Bride applies to Garrick for this purpose, but after having revealed Lord Sapplin's proposals, and mentioning that she has particular as well as general reasons for declining them, her confusion will not permit her to go on, and she retires without making the discovery. Having dropped some faint hints of her devotion elsewhere, the old Earl takes it for granted she means himself, though her modesty will not let her speak out, looks upon this as a declaration of her passion, and though all other women will break their hearts, determines to take pity on her. Miss Pope may afterwards apply to him, and intermixing flattery of him, make her complaint of Lord Sapplin, and tell Garrick that Lord S. and Miss Bride mean to trick her, in which situation Garrick's confidence that she is mistaken in imagining that Miss Bride has a passion for Lord S.—that he knows better—

that he can tell where her affections are placed—with things of the like nature—may produce a scene, which may very properly follow up that described immediately before.

IV.—Here, if the character meant to be married to Miss Bride were introduced, good use might be made of him,—

> 'As a tool,
> Which knaves do work with, call'd a fool.'

Miss Pope might apprize him of the wrong intended both to herself and him, shew him the supposed reason of Miss Bride's indifference, and work him up to counteract their plot. In the meantime Lovewell and Miss Bride determine that he (Lovewell) shall apply to the old Earl since she failed, which he does, and on his mentioning Miss Bride, before he can tell his story, Garrick acquaints him of his own passion for her, and Lovewell is in his turn as much confounded as his wife was before. Garrick resolves to break the matter to the family by opening his mind to the old lady, Traffic's sister, who at first imagines that he means herself, and on finding her mistake treats him with contempt. Cætera desunt.

Of the *dénouement* I have not as yet even conceived those imperfect ideas I have got of some other parts. Think of the whole; and think in my train, if it appears worth while, and when you have thrown your thoughts on paper, as I have mine, we will lay our heads together, Brother Bayes.

" The foregoing rough sketch affords no clue for discovering which of the authors first started the idea of founding a comedy on Hogarth's plates of *Marriage à la Mode*, but it establishes the fact that the outlines of the plan, and of the principal characters, were designed by Colman; and, to those who have seen or read the play, it must be evident how closely it has followed the main incidents proposed in the sketch. Witness, the intended union of the two families; Sterling's preparations, at his villa, for the arrival of Lord Ogleby, and his suite; Sir John Melvil's falling in love with the sister of his proposed wife, and imparting his flame to the man whom that sister has clandestinely married; the jealousy of Miss Sterling, the equivoque of Lord Ogleby supposing Fanny has conceived a passion for him, and the consequences produced by it; the introduction of the Lawyers: in short, all the leading incidents have been adopted, and nothing rejected except the introduction of a person openly intended to be married to Fanny.

" As to the characters, we have the several contours of their features in the above hasty draught: of Canton, indeed, and Brush, and the chambermaids (the appurtenances to the two families, naturally thrown in, during the progress of the work), there is no mention: and of Lord Ogleby's vanities and gallantry, Colman says to Garrick, who originally thought of acting the part himself, " You are more fully possessed of this notion than I."—A word or two on this in due time.

" The *dénouement* seems to have been the puzzler

for both authors, and brings to mind the dramatist who said that he wished there were no such things as fifth acts. It was, I conclude, after they had 'laid their heads together,' that my father scrawled the latter part of the following.

SECOND DOCUMENT.—LOOSE HINTS OF ACT V.

Scene of Sterling, Ogleby, lawyers, &c., on filling up blanks, and settling all the clauses of the settlement; disputes arise, and Sterling, against both matches, declaring that he will not marry his family into a chancery suit. In the midst of their disputes enter Miss Sterling laughing immoderately, and brings in Betty, trembling, who, being interrogated, discovers the whole of the clandestine marriage.

V.—Lovewell, and Fanny, and Betty in Fanny's apartment. Betty may tell them that Mrs. Lettice has been pumping her; Lovewell tells Fanny that finding the misconstruction of Lord O., he was just on the point of explanation when Sir John appeared, but that he will certainly break it the next morning to Sir John, and this night shall conclude her anxieties on the clandestine marriage. (Scene 2.) Another apartment. Miss Sterling and Mrs. Heidelberg in their night-clothes—to them Lettice, who tells them she has been on the watch, and saw a man go into Miss Fanny's room. They immediately conclude it to be Sir John, and Miss Sterling resolves to expose her sister and Sir John; the family alarmed, various night figures, Betty brought in trembling, who discovers the whole affair; then

Lovewell, and at length Fanny, who being pardoned, Sir John's match breaks off, and the piece concludes by Sterling and Ogleby both joining in good humour about Fanny and Lovewell.

" Such are the documents: a few words more and I conclude.

" In respect to the report of Garrick having written the entire character of Lord Ogleby, my father once told me that it was not true ; that, as an instance to the contrary, he (my father) wrote the whole of Ogleby's first scene. He also informed me that one of Garrick's greatest merits in this work (and it is a very great one) was planning the incidents in the last act; the alarm of the families, through the means of Mrs. Heidelberg and Miss Sterling, and bringing forward the various characters from their beds to produce an explanation, and the catastrophe. I regret that when my father imparted this, I did not make further inquiry; but I was then 'a moonish youth,' and troubled my head little or nothing about the matter. He always talked, however, of the play as a joint production.

" Dramatic connoisseurs may discover the styles of authors ; and there are few such connoisseurs who will not, I think, be of my opinion, that far the greater part of the dialogue in this comedy came from my father's pen rather than that of Garrick. I certainly agree with Mrs. Inchbald in her criticism on the limited powers of Garrick as a writer.

" But, after all, the authors stand accused of plagiary !—of stealing from an unprinted farce, entitled ' False Concord,' written by the Rev. James Townley, formerly Master of Merchant Tailors' School.

" ' It is worthy of remark, that in this farce were three characters (Lord Lavender, Mr. Sudley, an enriched soap-boiler, and a pert valet,) which were afterwards transplanted, with the dialogue of some scenes, nearly *verbatim*, into the ' Clandestine Marriage,' (brought out two years afterwards) under the names of Lord Ogleby, Mr. Sterling, and Brush. These facts were first made public by Mr. Roberdeau, in his Fugitive Verse and Prose,* published in 1801 ; Mr. R. having married a daughter of the late Mr. Townley.' †

" On this question, I have little more to observe, than that there are several instances of detracting, in this way, from the merits of very successful authors :

' Garth did not write his own Dispensary.'

Townley's farce, it seems, was only acted one night (for Woodward's benefit), and he did not print it. It would be strange if Garrick robbed, or were accessary to his colleague's robbing his friend Townley. In the two pieces, there may be some coincidence, without theft ; but the groundwork of

* I have inquired for Mr. Roberdeau's book, but cannot procure it.

† Biographia Dramatica.

'The Clandestine Marriage' was professedly suggested by Hogarth's prints. At the worst, there is no great literary crime in catching hints, if any were caught, from an apparently stillborn farce, and improving upon them in a play of lasting vitality.

GEORGE COLMAN the Younger."

CHAPTER VI.

1765—1767.

Reconciliation—Mr. Clutterbuck—Beefsteak Society—Dr. Louth—Christmas Carol—Rival Dancing-masters—Foote—Christopher Smart—Dr. Schomberg—George, the younger—The proposed purchase of one-fourth of Covent Garden Theatre—Dr. Gem—Slingsby—Monsieur Favart—The English Merchant—Garrick mystified—Colman a Theatrical proprietor—General Pulteney—Bickerstaffe—Samuel Johnson—Whitehead—His prologue—Death of General Pulteney—His large property, and Will.

WHETHER Mr. Clutterbuck or other friends interfered to reconcile the two dramatists, or whether the considerations of mutual interest, may not in a great measure have aided in healing the breach between Colman and Garrick is not precisely to be determined; but it would appear, from the subjoined short note from Garrick, that Colman must have made some overture to him.

"MY DEAR COLMAN,

"Becket has been with me, and tells me of your friendly intentions towards me. I should have been beforehand with you, had I not been ill with the beef-steaks and arrack

punch, last Saturday, and was obliged to leave the play-house.

" He that parts us, shall bring a brand from Heav'n
And fire us hence.

Ever yours, old and new friend,

D. GARRICK."

The beef-steaks, arrack punch, and Saturday, all savour very strongly of a visit to the "Sublime Society of Beef Steaks," held at that period in Covent-garden Theatre, where many a clever fellow has had his diaphragm disordered, before that time, and since. Whoever has had the pleasure to join their convivial board, to witness the never-failing good-humour which predominates there; to listen to the merry songs, and to the sparkling repartee, and to experience the hearty welcome and marked attention paid to visitors, could never have cause to lament, as Garrick has done, a trifling illness the following day. This society is still in vigorous existence (1840), and is upwards of a century old. There must have been originally a wise and simple code of laws, which could have held together a convivial meeting for so lengthened a period. The number of members is only twenty-four, and the names enrolled have been those of persons eminent in rank, and talent in various professions. The days of meeting are every Saturday, from November until the end of June.

Garrick soon afterwards complimented Colman, in a verse written at Hampton, December 20, 1765, on his translation of 'Terence.'

" Joy to my friend, as English wit
Which Johnson, Congreve, Vanbrugh writ,
My Terence shall be known :
Joy to myself! for all the fame
Which ever shall attend thy name,
I feel as half my own."

And two days afterwards he addressed the following note to Colman :

" My Dear Friend, December 22, 1765.

" I wish I had partaken of your feast of letters this morning at Strahan's. I must tell you that Dr. Louth, one of the party, read one of Terence's plays in your translation with Garnier, who is now at Hampton, and was highly entertained with it, and pronounced it a most excellent performance. I could not help sending you this piece of news, for the Doctor's judgment is of too much consequence not to feel it."

David's policy is very apparent in the above few lines, and in the letter which immediately follows, dated, Christmas day, 1765.

" Dear Coley,

" God forgive me, I wrote the nonsense on the other side, or rather composed it, while our parson was preaching this morning. It is a kind of rondeau which the French, and our fools who imitated them, were once very fond of.

" I have read the three acts of the Comedy, and think they will do special well; but why did you not finish the first act, as you would have it? and if you had hinted at Lord Ogleby's vanity and amorous disposition, by way of preparation, to the fourth act, as we talked it over, would it not have made the strong scene there, more natural? I think ' The Grown Gentleman,' will do, if Messrs. Hart and Dukes will not set their scholars upon us.

"I have schemed my Epilogue, it will be uncommon at least.

"To GEORGE COLMAN.

Christmas day.

"May Christmas give thee all her cheer,
And lead thee to a happy year!
Though wicked gout has come by stealth,
And threats encroachments on my health;
Though still my foes indulge their spite,
And what their malice prompts, will write;
Though now to me, the stage is hateful,
And he, who owes me most, ungrateful;
Yet think not, George, my hours are sad;
Oh no! my heart is more than glad:
That moment all my cares were gone,
When you and I again were one.
This gives to Christmas all her cheer,
And leads me to a happy year."

"The Grown Gentleman" here spoken of, was Lord Ogleby; and Messrs. Hart and Dukes were then the fashionable professors of the polite science of dancing. In January 1760, Mr. Dukes advertised "Grown gentlemen or ladies taught in so private a manner, as to be seen by none but himself if required; at Dukes's long room, in Paternoster Row, Cheapside." This advertisement produced so successful a result, that Mr. Napthali Hart, (a rival professor, whose scene of evolutions was at Essex House, Essex-street, Strand,) quitted it in the Midsummer following, doubtless in consequence of a notice from his landlord, who was in fear of his premises being shaken down; and removed his academy to a large room opposite the Surgeons' Hall, in the Old Bailey, where he

announced his readiness to teach "grown persons to dance the minuet and country dances in the genteelest manner, and with the greatest privacy and expedition."

This same Napthali Hart had also a cosmetic shop at the corner of Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate-hill, where he sold the best fiddle-strings in England; pomatum to keep the hair from falling off, or growing grey, and when off, to make it grow again, and a surprising long string of wonderments not to be outdone by the most accomplished adepts in the lucrative art of puffing *direct* of the present day.

The line in the Christmas carol

> "But he, who owes me most, ungrateful—"

we presume to allude to Garrick's partner, Lacy, with whom Garrick had a dispute at this period, which gave him the inclination to dispose of his share of Drury Lane Theatre.

Foote, while on a visit to Lord Mexborough, with the Duke of York, fell from his horse, and fractured his leg in so dreadful a manner, that amputation of the limb could alone save his life. Garrick, in a letter of condolence to him, dated February 13, 1766, writes: "Notwithstanding the severity of your misfortune, yet it must be the greatest consolation to you to hear how many have most cordially felt and lamented it, among which number my friend Colman has particularly shown his regard to you." Foote's reply is dated Cannon Park, on the 26th February. After thanking Garrick for his proffered kindness, he adds, "I am

greatly obliged to Mr. Colman for his friendly feelings on my late melancholy accident. I am no stranger to his philanthropy, nor how eagerly he has adopted one of the finest sentiments in his favourite author, *Homo sum, et humani nihil à me alienum puto.* I rejoice with him, and the public, on the success of his Clandestine Marriage. Lady Stanhope came here last night, gave me a very good account of it, and is vastly pleased."

The following letter is from Christopher Smart, a poet of some celebrity in his day; his lighter poems are his best. He was engaged in a variety of publications; and at one period of his life, was confined for madness. He died a prisoner for debt.* The performance alluded to in the letter must have been the comedy of the Clandestine Marriage.

St. James's Park, next door to
"SIR, the Cockpit, Feb^{y} 27th 1766.

"I FIND myself reduced by the necessity of the case again to tax such of my friends as are disposed to do me the honour of their names. I observe, from the conversation in general on your late performance, that either your benevolence has won you more affection, or your wit commanded more applause (both I suppose) than that of any person in my memory.

I am, with much respect,

Your obliged servant,

CHRISTOPHER SMART."

* A collection of his poetical pieces was published in the year 1791, with some memoirs of his life prefixed to them.

About this time, probably from the impaired state of his health, the English Roscius was compelled to take a trip to Bath; and on March 13, 1766, the name of Mr. Garrick appears amongst the arrivals of that fashionable watering-place.

"My Dear Coley, Bath, April 12th, 66.

"I must say a word to you by our friend Keate. He is a very agreeable man, and has comforted me much in this strange mixture of mortals at Bath. No man starts a laugh better, or makes a better chase, but alas! my dear friend, my hunting is over. I was last week feathered Mercury, and now I have lead at my heels; I have a very serious fit of the gout, and how long it will last, and when I shall see you, even my good Dr. Ralpho can't tell me. I am in general, cent per cent. better, for my present purgatory. Qualms, pukings, and yellowness, &c., have left me, and I have no complaint but my gouty leg, of the street-post order, that occasions me to break a commandment a little oftener than I used to do.

"I was preparing to exhibit for a few nights at Drury Lane, but I believe I must decline it, and I trust His Majesty will excuse me. Pray consider Quin's Epitaph * a little—don't hurry yourself, I have time enough; I shall not send it to the statuary, till I have been some time in London. Your criticism about the Epilogue I believe is just; I was afraid of disconcerting my water-drinking, and hurried it a little too much, there is something however that will do, with t'other lick. How goes our bastard on? We have escaped well; Hawkesworth has been kind—it pleased me much. Who wrote the answer to Kenrick's Review? Johnson sent it me, through Steevens, last week, but mum, it is not quite the thing; by Johnson's fondness for it, he must have felt Kenrick. What things we are! and

* On his monument in the Abbey Church at Bath.

how little are we known! I will always except you and me, for I think our hearts are well known to each other. If either of us had had the least ingredient of some of the mortal compositions that shall be nameless, we might have lost the greatest blessing of our lives, at least I speak for one. I am obliged to write fast, and don't know if I am well understood, but I can't correct. I am sure that your Plautus* must please. I wish you had rid your hands of it, for *cætera desid*r.

I saw your friend Mr. Selwyn here, and spoke to him. I have seen Clutterbuck, and all goes well. We shall come to town together, and then the whole may be settled. Thank you for attending George to Hampton—what said the French hero? Did he seem to be satisfied with me? He did very wrong to take such a journey contrary to my directions, *voilà l'étourderie françoise.* Pray when you see Davies, the bookseller, assure him that I bear him not the least malice, which he is told I do, for having mentioned the vulgarisms in The Clandestine Marriage; and that I may convince him that all is well between us, let him know that I was well assured, that he wrote his criticism, before he had seen the play. *Quod er*t. *dem*m. I forgot to tell George, that I would have him consult with Mr. Beighton, about the seeds that came from O'Brien. Beighton will know better what to do with them, than my gardener. Desire George to write to him, and send the seeds by the first opportunity. Baker, the bookseller, will tell him how to send the seeds the easiest and readiest way. Keate is now with me, and his postchaise at the door, so I can only say, what I have said a thousand times, and what I will say, to the last moment of my life, that

I am my dear Colman's
Ever affectionate friend,
D. Garrick."

* Colman, as has been previously stated, contributed one play to Thornton's translation of Plautus.

Dr. Ralpho was Schomberg, who was Garrick's great favourite as a physician, but he could find no favour from him when he attempted to practise as a dramatic author; for Garrick repeatedly refused his pieces. The Doctor wrote a farce called the "Death of Bucephalus;" "The Judgment of Paris," a burletta; and a tragedy, entitled "Romulus and Herselta." Dr. Schomberg's prescriptions were evidently the best of his writings: they would act; —his plays, *vice versa!*

Colman, at this period, visited Paris, and the following letter from Garrick giving so agreeable an account of George the Younger, must have been very gratifying to the fatherly feelings of George the Elder.

"DEAR COLMAN, Hampton, June 30, 1766.

"I rejoice much at your safe arrival at Paris. You set out in storm and tempest, and we were afraid that the sea would have been rather too frisky for your stomachs; but the worst is past, and I hope Madam and you are well contented with Leviez and his accommodations.

To begin with what you are most interested about, I must tell you that your sweet boy is at this instant as happy and as well as ever I knew him. I have made him two visits since your departure, which he has taken most kindly: the last time his eyes sparkled when he saw me. He is greatly desirous to know why I call him Georgy go-ging, and has very seriously interrogated his Duenna about it. We have worked very hard in the garden together, and have played at nine-pins till I was obliged to declare off. He is well taken care of; indeed the old Lady (Mrs. Terrill) and the maiden Pierce, are most trusty guardians, and be assured that you may set your tender hearts at rest about him. I go

to Essex to-morrow, and at my return we are to have a day at Hampton, and he is to make love to my niece Kitty, and a plum-pudding. He seems very fond of the party, and we will endeavour to make him forget his loving parents. Once more, my dear friend, let not a single thought about your boy disquiet you: he could not be better if you were with him, so no more of that.

Thomson dined with me at Hampton; he spoke very highly and affectionately of you. He has no design upon us the next season, but talks of trying his hand again. He intends writing to you; I believe him to be a very good natured, well-meaning man. Steevens has inquired after me to give me some papers from you: what they are I can't tell. We have missed one another; I am still in the dark, and you don't mention what they are in your letter.

I have had a letter from Bickerstaff: he is at Paris, and is going to give some account of our theatre in the 'Journal Encyclop.'; you will see it, I suppose.

Saunderson* tells me that they have laid the timbers for the first floor of your house at Richmond. It rises most magnificently to the Ferry passengers; you will be surprised to find yourself master of the chateau at your return. Don't lose the autumn for planting trees to screen you from the timber-yard. My love to Madam, and remember me to Leviez. You must not see a single French friend of mine, but you must tell him how much I am his humble servant. God bless you, and believe me,

Most affectionately yours,

D. GARRICK."

Monsieur Leviez was a printseller, Rue des Arcs, Fauxbourg St. Germain's, and it was at his house that

* Saunderson was the Master Carpenter of Drury Lane Theatre.

Colman resided during his stay in Paris. "I am aware of the laugh," says George the Younger, in reference to Garrick's account of himself, "I shall excite, by alluding to this description of myself, as 'a sweet boy;' and, were it not for the vanity of quoting my own scribbling, I might say, that my acquaintance would exclaim, like Job Thornberry, in John Bull, 'Are you the pretty boy? bless my soul, how you are altered!'"

Colman, in his posthumously printed Memoir states, "It has, I know, long been taken for granted, that such was the strength of my predilection for theatrical possessions, that I would, in spite of all competition, and without hesitation, forego all other expectancies, however magnificent or alluring; and that at a certain era of my life, this position was most fully verified, by my purchase of a fourth of the patent of Covent Garden Theatre, whereby I knowingly and voluntarily forfeited the intended bequest of the Newport estate, under the will of General Pulteney.

"Nothing but my respect and gratitude for the memory of those, from whose bounty I still derive a considerable part of my income, determined me to abide and patiently endure the contempt and obloquy that such a received opinion brought upon me, lest, by vindicating myself from causeless slander, I might appear willing to throw a stain on those, who had done much for me, merely because they had not done more. This opinion of my character, with as much delicacy as the truth will admit, I shall show to be groundless.

" At this critical time, an offer was made to me of a share in Covent Garden Theatre, and I had before had the refusal of Mr. Garrick's share at Drury Lane; still, however, I did not enter hastily into these undertakings, without attention to the assurances I had received, and which were now put to the test. In March 1767, I signed an agreement with my friend, Powell, under a penalty of three thousand pounds, in case of non-performance, and I afterwards went to Bath."

So far, Colman states the fact, but he immediately takes up the thread of his narrative upon a fallacious showing. In truth, he lost General Pulteney's good will, from pertinaciously living with Miss Ford, and pursuing his predilections for theatrical management. General Pulteney wholly disapproved of Colman's taking any part in the purchase of the patent right and property in Covent Garden Theatre; and on the authority of Bishop Douglas,* it appears that " the General offered Colman a seat in Parliament, and to provide amply for him, if he would quit his theatrical connexions, particularly Miss Ford, who afterwards became his wife."

The declining health of Colman's mother, who had some property, induced him possibly to suppose

* John Douglas, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, elected Bishop of Carlisle, 1787, and translated to Salisbury in 1791. General Pulteney's proffer is recorded in one of Isaac Reed's manuscript Memorandum Books, as part of a conversation between him and the Bishop at the palace at Salisbury, August 24, 1794, only ten days after Colman's decease, which was then the subject of their discourse. Bishop Douglas died in 1807.

her scene of life was about to close, or he might have calculated on being put in possession of it while she was living, to aid him in the contemplated purchase of the fourth share of Covent Garden Theatre. It was so attractive to him, that it fixed his purpose irrevocably, notwithstanding it threatened the extinction not only of all hopes from the Pulteney family, but also the friendship of Garrick. Garrick, in a letter from Hampton, in the preceding July, had acquainted Colman of the intended sale by Beard and others, and enjoined him to secresy, as the buyers were not then declared.

"My Dear Coley, Hampton, July 15, 1766.

"I have received your letter by Miss Burney,* and was surprised to find that my first had not reached you.

"I shall write to you as often as I think I can give you the least pleasure. I was taken ill with a giddiness yesterday upon Hampton Common, in going to see your sweet boy, and was obliged to return home, and send Cautherly, to know how he was, not having seen him for a fortnight (my stay at Mistley). He was quite well, and wanted to see me. We are to have a day soon, if good weather, at Hampton, which he mentions often, and has set his little heart upon it. Be assured that he shall want for nothing in your absence, and that I will even administer to his pleasure. We will 'sing old rose and burn the bellows' at Hampton. I would have you follow the Chevalier up briskly; he will be afraid of being exposed—now or never.

"Before I went to Rigby's, he (George Colman the younger) was so high in spirits, that he would sing 'The Chimney Sweep,' which he did most exquisitely, and has

* Miss Burney, daughter of Charles Burney, D.M., author of the History of Music. She was afterwards Madame D'Arblay.

promised that Mrs. Garrick shall hear his whole budget of songs and stories. The Clandestine Marriage has been twice played at Richmond, to great houses, and much liked, but I am told woefully performed. Lord Ogleby, by Dibdin.* I read it to him one of the days I visited Georgy, and the little cunning rogue was so pleased at my instructing Dibdin, and cocked his eye so ridiculously, that I am sure his old lady (Mrs. Terrill) and Miss Pierce have me often at second hand.

"I am sorry Madam wants to leave Paris already, I was always doubtful of her liking the place; but I hope that Miss Ford will bring over some French airs, and the language to perfection.

"The Ministry all to pieces! Pitt they say, and a new arrangement. Beard and Co. are going positively to sell their patent, &c., for sixty thousand pounds. 'Tis true, but mum. We have not yet discovered the purchasers. When I know, you shall know; there will be the devil to do. If you would alter the 'Country Wife,' now is your time; this you might easily, and I have a girl for it who will please you much.† If you won't, I will. We must have it soon in the season; try your hand: you shall have my hints for sending for. Miss Wright ‡ not with us; that's not well; but I am in spirits, and ever thine, my dear Coley upon the gallop.

Most truly and eternally thine,

D. Garrick."

This letter, and that which follows, were ad-

* Charles Dibdin, subsequently the successful dramatic author, and the admired writer of naval songs.

† Miss Reynolds, then of the Bath Theatre. She was recommended by Dr. John Hoadly to Garrick, but he did not pledge himself as to any great capability in dramatic talent. Garrick engaged her, and she made her *début* in November, as Peggy in the "Country Girl."

‡ Afterwards Mrs. Michael Arne.

dressed to Colman, in Paris. Colman replied, July 21, and complains of ill health, thanks Garrick for his kind attention to his little boy, complains of the melancholy face of Dr. Gem, his physician in Paris, whom Suard jocosely designated "Le joyeux Dr. Gem." The wine, or the water, did not agree with Colman; moreover, he was bitterly disappointed in not obtaining the money he had advanced to the Baronet already mentioned, whom he could only get to accept bills for the amount. Thus out of spirits, he had no inclination to set about The Country Wife.

"My Dear Coley, Hampton, July 31, 1766.

"I wish to God that we had you again here; your letter has made me miserable. Let me beg you, for my sake, not to suffer your spirits to sink in the manner they have done in your last letter. I am sure the illness you have proceeds from nothing but the change of air, and the Seine water. However, you have Dr. Gem, and I am satisfied; pray present my love and best services to him, and if he does not send you back to us, as you went, I shall forget all the good he did to me, and abuse him most cordially.

"I can almost prophesy the subject of the letter you received from the person of fashion. Covent Garden patent &c., have been upon sale; one Whitworth and Spilsbury, Mrs. Pritchard's son-in-law, are some of the parties concerned in the purchase. I guess that your letter was from the first, offering you a share. They have spoke to Foote and others, but the treaty is at a stop, I believe, for want of cash, but I am not certain. Foote goes on now well, and very uneasy that Barry and Dancer are coming to join him at the Opera-house. He is to give them half the profits; the expenses will be great, and he finds that all

his friends think him in the wrong to have them. You 'll think so too, and when Barry comes he 'll find Foote very cold: they say he abuses him already. I have made a beginning upon the "Country Wife;" I like my scheme, but it is a great change in the piece. I wish you were here, that I might tell it to you.

"Mr. Pitt, now Lord Chatham, and Privy Seal, have set us all in an uproar! I don't understand his policy; if I am right he is wrong, but I am a fool, and have not lost all my virtue. Pray what have become of Yates and his wife? The story of them rejoiced me; have you talked with them? what are their schemes? If you were well enough to see the Dancer, Slingsby, hint to him from yourself that he did wrong to send his brother to make an engagement with us, and then fly off. We have a good case in Equity; he is engaged to the Opera-house; the managers of the Opera dislike the trick he has played us. When you see Monnet present my love to him, and tell him I received his last, and hope that he will engage the new man-dancer for us, if he is good and is comic.

Yours ever and most affectionately,

D. GARRICK."

Come away, come away, &c.

To this letter Colman replied on July 27, 1766, that he was getting better. "My lank jaws begin to recover flesh and colour; and though I have considerably fallen away, I hope to be visible, without the help of a microscope, by the time I reach England. There hang out here, pirated prints from Reynolds's Picture of you (Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy), which are underwritten, '*L'Homme entre le Vice et la Vertu.*'"

The new man dancer was named Guidetti. Colman continues, "I suppose Monnet has dropped all

thoughts of sending him to you, for he is one of the worst I ever saw: a little grotesque pantomime, but no execution as a dancer, and so d—— d thick winded, that he is only fit for Lacy's Infirmary."

"Monnet brought me Favart the other morning, and seemed vastly happy at seeing two little authors together. In the fulness of his heart, he had told Favart that I had given a very fine translation of Telemachus—he meant Terence."

The weather being bad, both Colman and Miss Ford got tired of the French metropolis. A letter from Madame Riccoboni to Garrick, dated August 10, 1766, states "*Monsieur vôtre bel Esprit,*" as she was pleased to designate Colman, had then quitted Paris.

The next letter from Garrick to Colman is dated Sunday, Feb. 15, 1767.

"My Dear Coley,

"Hampton has had a prodigious effect upon me; my cough and hoarseness are fifty per cent. better, for the change of air.

"Instead of coughing all night, I have been disturbed but twice or thrice, and that not rudely, and have passed the rest of the night very pleasantly. My wife has presuaded me to stay here till Wednesday, when I hope to wait upon the English Merchant, with all my wits and spirits about me. In the mean time I could wish, if not disagreeable to you, that you would look in upon them on Wednesday, and I will make my appearance on Thursday morning. I hope to see you on Wednesday evening; my wife says, if you will dine with us, on Wednesday, at four, she will present us with a fine haunch of venison; say you will, in a note by the bearer, to-morrow.

"You must write to me, and say if I am to furnish an Epilogue for the 'Merchant.' I certainly will do my best, if you are not provided.

"If you intend to stand by the London Journal, I will prepare some comicality for it; I have a hundred thoughts about it, and will be always doing something.

"I intend 'Crambo' to be the laughing, rhyming, reviewer of every thing. Mrs. Pritchard has sent a most kind message to me, and will do any thing I desire her. She shall set the part a-going, and when we are safe landed, though, if Mrs. Bennet played it, there is not the least danger, Mrs. Hopkins may relieve her in case of indispositions. Poor Becket is very angry with Baldwin for abusing what we act, and he prints. Pray keep up the ball; we shall have some sport with him.

"My love and best services to Madam, and a kiss to your little boy, and my warmest affections to yourself,

My Dear Coley,

D. Garrick."

The Comedy of "The English Merchant," written by Colman, was founded on L'Ecossaise of Voltaire: it was played for the first time at Drury-lane, on Saturday Feb. 21, 1767.

Drury Lane Theatre was now so enlarged as to hold, in theatrical phraseology, 337 guineas, instead of its former receipt of 220 guineas. It had been customary to leave every new play on its own footing, unsupported by an afterpiece. Garrick wisely thought that this was not judicious, for as the doors opened at five, the performance was over at nine o'clock. He therefore proposed to add to all new productions of five acts, a farce, or two-act comedy, as the case might require, and charged the authors who

took the benefit-nights seventy guineas, instead of sixty, which had been the previous charge for the house. Colman demurred, and adopted the old course; but he repented of it, as, notwithstanding King and Mrs. Abington did all that histrionic talent and friendship could accomplish, the attendance in the boxes was but meagre: the play was more praised than followed.

Between this period and April, Colman made up his mind, in conjunction with Powell and others, to buy Covent Garden Theatre. The fact that Colman was about to be one of the purchasers, astonished the Drury Lane proprietors, who appear to have been first apprised of it by a communication from Theophilus Forrest to George Garrick; and a coolness again lowered on the friendly intercourse of the authors of The Clandestine Marriage.

Garrick in a letter, from Bath, April 5, 1767, to his brother George, intimates, that "Colman and Chauguion have arrived: we pulled off our hats, but did not smile. Our friends here will stir Heaven and earth to bring us together: make the best of it, it will be but a darn.*

The co-partnership, in which Colman was concerned, seems almost to have been beyond Garrick's comprehension. In another letter from Bath, he desires his brother, George, to tell Lacy, that he believed his suspicions were well-founded, and would not suggest to Colman the smallest hint of what he knew. He adds, "Colman has told me that

* See Garrick Correspondence.

he has an affair to open to me, but we have always been interrupted by somebody or other, so I have not yet had the whole, and which he has some qualms in bringing out. However, I am prepared, and he will be surprised at my little concern and ease upon the occasion."

The next few lines of the letter prove that Garrick felt some concern about it. "I am sure there is something in it; the more I think of it, the more I am puzzled. Who finds the money? what is the plan? who are the directors? d——n me, if I can comprehend it! but I shall know more. What! has Holland no hand in this? is he hummed? I have not the least idea of the matter, nor have I the least notion of their doing anything to give us one moment of uneasiness." * But Roscius was evidently in a fidget: in a subsequent letter he desires George to tell Lacy, his partner, "that the news of the sale of the other house did not give him the least uneasiness; that it was impossible that it could hurt them, and if Powell was to be director, that they would have reason to rejoice, for he was finely calculated for management!" Very shortly after this, Clutterbuck and Dr. Schomberg insisted on a reconciliation between Garrick and Colman, and a dinner took place in consequence at Bath, where they were all very merry.

"The publication of private letters," Colman observes in his memoir, "I have ever thought exceptionable, unless some very particular circumstances render it proper and necessary to produce them.

* Garrick Correspondence.

In the present instance, I do not see how I can otherwise vindicate my character, and therefore I trust my memory will not be loaded with reproach, merely for an act of self-justification." When at Bath he received the following letter from General Pulteney:

"DEAR COLMAN, London, April 27, 1767.

"I have received your letter from Bath, which surprises me not a little, to find in your letters the same jealousy and reproach as I met with in the last year, from Bath, which were, as I told you then, falsely grounded, from malice and curiosity; and now again I am the more convinced of it, for I declare to you, that I never gave any cause, to any one whatsoever, that from any report in your disfavour, I had the least thought of paying any regard to it, nor indeed have any persons, by misrepresenting you, ever taken that liberty to speak of you disadvantageously; for it is well known the veneration I have for everything Lord Bath has recommended, and I will assure you, over and above, that I have a long rooted disposition in me to befriend you in all things; yet I can see some things that are not greatly pleasing, as most certainly the letter which you speak of, was rather too ludicrous to be written to an old gentleman and your friend, which I found fault with, and I did not expect to find it justified, by urging that I went to counsel, in disapproving of it, for I think the impropriety of it would have been disapproved of by a weaker judgment. Your jealousy about your connection,* may be founded with reasons, but however that may appear to the world, and may give me a concern, I had not deviated from my own good will, nor from Lord Bath's intention. I have thus far explained my affection for you this once; but I hope you will give no further attention to the malice or

* Allusive to his living with Miss Ford.

curiosity of Bath acquaintance, but to disregard them, as I shall do, if it continues: but otherwise rest assured that I am inclined and very desirous of being always

Your faithful friend and servant,

H. PULTENEY."

"From this reply," Colman adds, "it is evident the General misunderstood what I had said in my first letter concerning the consultation of counsel. My unhappy attempts at pleasantry and raillery, always so well received by Lord Bath, were rather injudiciously directed to his brother, and my inexperience and want of knowledge of the world, must be my only apology. It is likely, too, that I might be more anxious than ordinary, from a sense of the covenant I had recently, and perhaps too hastily, entered into just before I left London."

Colman's rejoinder to the General was in these terms:

"DEAR SIR,

"Please to accept my warmest acknowledgments of your kind letter, and give me leave to assure you, that I shall ever entertain the most lively sense of your goodness to me, on this and every other occasion. The sole meaning of my last was to acquit myself of disrespect or ingratitude. I was conscious that I had never consulted lawyers on the subject there mentioned, which I understood had been insinuated to you; and I thought myself bound, in duty to you, to wipe off the reproach that such an imputation carried with it."

"Before my return from Bath, early in May," continues Colman, "the expected revolution in the state of Covent Garden had become a subject of

public conversation, and of course furnished materials for sundry paragraphs in the newspapers. I waited immediately on General Pulteney, who received me as cordially as ever. We had a full and free conversation on the subject: he expressed neither warmth nor anger on the occasion; but on the whole seemed rather to disapprove of the undertaking, in consequence of which several letters passed between us."

Colman, by the death of his mother, Mary Colman, the widow of Francis Colman, May 3rd, 1767, acquired an addition of fortune. This circumstance George Colman the younger thus records, "On the death of my worthy grandam, she bequeathed to my father six thousand pounds;" so that it appears, after all, that he was not dependent upon Lord Bath and General Pulteney for every shilling of his fortune. This six thousand, we are to presume, made part of the fifteen thousand pounds, which was got together by borrowed sums from Becket, the bookseller, and others. In the mean time, Colman was practising his hand for management, and wrote the Prologue spoken by Shuter, on Saturday, June 6th, at the opening of the old Theatre, on Richmond Hill.

"A plain booth of boards, ill put together,
To raise a stage, and keep out wind and weather."

It would appear that General Pulteney had expressed some dissatisfaction at the new speculation into which Colman was about to enter; for in the following letter he expresses his regret at the cir-

cumstance, and offers to relinquish the proposed contract, and to pay the penalty:

"DEAR SIR, June 7, 1767.

"It is almost impossible to conceive or express the uneasiness I have suffered since my return from Bath. The late alteration in my circumstances was of itself sufficient to make me very indifferent about the engagements I had entered into, whatever advantages they might promise; but the hint you gave me of your disapprobation of them, made me earnestly endeavour to extricate myself. The difficulties that attended those endeavours have only served to add to my uneasiness; but it is now confidently said, that other bidders will appear, and this, or some other unforeseen circumstance will, I hope, still defeat the purchase; if not, I have no resource but to break through my engagement, and submit to a penalty of three thousand pounds. Judge, then, of the distraction of my mind, between the fear of displeasing you, and so disagreeable an alternative.

"I will not say any thing in vindication of the undertaking; it seems to be disagreeable to you, and that is enough to make me repent of having thought of it. Before it was proposed to me, I knew that Sir William Davenant was the original proprietor of this very patent; that Sir Richard Steele had received from the Crown a favour of the same nature; that Sir John Vanburgh not only built the theatre in the Haymarket, but was actually engaged in the management of it, as well as Mr. Congreve in that of Lincoln's Inn Fields; not to mention several gentlemen now living, of rank and fortune superior to my own, who had formed the like intentions; so that I really did not think of bringing any reflections on myself, or those who had honoured me with their countenance and protection. Any thing that might carry the slighest appearance of disrespect to you was the farthest from my thoughts, and I cannot but be miserable, while I suppose myself liable even

to the suspicion of it. As to my precipitation in this affair, I feel the consequences of it but too sensibly.

I am, Dear Sir,
With the utmost gratitude and respect,
Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,
G. COLMAN."

To this letter General Pulteney favoured him with the following answer.

"DEAR COLMAN, June 10, 1767.

"Although we have lived in friendship form any years together, yet I cannot expect you will relinquish an agreement in hand, at the expense of three thousand pounds, nor shall I cease to be your friend and servant,

H. PULTENEY."

Becket, the bookseller, came forward to assist Colman in his purchase, and, as it appears, lent him one thousand pounds. "As I had no friends I could trouble for any thing considerable," says Becket, in a letter to Colman, "I gave you all I had, which was one thousand pounds, and I declare to God, I had scarce a guinea left, when I gave it to you; but poor Mrs. Colman begged of me to do all I could, and I did it. She, the best of women, came and thanked me in the kindest manner, and told me how much you were obliged to me; for you had looked upon my mite more than all you had from any other quarter. I now take this opportunity to declare to you, that if I had had at that time, ten thousand pounds, I would have lent you every shilling."

"I shewed the General's letter of June 10," Colman continues, "in answer to mine of the 7th, to

several friends; to Garrick in particular, who all congratulated me on the contents." Garrick's advice was possibly that Colman should personally confer with the General before his going to Tunbridge, but the journey to town for that purpose brought on one of those fits of nervousness which over-exertion produced in his weak frame. Perhaps Colman quailed at the thought of again encountering the disapprobation of the General, as on the 25th of June, it appears that Messrs. Colman, Harris, Powell, and Rutherford were declared the purchasers of Covent Garden Theatre, although the fact was not suffered to transpire till a few days afterwards. Colman therefore excused himself to the General in the following letter:

"DEAR SIR, Richmond, Monday June 29, 1767.

"When I left London on Saturday, I fully intended to ride to town this morning in order to pay my respects to you before you set out for Tunbridge, but having been seized with a little feverish disorder last night, I am advised not to stir out to-day, which reduces me to this method of sending you my best wishes for your good journey, and your receiving all possible benefit from the waters.

"The affair of Covent Garden, must now very soon be determined; and, let it turn out which way it will, I shall ever retain the most grateful sense of your kindness on this occasion. Knowing your sentiments, I had rather not embark in it; but, should I be driven into it against my inclination, I have still the consolation of reflecting that my sincere respect for you, induced me to offer not only to forego all lucrative views in it, but to submit to a penalty that would have swallowed almost the whole of my little fortune; and that you, with the same spirit of generosity

which you have ever exerted towards me, declined such a sacrifice, and reconciled me to myself, assuring me of the continuance of your friendship, the loss of which I should feel as the heaviest misfortune that could befall me.

I remain, with the truest attachment,
Dear Sir, your most obliged and obedient Servant,
G. COLMAN."

To General Pulteney.

The time had, however, now arrived when the announcement in the public papers could no longer be withheld, and Colman considered it most prudent to divulge the circumstance in his own way to General Pulteney, which he did in the following letter:

"DEAR SIR, July 2, 1767.

"Before this reaches your hands you will have been apprised, by the papers, of the completion of an affair which I do assure you I have taken every method to avoid, since I understood it was at all disagreeable to you. The other bidders talked so very confidently of advancing upon our price, that, till last Thursday was over, I was never thoroughly persuaded that our party would be the real purchasers; and if our opponents had ever produced the money to back their assertions, it would have afforded me an opportunity to recede, which I should most certainly have embraced. As the matter stood, nothing but the penalty could have procured me that opportunity. I hope you will at least be convinced that I have on all occasions told you the truth, and that in this instance I have acted with due respect to your opinion, since I have been acquainted with it; only availing myself of the kind assurance you were pleased to give me of the continuance of your friendship, without exacting my submission to a very heavy penalty. Of this, and all your other favours, I shall

ever retain the deepest and most grateful sense, and remain, with the warmest wishes for your health and happiness,

Dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

G. COLMAN."

Garrick was mightily vexed at this arrangement, but having been reconciled to Colman at Bath, he vented his anger on Powell, whom he accused of bad behaviour and breach of articles. Garrick felt, however, assured that from old associations, Colman would on any emergency take shelter under his wings; so he smothered a feeling of resentment. In one of his letters he writes, "As for Powell, he is a scoundrel, and Colman will repent his conjunction in every vein; nay, he does repent it, and wishes the affair was broken up, but I believe it has gone too far. I hope to God that my partner has not talked with Powell of an agreement or a friendly intercourse between the houses; that would be ruin indeed. I cannot forgive Powell."

On referring to the foregoing correspondence, it will not be quite uncharitable to surmise, and the more especially from being aware of Colman's predilection for theatrical pursuits, that he was very uncertain in his own mind, as to the result of General Pulteney's intentions as regarded his future fortunes; and that Colman put the experiment of the signing of the agreement with Powell with the penalty of three thousand pounds, as a feeler with his rich relative; to bring it to the alternative of inducing General Pulteney to declare his ultimate intentions, and buy him off, or to leave Colman without further demur in his darling object to

become a theatrical manager. Colman, who viewed his own conduct with partial eyes in reference only to himself says, " From these letters and my answers, the falsehood and absurdity of the proposition, that by my purchase of a fourth of the patent of Covent Garden Theatre, I knowingly and voluntarily forfeited the intended bequest of the Newport estate, I think will most eminently appear. Truth, however, obliges me to mention that honest Joshua Peele, a Chancery solicitor, long employed and deservedly esteemed by the family, waiting on General Pulteney on business, soon after his return from Tunbridge, the General said to him, ' So Colman has got the playhouse at last?'—' Yes,' says honest Peel, who had seen the General's letter, ' but I am glad to find that you will not cease to be his friend.'—' No,' replied the General, ' I will not cease to be his friend, but I will not be so much his friend.' The General had certainly a right to say and do as he pleased; but it might, perhaps, not unreasonably have been expected that he would have said thus much in his answer to my letter of June 7th, an answer written scarce three weeks before the purchase was completed. In that answer he, in few but strong words, states our long friendship, his leave and consent that I should not incur the penalty of my agreement, and his assurance that he would not cease to be my friend. This assurance, connected with his preceding letters, letters particularly showing how he would be my friend, was surely not to be received as a forerunner to his subsequent conduct.

"Nor can I conceive that General Pulteney wrote his letter, dated June 10, under such an idea; but, however that may be, his last will entirely cancelled all that part of Lord Bath's that he had promised to confirm, relative to my succession to the Newport estate, which the General commuted for an annuity of four hundred pounds per annum."

Colman now was launched on the troubled ocean of theatrical management, and one of his first points was to gain the assistance of the popular dramatist, Isaac Bickerstaffe, who it appears was under certain articles of agreement with the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre.

Bickerstaffe, in a letter to Garrick, dated July 27, 1767, while forwarding the comedy of 'The Hypocrite,' an alteration by him from Cibber's 'Nonjuror,' with the introduction of the character of Maw-worm, expressed himself hurt by the report that Colman had offered him articles. He had refused to accept them, and he had no desire to break his agreement with Garrick, though it might not be strictly binding.

Some understanding, however, must have taken place between Colman and Bickerstaffe, for Garrick refused to accept 'The Hypocrite,' or the music of a piece, called 'Inkle and Yarico,' which Bickerstaffe had ready, while he remained under contract with Colman.

Colman also solicited by letter, that Dr. Johnson would favour him by writing the opening address for Covent Garden Theatre, under his management; but the Doctor, perhaps, was aware of the difference

existing between the rival managers, and unwilling to offend "Little Davy," alleged illness, as a cause of non-compliance with Colman's request, in the following letter:

"Sir, Lichfield, August 19, 1767.

"The omission of answering your letter proceeded neither from inattention nor disrespect, but from fearfulness to promise, and unwillingness to refuse. During this contest of my doubts and wishes, which ill health made me less able to compose, I intended every week to return to London, and make a letter unnecessary by telling you my purpose. But ill health, which has crusted me into inactivity, has, by not permitting me to do my business, hitherto precluded my return. I will not deny that I am glad to find my poetical civilities superseded by a voluntary performance, for I knew not how to set about that which the desire of preserving your regard and of increasing your kindness would have made it very painful to decline.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

To George Colman, Esq. Sam. Johnson.

My compliments to dear Mr. Davies."

The Theatre Royal Covent Garden opened under the management of Messrs. Colman, Powell, and Co., Sept. 14, 1767, with the following Prologue, recited by Powell, and written by W. Whitehead, Esq., Poet Laureate:—

"As when the merchant, to increase his store,
For dubious seas, advent'rous quits the shore,
Still anxious for his freight, he trembling sees
Rocks in each buoy, and tempests in each breeze;
The curling wave to mountain billows swells,
And every cloud a fancied storm foretells:

Thus rashly launch'd on this theatric main,
Our all on board, each phantom gives us pain;
The cat-call's note seems thunder in our ears,
And every hiss a hurricane appears;
In journal squibs we lightning's blast espy,
And meteors blaze in every critic's eye.
Spite of these terrors, still some hopes we view,
Hopes ne'er can fail us—since they are placed in you.
Your breath the gale, our voyage is secure,
And safe the venture which your smiles insure;
Though weak his skill, th' adventurer must succeed,
Where candour takes th' endeavour for the deed.
For Brentford's state two kings could once suffice,
In ours, behold! four kings of Brentford rise;
All smelling to one nosegay's odorous savour,
The balmy nosegay of—the public favour.
From hence alone, our royal funds we draw,
Your pleasure our support, your will our law.
While such our government, we hope you 'll own us;
But should we ever tyrants prove—dethrone us.
Like brother monarchs, who, to coax the nation,
Begin their reigns with some fair proclamation;
We, too, should talk at least—of reformation;
Declare, that during our imperial sway,
No bard shall mourn his long-neglected play;
But then the play must have some wit, some spirit,
And we allow'd sole umpires of its merit.
For those deep sages of the judging pit,
Whose taste is too refin'd for modern wit,
From Rome's great theatre we 'll cull the piece,
And plant, on Britain's stage, the flower of Greece;
If some there are, our British bards can please,
Who taste the ancient wit of ancient days,
Be ours to save, from time's devouring womb,
Their works, and snatch their laurels from the tomb;
For you, ye fair, who sprightlier scenes may choose,
Where music decks in all her airs the muse,
Gay opera shall all its charms dispense,
Yet boast no tuneful triumph over sense:
The nobler bard shall still assert his right,
Nor Handel rob a Shakspeare of his night.
To greet their mortal brethren of our skies,
Here all the gods of pantomime shall rise:

Yet 'midst the pomp and magic of machines,
Some plot may mark the meaning of our scenes;
Scenes which were held, in good king Rich's days,
By sages, no bad epilogues to plays."

Colman had not long been seated on his theatrical throne, when the death of his patron occurred: General Pulteney died October 26, 1767, and two days afterwards Colman received the following letter from Mr. Pulteney.*

" Sir, Cleveland Row, October 28.

" I am very sensible that as Lord Bath had named you for Mr. Newport's estate, the change made by General Pulteney's will, though in favour of his right heirs, must have been a great disappointment to you. I do assure you that I had not the least knowledge till the will was read, in what manner the General had settled that estate, or that he had done me the honour to mention my name at all in relation to it; and I further assure you, that I never in my life mentioned you to the General, or did you the smallest prejudice with him.

" I easily conceive what I myself should feel in your situation, and it will give me great pleasure if, by any attentions, or by any good offices in my power, I can contribute in any degree to diminish your regret, which I am sensible it is impossible entirely to remove; and Mrs. Pulteney, I can venture to assure you, entertains exactly the same sentiments.

" If you will give me leave, I will wait upon you as soon as the necessary attentions upon this occasion are over, and

* Daniel Pulteney, the younger brother of the Earl and General, was then dead, and left an only daughter, who married William Johnston, and who, as next heir, assumed the name and arms of the Pulteney family.

I shall take every opportunity to convince you that I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY."

To George Colman, Esq.

To this letter Colman thus replied :—

" SIR,

" I am much obliged to you for the kind attention you have been pleased to shew me in your letter. Did I imagine that you would believe me, I would say that I was not at all sorry for General Pulteney's reversal of Lord Bath's nomination of me for the Newport estate ; but sorry or not sorry, I do most solemnly assure you that I am not in the least disappointed ; and if I feel any regret on this occasion, it is out of regard to the memory of the General, as I could have wished he had not taken the needless trouble of ratifying more than once under his hand a promise, which upon reflection he did not think it proper to fulfil. Be that as it may, be assured, Sir, that nobody congratulates you on your good fortune more sincerely than myself. I took the liberty of sending to inquire after your health and Mrs. Pulteney's the day before yesterday, and proposed waiting on you the first opportunity. Please to present my best respects to Mrs Pulteney, and believe me,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

G. COLMAN."

Neither the Earl of Bath nor his brother, General Pulteney, left heirs of their bodies ; and the manner in which the latter bequeathed his immense wealth, shows too plainly the disastrous results of the folly of Colman's conduct.

According to the tenor of the General's will, the Pulteney estates in Westminster, Middlesex, Somersetshire, Salop, Montgomeryshire, Yorkshire, and

other places,* charged with an annuity of four hundred pounds per annum, to George Colman, Esq., he bequeathed to Mrs. Pulteney and her issue. To her he likewise gave his house in town, with the furniture, plate, and pictures, and all the money and notes in his possession at his decease.

The reversion of the Great Bradford estate, which Colman, according to the Earl's meaning, was to have inherited, the general left to William Pulteney, Esq., the husband of Mrs. Pulteney; and till that event happened, he gave Mr. Pulteney the interest of a large sum of money, which was afterwards to rest in the possessor of the Great Bradford estate.

To his god-daughter, Miss Burrard, he gave a small estate near Whitechapel, estimated at more than one hundred pounds per annum.

To Miss Wroughton, sister to His Majesty's Minister in Poland, he left the sum of eight thousand pounds, and two hundred pounds per annum, long annuities, with all his jewels, rings, miniature-pictures, and his own library of books.

To Lord Chetwynd, Sir Francis Clarke, Mr. Pulteney, Mr. Burrard, Mrs. Burrard, Mr. Heron; his agent, Mr. Roberts; his steward, Mr. Garden; and his valet de chambre, Mr. Livermore, one thousand pounds each.

To the Rev. Dr. Douglas, one thousand pounds,

* It was also stated, in November 1767, that besides the immense fortune General Pulteney left, there was the reversionary grant of the ground in Arlington-street, all Piccadilly, to Hyde Park Corner, in all forty acres, all built on, which at the expiration of the leases would bring in £.100,000 a-year, confirmed by Act of Parliament to Lord Bath when he obtained his title.

to pay for Lord Bath's monument, together with Lord Bath's library.

To St. George's Hospital one thousand pounds.

To his housekeeper, and clerk of the kitchen, one hundred pounds each, and to all his other servants two years' wages and mourning.

To defray the charges of his funeral, five hundred pounds; and he desired to be buried in the same vault with his brother. The remainder of his personal estate, which was supposed to amount to at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, he gave to the Earl of Darlington, and his family, to be laid out in the purchase of lands, which were to be burthened with annuities of six hundred pounds per annum to the Earl's relations; Mr. Frederick Vane, two hundred pounds; Mrs. Frederick Vane, one hundred pounds; Mr. Raby Vane, two hundred pounds; and Lady Mary Carr, one hundred pounds.

Lord Darlington and his family were in the entail both of the Pulteney and Bradford estates, and to carry the above devises into execution, he created a trust for five hundred years to Lord Chetwynd and Mr. Burrard.

The executors to General Pulteney's will were Lord Darlington, Lord Chetwynd, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Burrard. To the two last he gave one hundred pounds per annum during their lives, for their trouble as executors.

CHAPTER VII.

1768—1771.

Theatrical Disputes — Mrs. Lessingham—Lessinda—Mrs. Bellamy—Macklin—King Lear—The Royal Merchant—Kenrick—Voltaire—Dr. Johnson—Mrs. Williams—General Charles Lee—Gentleman Smith—Death of Powell—Joseph Reed—Charles Holland—Death of Holland—Foote—David Ross—Thomas Linley — Miss Linley—R. B. Sheridan — William Kenrick—Mrs. Clive—James Love.

THE year 1768 does not present us with any correspondence which Colman might have considered of sufficient consequence to preserve, although he appears immediately after the commencement of his management to have been plunged into 'hot water,' independently of a dispute with the Drury Lane Proprietors, respecting the engagement of a Mrs. Lessingham, who could not have been much of an object, as neither Garrick nor Colman would give her a salary of four pounds a week. It was insisted, however, that the transfer of the services of the aforesaid lady was the real cause of the quarrel between the managers. In allusion to this, a periodical of the day remarked, that "It must excite the wonder and surprise, perhaps the pity, of the judicious part

of mankind, to see talents, knowledge, and education, of no avail to stifle in their births the deformed monsters of envy, suspicion, and revenge, which, from such trivial causes, are capable of rendering friends and brothers so very obnoxious to one another."

He had not only this altercation to contend with, however, but discord broke out amongst the "Four Kings of Brentford," and the nosegay was no longer attractive. Colman and Powell sided together, and were in array *versus* Harris and Rutherford. This dispute gave occasion to the publication of no less than four pamphlets, viz.

"A Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the Disputes subsisting between the Patentees of Covent Garden Theatre."

"A True State of the Difference subsisting between the Proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre. By George Colman and William Powell."

"The Conduct of the Four Managers of Covent Garden Theatre, freely and impartially examined, both with regard to their present Disputes and their past Management. In an Address to them, by a Frequenter of that Theatre."

"The Managers: a Comedy. As it is acted at Covent Garden."

To labour through these four pamphlets would be superfluous; a few passages known may be interesting.

"Of all the heavy charges urged by Messrs. Harris and Rutherford in their Narrative, we do not find one that stands unrefuted in Mr. Colman's 'True

State,' except the crime of having caused the play of Cymbeline to be represented to three or four full houses. If daily experience did not convince us that the most violent disputes arise from as ridiculous sources, it would excite our wonder that a difference so trivial in its cause, should be so serious in its consequences.

"Sixty thousand pounds is a sum not to be trifled with, or thrown away, without an imputation of madness or folly. We would, therefore, recommend it to all the parties, 'to send Janus his back-face home again;' and as they finished the old year with a foolish rupture, to distinguish the new one with a wise accommodation.

"It is but justice to take notice of the noble answer returned by Mr. Colman to the challenge sent him by Mr. Harris, contained in these words, amongst others: 'You are very welcome, Sir, to my life if you dare, any how, to hazard the taking of it.' The answer of Colman was, 'As to my daring to take your life, God knows I dare not do it; but you and every other man shall find that I dare, on all occasions, to defend my own.'

This Mrs. Lessingham, whosoever *rib* she might have been, certainly appears as the *bone* of contention between all parties.*

* George Ann Bellamy states in her memoirs, "Before the conclusion of the winter, the other two proprietors complained that they were made cyphers. They alleged that Mr. Colman and Mr. Powell took all the power to themselves, and were so expensive in the clothes and decorations, that they shared nothing, notwithstanding that the houses in general were crowded. When the next season commenced," she continues, "the disagreement

But there was at this period, a lover of litigation in the Theatre, in the person of Macklin; then, according to his own account sixty-eight years of age, although tradition made him nine years older.

between the patentees become public. This broke out afresh, upon account of a very strange dispute indeed, which was no other, than Mr. Colman's insisting that Mrs. Yates should appear in the character of Imogine in Cymbeline; a part in which she had been long established, and universally admired; and Messrs. Harris and Rutherford being equally strenuous that Mrs. Lessingham should have the preference. The beauty* and figure of the latter were, I allow, greatly in her favour; but she could by no means be said to surpass Mrs. Yates, who joined hard-earned science to her other great qualifications.

"A process was begun in consequence of this rupture, which tended only to benefit the gentlemen of the long robe; for in the sequel it produced no other effect."

Mrs. Bellamy informs us, that on the day of the representation of the English Merchant, Nov. 1767, she had caused an advertisement to be inserted in all the papers to the following purport, "Speedily will be published, a Letter from George Ann Bellamy to John Calcraft, Esq.," with this motto:

> "So comes the reck'ning when the banquet 's o'er,
> The dreadful reck'ning—and men smile no more."
>
> GAY.

"Just before the piece was going to begin," she writes, "Mr. Colman came into my dressing-room, and informed me, that, in consequence of my advertisement, Mr. Calcraft had been at his house vowing vengeance against the theatre, if I did not promise to give up all thought of such a publication, which he said was 'at once putting a dagger to his heart, and a pistol to his head.' He concluded, with many imprecations, that, 'if I did not at least give some time, he would not only put his threats into execution, but apply to the Lord Chamberlain to have me

* If Mrs. Bellamy allowed that Mrs. Lessingham was handsome, it may be believed that she was eminently beautiful: for eulogium on the score of personal charms from one professional lady to another, is of rare occurrence behind the scenes.

This elderly firebrand had returned from Ireland to the London boards, and brought out at Covent Garden his farce of the 'True Born Irishman,' (which had previously been produced with some

silenced.' Mr. Colman expressed some displeasure at the rudeness of Mr. Calcraft's behaviour, who departed abruptly. The manager, actuated, I doubt not, by a regard for me, used many arguments to make me give up the point: he then entreated that I would only defer the publication until the end of the season. At length, yielding to his reiterated entreaties, I gave him my promise that I would consent to his wishes." Mrs. Bellamy adds, "The rupture between the proprietors had now come to a crisis. This, as I was informed, rendered it necessary for Mr. Colman to get a paper signed by the performers, expressing their approbation of his management, and containing an acquiescence to be guided by his direction.

"This paper the manager brought to me, and desired I would sign it. Upon which I frankly told him, that as I was engaged to all four of the proprietors, it did not appear to me, at first sight, to be prudent, to sign any paper giving one a preference over the others. To which Mr. Colman replied, that, as by the articles which subsisted between him and the other proprietors, he was allowed to be the only 'acting manager,' he could see no impropriety in my signing a paper which merely related to that right. He then added, that he was so well assured I should, upon due reflection, be of his way of thinking, that he should leave the paper with me, and dine with me the next day. Mr. Colman was scarcely gone, before Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Woodward came in, and on the same business as the former, immediately exclaimed, 'have you signed it?' Upon my answering in the negative, but acknowledging that the paper was left with me for my consideration, Mr. Rutherford wanted me to show it to him. This I absolutely refused to do: saying, I wondered any gentleman who professed liberal sentiments could advise a breach of trust. He told me, that if he had got hold of it, he would have burnt it, as he was sure two capital performers had signed it, who would not have done so had another paper been presented in their favour (meaning the other proprietors). Upon which, I repeated what I had said before, adding, that I thought it, though trifling in itself, a breach of trust; and it therefore became an

success in Dublin), under the title of the 'Irish Fine Lady;' but the humour of the piece being entirely local, it met with so cold a reception, that it was withdrawn after the first night. With the

indispensable duty for me to keep it unseen. As soon as I had said this, Mr. Rutherford went away in anger. Mr. Woodward remained behind, and made use of every argument to dissuade me from signing it. He dwelt particularly on the ill-treatment I had received from Mr. Colman,—this, however, I ought to have attributed to Powell, not Colman.

"But at length, tired out with Mr. Woodward's solicitations, urged by my gratitude to him, and instigated by my usual indiscretion, I consented to his request. I accordingly sent back the paper to Mr. Colman, with a card enclosed, acquainting him that I desired to decline signing it: but hoped my refusal would not prevent me the favour of his company, agreeably to his own invitations. That gentleman, however, took no notice of my card, and from that time we became totally strangers. Thus was I once more overpersuaded, contrary to my own judgment, to pursue a measure, which, as will be seen in the sequel, turned out to be the most detrimental to my interest I could have chosen,—for on the expiration of my articles, I determined to retire to my house at Strand-on-the-Green, and wait the issue of whatever should happen. In a short time I received a visit from Mr. Cook, a gentleman belonging to a particular department of the theatre, who told me he was sorry to be the messenger of unwelcome news, but he came from Mr. Colman to inform me, that if I would accept of six pounds a week, he would engage me; if not, he should no longer look upon me as one of the company. Had Mr. Colman sent me a discharge, it would have carried with it more of that candour, by which his actions were generally guided.

"Mr. Harris called upon me, and seemed much hurt at the affair; he consoled me with the hopes of the suit being soon ended, when he assured me that I should be reinstated in my former situation.

"Some months after this, on meeting Mr. Harris, he again told me that Mr. Colman and the other proprietor were on the eve of being reconciled, and that I might depend upon being included as one of the first articles of the treaty. In a few days,

division amongst the managers of the theatre, it was in accordance with Macklin's bustling and litigious spirit to become a party embroiled, and he joined in the opposition to Colman. The consequence of this was, a paper war amongst the critics, and a more ruinous paper war amongst the proprietors, in the shape of a Chancery-suit. Macklin * got involved in this Chancery-suit, into which he entered with as much seeming spirit and alacrity, as if he had been the solicitor instead of the client. This suit continued for several years, and as Macklin always thought he understood whatever business he was engaged in better than anybody else, he undertook, himself, to answer all the bills in Chancery.

"We have seen several of Macklin's replies to these bills," says Mr. Cooke, in his memoirs of this eminent actor, "and, to do the solicitor justice, they did not disgrace the profession by an improper brevity. The causes of complaint we must confess

Mr. Harris made an appointment to meet me in London, and came a full hour before the time. I believe he would not have been displeased, had I disobeyed his summons; for the moment he came in, I could not avoid observing, from his manner of accosting me, that all was not right: nor was I deceived; for Mr. Harris was no sooner seated, than he informed me that the proprietors were reconciled, and added that he had mentioned an engagement for me; but Mr. Leake † not seconding it, as he expected, it was not to be procured, as, upon the first mention of it, Mr. Colman had declared that he would sooner see the theatre in flames and himself in the midst of it, than consent to my ever being of the company."

* See Cooke's Memoirs of Macklin.

† Mr. Leake was the purchaser of Mr. Rutherford's share of the Covent Gardan Patent.

to be numerous, and some of them very frivolous. After a wearisome contest of many years, which must have interrupted Macklin greatly in his own profession, he obtained his cause; a victory which, taking into account his loss of time, uneasiness, &c., left him little better than an empty boast, and a fresh memorial, 'that in being too busy there is some danger.'"

Notwithstanding their disputes, the managers could not be professionally abused for bringing forward so charming a piece, in this season, as Bickerstaffe's Lionel and Clarissa; such a comedy as Goldsmith's Good-natured Man; or, Murphy's Zenobia, which proved to be, according to the taste of the time, a most successful performance. It gave the opportunity of introducing two highly accomplished artists in new parts, Barry and Mrs. Dancer, both of whom were much applauded by the critics of the day. Bickerstaffe also added another very pleasant comic drama, called The Absent Man, adapted from Regnard's "Le Distrait."

Colman, in this season too, appears to have acquired considerable credit for the style in which he revived the play of Cymbeline; and his alteration of Tate's adaptation of King Lear gave unusual satisfaction. The chief motive that induced Mr. Colman to become an editor of "King Lear," may be collected from the following paragraph of the advertisement prefixed to the play:

"To reconcile the catastrophe of Tate to the story of Shakspeare, was the first grand object which I proposed to myself in this alteration, think-

ing it one of the principal duties of my situation to render every drama submitted to the public as consistent and rational an entertainment as possible. In this kind of employment one person cannot do a great deal; yet if every director of the theatre will endeavour to do a little, the stage will every day be improved, and become more worthy of attention and encouragement. 'Romeo,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Every Man in his Humour,' have long been refined from the dross that hindered them from being current with the public; and I have now endeavoured to purge the tragedy of Lear of the alloy of Tate, which has so long been suffered to debase it."

After a fair comparison of Mr. Colman's labours with the original play of Shakspeare, and the alterations of Tate, we are convinced that he has accomplished much more than he professed to undertake. His transpositions of many scenes and passages of Shakspeare are as happy as his restorations, and must have demanded the most minute and attentive revisal of both the plays. There is a self-denial in these labours, diametrically opposite to the vanity and ostentation of other literary undertakings. In this case the editor retreats from applause, and the spectator is often obliged to him for adding force or grace to a passage, the merit of which is wholly ascribed to the original author. It is, therefore, with particular pleasure we seize this opportunity of giving the editor that praise which he does not demand; and we are of opinion that the tragedy of Lear, in its present form, does honour to the director of the stage whereon it is

exhibited, and must undoubtedly supersede the play of Tate; for the chief merit of Colman's edition consists in placing the merits of Shakspeare in the fairest light.

Colman also, in the season 1767-8, produced The Royal Merchant, an opera, founded on Beaumont and Fletcher, to which was prefixed the following advertisement:*

"Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedy of The Royal Merchant has ever been esteemed one of their most natural and capital productions; yet, interesting as the story is, and excellent as most parts of the writing are, it is remarkable that it seldom or never attracted the notice it seemed to deserve.

"This consideration induced the present editor to try whether it might not be rendered more generally agreeable, by the embellishment of music; and he was the rather tempted to make this experiment, from the romantic turn of the fable, and singularity of the characters in this play, which appeared to him peculiarly calculated for an opera."

During this season, for some supposed personality, Colman was assailed by an attack in the shape of "A Poetical Epistle to George Colman," from William Kenrick.

George Colman the younger says, Kenrick† seems

* Altered by Thomas Hull.

† "This author," remarks the Biographia Dramatica, "with considerable abilities, was neither happy nor successful. Few persons were ever less respected by the world, still fewer have created so many enemies, or dropped into the grave so little regretted by their contemporaries."

to have been a bilious character, repeatedly attacking men more intellectually gifted than himself, and taking Literary Bulls, such as Dr. Johnson and others, by the horns.

Kenrick wrote this epistle to show that he was greatly injured by Colman's having insinuated that there was the least resemblance between Mr. W. Kenrick and Mr. Spatter, a character in The English Merchant; a fellow whose heart, and tongue, and pen, are equally scandalous. Kenrick also addressed an Epistle to James Boswell, Esq., occasioned by his having transmitted the moral writings of Dr. Johnson, to Paschal Paoli. Kenrick's object was notoriety; but it appears that Johnson, Colman, and Boswell, disdained to answer him. He applied to Colman for some favours—a proof, after having traduced him, of his despicable character.

The following letter from Voltaire, appears to have been written on Colman presenting him, together with his other Dramas, the Play of The English Merchant, founded on Voltaire's Comedy of L'Ecossaise. With his usual *tournure* and vanity floating on the surface, he cannot help informing the author who has built upon his groundwork, of the great success of his *own* play; of its having been acted in all the theatres of Europe, from Petersburg to Bruxelles, though only composed for his private amusement, and of the admirable portrait he has drawn in it, of an original whom he never saw. The phrase of "*furieusement embelli*" is somewhat equivocal; and looks a little like a

sneer, couched in the compliments bestowed upon the English poet.

" au Chateau de Ferney par Genêve,
15° 9bre 1768.

" Si je pourrais écrire de ma main, Monsieur, je prendrais la liberté de vous remercier en anglais du present que vous me faites de vos charmantes comédies ; et si j'étais jeune je viendrais les voir jouer à Londres.

" Vous avez furieusement embelli l'Ecossaise que vous avez donnée sous le nom de Fréeport, qui est en effet le meilleur personnage de la piéce. Vous avez fait ce que je n'ai osé faire ; vous punissez votre Fréron à la fin de la comedie. J'avais quelque répugnance à faire paraître plus longtems ce polisson sur le théatre ; mais vous êtes un meilleur sherif que moi : vous voulez que justice soit rendue ; et vous avez raison.

" Lorsque je m'amusai à composer cette petite Comédie pour la faire representer sur mon théatre à Ferney, nôtre société d'acteurs et d'actrices me conseilla de mettre ce Fréron sur la scene, comme un personnage dont il n'y avoit point encore d'exemple. Je ne le connaie point—je ne le connais point. Je ne l'ai vu, mais on m'a dit que je l'avais peint trait pour trait.

" Lorsqu'on joua depuis cette piece à Paris, ce croquant était à la premiére representation ; il fut reconnu dès les premieres lignes. On ne cessa de battre des mains, de le huer, et de le bafouer ; et tout le public à la fin de la piece le reconduisit hors de la salle avec des éclats de rire. Il a eu l'avantage d'être joué et berné sur tous les théatres de l'Europe depuis Petersbourg jusqu'à Bruxelles. Il est bon de nettoier quelquefois le temple des muses de ses araignées. il me parait que vous avez aussi vos Frérons à Londres ; mais il ne sont pas si plats que les nôtres.

" Continuez, Monsieur, à enrichir le public de vos très agréables ouvrages. J'ai l'honneur d'être avec toute l'estime que vous meritez,

Monsieur,

Votre très humble et très

obéissant Serviteur

VOLTAIRE,

gentilhomme ordre de la Chambre du Roy.

A Monsieur Monsieur Colman,
Directeur des Spectacles etca
à Londres.

The following remarkable instance of longevity occurred in 1768:—" December 10, 1768, died Philip Polfreman, aged nearly 100, a box-keeper at the play-house in Covent-garden; he had saved 10,000*l*." Excellent theatrical times! the box-keeper better off than the manager!

Johnson contrived to influence the managers in the interest of his protégé, Mrs. Williams. In a letter from him to Mrs. Carter, dated Gough-square, January 14, 1756, and addressed to Colman, he says:—" I am soliciting a benefit for Miss Williams, and beg that if you can, by letters, influence any in her favour, (and who is there whom you cannot influence?) you will be pleased to patronise her on this occasion. Yet, for the time is short, and as you were not in town, I did not till this day remember that you might help us, and recollect how widely and how rapidly light is diffused."

Mrs. Anna Williams was the daughter of a Welch surgeon and physician; who, fancying he had discovered the longitude, was disappointed in his speculations, and reduced to poverty. A cataract had deprived his daughter of her sight, when she became the protégé and intimate friend of Doctor Johnson's wife. On the death of Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Williams experienced the constant humanity and protection of the Doctor. Among other acts of kindness, he procured a benefit for her, from Garrick, in the year 1756, at Drury Lane Theatre, by which she obtained two hundred pounds. She published, although blind, a translation, from the French, of the Life of the Emperor Julian, with notes; and a volume, also, of Miscellanies in prose and verse. She died at Johnson's house, in Bolt Court, aged seventy-seven years.*

"SIR, January 17, 1769.

"Since your kind promise of a benefit for Mrs. Williams, my friend, Mr. Strahan, has obtained the concurrence of all the other partners, except Mr. Powell, to whom I have written, and who delays his answer till he has consulted you: as you will not counsel him to refuse what you have yourself granted, I suppose, he will make no objection, and therefore entreat you to give us, as soon as you can, the play which you think most proper, and appoint us the day which can first be spared. You can, perhaps, give us the choice of several plays, but we know not how to choose so well as you, and therefore hope that you will contrive to make your favour as efficacious as you can.

"You will, therefore, I hope, turn this business in your

* See Hawkins's Life of Johnson, Boswell's Life of Johnson, &c.

mind, and favour me as soon as you can with your determination.

I am Sir, your most humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON."

To George Colman, Esq.

The following letters are from an individual who made an unfortunate figure in his day, Mr. Charles Lee. He was a colonel in the English army, and had previously served in Poland. He thought proper, in the famous American war, to commence fighting the battle of the colonies against the mother country. This first epistle to Colman was dated, however, nine years prior to his desertion.

"DEAR COLMAN, Warsaw, May 8, 1769.

"You must undoubtedly think me a very extraordinary person, that, on a slender acquaintance, I should have saddled you with the curation of my affairs, and afterwards not think it worth my while to write to you even a civil note. Such as a common acquaintance, who had conferred no obligation, might have expected. The truth is I have expected every day to be ascertained of my destiny, and then intended to have given you a circumstantial plan of my operations; but as this day is as remote in all appearance as ever, I should be guilty of a monstrous neglect in any farther delaying to pay the tribute of friendship which I so sensibly owe.

"Believe, my dear Sir, that I most sincerely love and honour you, and this love and honour is founded on so solid a basis that I have dared to neglect a form which would not be pardoned by a person who is not really an object of love and esteem.

"I have been in this place two months, waiting for an opportunity to join the Russian army, and am afraid that I shall be obliged to wait a month longer, the communications

being so filled with the offals of the Confederates (who are themselves a banditti) that it is impossible to stir ten yards without an escort of Russians. The English are less secure than others, as they are esteemed the arch-enemies of the holy faith. A French comedian was the other day near being hanged from the circumstance of wearing a bob-wig, which by the Confederates is supposed to be the uniform of the English nation. I wish to God that three branches of your Legislature would take it into their heads to travel through the woods of Poland in bob wigs. The first opportunity that will offer will be the present Ambassador, who it is said will now be succeeded in ten days; but this has been so long said, that I begin to despair of any opportunity offering till the whole is over. The Turks have already got a drubbing at Chotsin. If I should not arrive till all is over I have made a wise journey of it. I believe it would break my heart, for I have an unspeakable curiosity to see this campaign, though in fact I believe it will be but a ridiculous one. If not quite like that of Harlequin and Scapin, it will resemble that of Wilkes and Talbot.* The Russians can gain nothing by beating their enemy, and the Turks are confoundedly afraid. I wish by practice to make myself a soldier for purposes honest, but which I shall not mention.

I think, after the campaign, of passing through Hungary and spending the ensuing winter in the South of Italy, Sicily, or some of the Islands in the Icarian, or Ægean Sea. You are a scholar and know where these seas are. As to England, I am resolved not to set my foot in it, till the virtue which I believe to exist in the body of the people can be put in motion. I have good reasons for it: my spirits and temper were much affected by the measures of which I was witness,—measures moderate, laudable, and virtuous in comparison of what has been transacted since. To return solemn thanks to the Crown for the

* The papers entitled the "North Briton," written by Wilkes, occasioned a duel between him and Lord Talbot.

manifestly corrupt dissipation of its enormous revenues, and an impudent demand on the public to repair this dissipation, is pushing servility farther than the rascally Senate of Tiberius was guilty of. In this light it is considered by all those with whom I converse of every nation, even those who have the least idea of the dignity of liberty. The Austrians and Russians laugh and hoot at us; in fine, it is looked upon as the consummation of human baseness—as the *coup de grace* to our freedom and national honour.

You will say it is being a pleasant correspondent, to give you my comments in what passes under your own eyes, and being entirely silent on the transactions of this country, which you may be supposed to have some curiosity to be acquainted with. You will scarcely think me serious, when I assure you that I am as totally a stranger to them as yourself, as any man in England, as my Lord Mayor Humphrey Gates I am sure must know fifty times more of the matter. I see that the country is in one general state of confusion, filled with devastation and murder. I hear every day of the Russians beating the Confederates, but as to what the Russians, what the Confederates, what the body of the nation propose, I am utterly ignorant, though no more I believe than they are themselves. Their method of carrying on war is about as gentle as ours was in America with the Shawenese and Delawares. The Confederates hang up all the Russians (generally by the feet) who fall into their clutches, and the Russians put to the sword the Confederates. The Russian Cossacks have an admirable *sang froid* in these executions. The other day at a place called Rava, forty or fifty Conservatives were condemned to the bayonet, but as they were tolerably well dressed, they were desired to strip for the ceremony, the Cossacks not choosing to make any holes in their coats. The situation of the King is really to be lamented. Notwithstanding he wears a Crown, he is an honest virtuous man, and a friend to the rights of mankind.

" I could say many things on this subject, *digna literis*

nostris, sed non committenda ejusmodi periculo, ut aut interire aut aperiri aut intercipi possint.

" I hope your kindness has not entailed any trouble upon you with respect to my affairs.* I hope Mr. Eyre has been punctual in his payment. I wrote to him from London, acquainting him with your powers. If you should pass by Mr. Hoare's, I beg you will tell him that I writ to him from Munich, requesting him to send me, if possible, a letter of credit to Warsaw, and to give credit to a Captain William Spry for surveying my lands in St. John's. How does the hallowed Juliet? It is inconceivable how much I am interested for the success and welfare of that girl. If she does not succeed (but this is impossible) I wish you could persuade her to marry me and settle in America. My respects to Mrs. Colman, and that I am most sincerely hers. Adieu, my dear friend, *et tibi persuadeas te à me fraterne amari.*

CHARLES LEE."

" My love to Rice: when he can find time and matter I wish he would write. The best news he can send me, is that of his being married to the Princess of Wales, or any widow with vast interest and income. Are the women blind or mad, in not seizing so inestimable a prize?

" Direct to me chez le Prince General de Podolie, Varsovie. You know Fawkner? Ask him if he did not receive a long letter from me from this place. I am apprehensive that it has miscarried; for the posts are frequently cut off by the Confederates. Tell him from me (but this I request you will not mention to a third person,) that I hope he will not sell any land to purchase a company. He had better borrow the money; all I can muster shall be at his service, which will go a good way. I forgot to mention this

* Affairs which were foisted upon Mr. Colman, as it is evident, from the expressions in the beginning of this letter; and he ultimately declined to communicate with Lee, considering him a dangerous correspondent, whose political principles were utterly repugnant to his own feelings.

in my letter. For God's sake make Rice procure me one of Elliot's dragoon casks; if Sir William Erskine is about town he may ask him for one in my name; it is for the King of Poland. It must be sent to Mr. Montague's in Lincoln's Inn-fields."

" My Dear Colman, Vienna, March 16, 1770.

" As I do not know who Mr. Gratton is, or how to direct to him, I must beg you will thank him for his letter. I suppose he is a person you have employed to superintend my small affairs. I dare say he is able and honest from your confidence, and I am extremely happy not only on my own account, but on your's principally, that you will be discharged from any farther trouble.* He will oblige me in desiring Mr. Hoare to send a letter of credit for me to Leghorn, as I shall certainly set out in three days for Italy. I have recovered my force in some degree, but am yet far from right; my plan is to bathe in the sea for six weeks, and then go through a course of waters at Viterbo, or some others that are recommended to me in the Upper Valois. I should have liked to embark in the Russian fleet; some days I find myself in health, spirits, and strength, sufficient to undertake it; but I am *journalier*, and on the whole, therefore, had better let it alone; but I shall regulate myself by my future feelings.

" I long to be with you in England—I mean with you, and four or five whom I sincerely love; but dread the agitations I should be thrown into by the too slow progress of public virtue. Let the hallowed Sir George Savile, honour, and the genius of England, triumph over tyranny, corruption, Grafton, North, and the devil; and I will hasten to participate the joy: or should the sword of our good angel be

* Garton was the name of the person to whom this paragraph alludes; he was Treasurer of Covent Garden Theatre, and a private agent of Mr. Colman. By his turning over Lee to this *factotum*, it would appear that he was desirous to get rid of a disagreeable correspondent.

unsheathed, my puny dagger shall contribute its mite of annoyance to the breast of despotism and wickedness. You will excuse my not delivering myself like a man of this world ;—I never can on so heating a subject.

" I wish I could muster up wit or news to entertain you, but I am unfurnished with both, unless you will consider as an article of news my being enamoured of a royal family, but I really am smitten with the reigning one of this country. The women are all divinely handsome, gracious, unaffected, and civil, without the air of protection. The Emperor will, I believe, one day make a figure, at least comparatively with the sad automata of sceptered herd. He sent for me the other day, and suffered me to converse with him for an hour, as he was curious to have a detail of the Turkish war. I was not much surprised at his having so good an idea of this, but could not help admiring his general knowledge of what has passed in America, of the geography of the country, and what is more, of the interest of Great Britain with respect to it. In short, I have heard of monarchs, who are more concerned in the subject, not quite so well acquainted with it. Since I began this letter I am told a circular letter of credit will be better, on Leghorn, Genoa, and Milan : if Mr. Gratton will inform Mr. Hoare of it, he will oblige me. If Davers is in town let him know I have received his letter, and will answer it from Venice. Ask my Lord Thanet if he has received a long letter from me. I wish you would make Rice write to me; he has time, you have none. Let him give me the politics and the progress of cuckoldom ; let him direct to me at Venice. I find by Mr. Gratton's letter Mr. Eyre has not yet paid ; he must do it. Adieu, my dear Colman,

Your's most affectionately,

C. Lee."

" My service to Mrs. Colman ; and if you see Fawkner desire he will write to me at Venice. I have sent him two letters, one to Hall, without receiving an answer."

The foregoing letters prove the restless and ungovernable spirit of General Lee. In reference to this singular character, the following notices, which do not redound to his honour or credit, appeared in the newspapers of 1777.

"Newport, Rhode Island, Jan. 5, 1777.

"'Now for news!' It is a certain truth, that General Lee is taken prisoner by Colonel Harcourt, at the head of forty light dragoons, and is now being tried by a Court Martial for desertion. I make no doubt that he will be shot; for he was a promoter of rebellion, and a disturber of the peace of mankind. He was taken by stratagem: a scouting party of the light horse met a farmer carrying despatches from him to Washington, and threatened him with the loss of life if he did not carry them to the place where Lee was, which he instantly complied with. Before they took him, I am informed he shot a cornet of the light horse.

"Several accounts have been given of the circumstances of taking General Lee, but none of them are accurate. It happened thus:—Upon the countryman's showing Colonel Harcourt the house where the General and his party was, he instantly rode up, and summoned the people in it to surrender. The answer was a volley of musquetry from behind an old wall, which gave Colonel Harcourt a slight wound, killed two of his men, and wounded others. Upon this the house was again summoned, with a threat that if they did not instantly surrender, every man in it should be put to the sword. This brought out General Lee, who fell on his knees to Colonel Harcourt, with his sword in his hand. Suddenly, however, recovering his panic, he flew into a violent rant of his having for a moment attained the supreme command. He gave many signs of wildness, and of a mind not perfectly right.

"You will hear the news of 900 Hessians being taken by the enemy by the following stratagem. A ship of ours being taken with clothing for a number of men, Lee dressed his people in their clothes. The Hessians mistook them for British troops, and were surrounded and taken, but have been since rescued by General Leslie. The surprise and defeat of the Hessian brigade (who formed the *corps de reserve*, and were posted to cover the rear) at Trentown in New Jersey, was owing entirely to their considering themselves too secure, and despising the enemy, who they imagined would never dare to attack them. General Lee, however, disguised in the habit of a peasant, reconnoitred their situation, and formed a very masterly, and (as it turned out) a very successful plan for attacking them; only 350 escaping out of 1800, leaving all their plunder behind them, which was very considerable, as they had been nearly four months in collecting it. It is added, that General Lee, a few days after the above action, was taken prisoner by a detached party of our troops, as he was reconnoitering. He was disguised in the dress of a farmer, and was discovered by a provincial deserter, who had seen him often at the camp. General Lee, at the time of his being taken, commanded an army of 9000 men, and was marching to the relief of Philadelphia.

"We are told from New York, that the Americans are coming in daily, more from interest than love. I have conversed with many. I find which way their inclination is; for I believe to a man they are fanatics in their religious principles, and republicans in their notions of government. They look upon a Briton as a hard task-master; they say that for their sins the Lord permits them to be punished by an Egyptian bondage; but they hope in his good time that he will take them into favour; and that they will rise superior to all their enemies, as they are determined, since they can do no better, to wait with patience and resignation until the time comes that they shall give laws to the whole

world; that with all their meekness and religion they don't want for ambition. For these notions they are obliged to General Lee, who told them that all the world could not conquer them if they were united. Our commander in this place is General Clinton, whom Lee had some advantage over at Carolina. What trifles buoy up little minds! He was so elated with his success, that he said he would follow Clinton to the gates of hell!

"Doubts have arisen about the capture of General Lee; but there is in reality no doubt about it, and the stroke is one of the heaviest upon the Americans which they have experienced. It is a fact that the safety of their army at Kingsbridge was entirely owing to his advice. General Washington had determined to hazard a general engagement, but Lee expostulated with him strongly upon that idea, assuring him that his whole army must infallibly be cut to pieces, and that nothing could save it; that his only business was to decamp in the night. Washington was alarmed enough to take the advice, very fortunately for them all. Had he then fought, Lee's prediction would certainly have been verified, for nothing could have saved them.

"On Monday last Mr. Charles Lee was brought to this city from Brunswick, and put into the custody of a strong guard."

"DEAR SIR, New York, January 2, 1777.

"Yesterday General Lee and Colonel Robert Livinstone were brought to town from the Jerseys, and confined in the Old City Hall. They were taken in the house of Captain Richards, about a mile from Trentown. I went this morning to the City Hall to see my relation, poor Livinstone: he made my heart ache to see him weep, and lament. He said he would have made his peace agreeably to the Commissioner's proclamation some time ago, but General Lee advised him to keep his hands clear of it, as it was only a trap to kidnap people."

"DEAR FRIEND, Dover, Feb. 27, 1777.

"I am just arrived here from Paris, in an ill state of health, but hope to see you in a few days. The morning before I left Paris, advice was received there that General Howe had left New York, and had gone with the greatest part of his troops to attack Boston, and that General Lee was put on board His Majesty's ship, the Eagle; the ship on board of which Lord Howe has his flag.

"It is now confidently asserted, that General Lee is not coming over to England, but that orders are already dispatched to General Howe to try him there by martial law, first for a breach of a certain section of the articles of war in flying from his colours as an English officer, and aiding and assisting the enemy in their rebellious attack upon the King's forces."

General Lee, who must have been afflicted with a species of lunacy, was tried by a Court Martial, and suspended for a year from all his functions. He then retired from the service, and died at Philadelphia, October 2, 1782. The following extract from his will is amusing:—

"I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or church-yard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house; for since I have resided in this country I have kept so much bad company while living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead."

The following letter is from Mr. W. Smith, known subsequently as 'Gentleman Smith,' and as the actor who made it an indispensable condition in his engagements 'that his face was never to be blackened'—probably he knew that he could not act Othello; nor

was he ever 'to be lowered down a trap;' by which it would seem he was apprehensive of endangering his genteel comedy legs.

Smith had heard that death had snatched away Powell, the co-partner of Colman, Harris, and Rutherford. His feelings on this melancholy report, contrast well with the postscript of his letter:

"DEAR SIR, Ipswich, June 30, 1769.

"We have a melancholy report here, of Mr. Powell's death. I hope it is not true, but should it be so, perhaps his share in the patent, or part of it, may be to be disposed of. May I ask for your advice, how to proceed in my application, in this affair? I flatter myself in thinking that you would have no reason to repent of my connection with you, and shall be much obliged to you for your assistance, and for a line directed to me at Leiston Hall, near Saxmundham, Suffolk, where I shall stay till next month.

I am, Sir,

Your very sincere, and obedient humble servant,

W. SMITH.

To Geo. Colman, Esq.

"P. S.—We have had but little sport at the races, but I have been rather on the fortunate side."

George Colman the younger, records of Smith in 1820, that he had then lately died at a very advanced period of life, having retired from the stage in 1788. He was the hero of his day, *faute de mieux* perhaps, as to tragedy, in the Richards, Macbeths, Kitelys, Archers, &c.; and was the original Charles Surface, in The School for Scandal.

From Smith's restlessness as an actor, the manager seems to have had a lucky escape from him as a partner. The report of Powell's death was confirmed by the following letter to Colman, from the Rev. Sir James Stonhouse, Bart., written, as it appears, immediately after the event:

"DEAR SIR, Bristol, July 3, 1769.

"I am truly concerned to acquaint you, that Mr. Powell died this evening, at seven o'clock. I write this by Mrs. Powell's desire, whose distress is very great indeed. I make no doubt of your being a friend to the widow and the fatherless, and that you will *immediately* take every prudent caution to secure them in their property, and prevent her share in the house from being sold. She will be happy in having you for her counsellor and protector."

Powell was a great loss to the stage, and his demise appears to have deeply affected a highly respectable circle of private friends. He made his first appearance at Drury Lane in 1763, in the character of Philaster, having been introduced to Mr. Garrick by his friend, Mr. Holland, two or three months before the manager went to Italy. His success was so great, that this tragedy brought crowded houses during that season. He afterwards appeared in several other characters; but for want of sufficient study and attention, his execution was not always adequate to his feelings. In 1767 he was admitted to a fourth share of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. He was also one of the managers of the new theatre at Bristol, where he went to perform with his summer company. He died, after a severe

illness, in July 1769, and was buried in the College-church there, with great funeral honours, attended by the Dean and whole choir, who sung an anthem on the mournful occasion. He was much esteemed, both as an actor and a private gentleman.

The Covent Garden property must, at this period, have been deemed a successful speculation; which is fairly to be attributed to the industry and talent of Colman; as various competitors started for the share lately held by Powell. Amongst other competitors, was Joseph Reed, Esq. This gentleman is recorded as "Reed the rope-maker." He wrote several pieces for the stage; among them the Tragedy of "Dido," by which he is best known. This play was revived for John Palmer's benefit at Drury Lane, in the year 1797. Mrs. Siddons, on this occasion, acted Dido. At the present day, we cannot pretend to judge of his merit, but as a rope-maker, *some* of his *lines* must have been much better than those we have seen.

"Sun Tavern Fields,

"DEAR SIR, London, July 6, 1769.

"I most sincerely condole with you on the death of poor Powell, as I am convinced it is an incident that will greatly affect you. From some late favourable accounts of his disorder, I was in great hopes of his recovery; but as fate has determined otherwise, we must submit.

"I have this afternoon been warmly advised by a friend to endeavour to purchase the share of your deceased colleague in the property of Covent Garden Theatre; but as it is so hazardous an undertaking, I am resolved not to proceed in

the affair without your advice, nay, let me add, without your concurrence. A theatrical connexion with you were

'A consummation devoutly to be wished,'

as, from a consciousness of your integrity, and the rectitude of your management, I am convinced that it would be my inclination as well as interest to continue your fast friend and ally; but I would not even think of such a purchase, unless my being a partner in the property would be agreeable to Mr. Colman.

"As, therefore, Mr. Powell's theatrical property will, in all likelihood, be disposed of, I could wish you would favour me with your sentiments on the occasion. If I can have the preference, I should endeavour to make the bargain advantageous to Mrs. Powell, by an annuity, besides the stipulated price.

"As I have thus freely unbosomed my intention, I have only to desire of you to keep the subject of this letter a secret. I should not have made so recent an application, if I had not been assured by my friend there was no time to be lost. I am, &c. Jos. Reed.

"P.S.—I desire my best compliments to your good lady."*

Amongst the warm friends of Powell was Charles Holland, the actor, his partner in the Bristol Theatre. Charles Holland was a pupil of Garrick, under whose tuition he made some proficiency, and when that great actor left London to make the tour of Italy for his health, he became, with George Garrick, Lacy, and Powell, acting manager. He was very useful, and had great requisites for a capital performer—a

* At the end of this letter appears, as a Memorandum, in Mr. Colman's hand-writing, "No Sale."

fine appearance,a strong melodious voice, and a good understanding; in short, he was a favourite with the public, of which by industry and application he rendered himself worthy. He introduced Powell to Garrick, and, though Powell was his rival and superior, they were friends through life.

The following Prologue was written by the elder Colman, and recited by Holland, on the night appropriated to the benefit of the family of Mr. Powell, at the Theatre at Bristol.

" When fancied sorrows wake the player's art,
A short-lived anguish seizes on the heart:
Tears, real tears he sheds, feels real pain,
But, the dream vanish'd, he 's himself again.
No such relief, alas! his bosom knows,
When the sad tear from home-felt sorrow flows:
Passions cling round the soul, do all we can—
He plays no part, and can't shake off the man.
Where'er I tread, where'er I turn my eyes,
Of my lost friend new images arise.
Can I forget, that, from our earliest age,
His talents known, I led him to the stage?
Can I forget this circle in my view,
His first great pride—to be approv'd by you?
His soul, with ev'ry tender feeling bless'd,
The holy flame of gratitude possess'd.
Soft as the stream yon sacred springs impart,
The milk of human kindness warm'd his heart.
Peace, peace be with him!—May the present stage
Contend, like him, your favour to engage!
May we, like him, deserve your kindness shown;
Like him, with gratitude, that kindness own!
So shall our art pursue the noblest plan,
And each good actor prove an honest man.

The following note was addressed by Holland to Colman, on receiving this prologue :

"DEAR COLMAN, Bristol, July 12, 1769.

"I have shed more tears over your Prologue this morning, than ever I shed over any part in my life. I do assure you it affects me so strongly, that I am apprehensive I shall not be able to give it utterance. I suppose I shall be applied to by all the printers here for a copy to print by, but shall part with none till I have your directions about it. There is a prospect of a vast house on Friday, which gives a most heartfelt pleasure to

Your much obliged humble Servant,

CHA. HOLLAND."

Alas! Holland was as suddenly snatched from existence as his friend Powell had been. He died on the 7th of December following.

Holland was the son of a baker at Chiswick; and after having been apprenticed to a turpentine merchant in the city, whom he duly served, he applied to the managers of Drury Lane Theatre for an engagement, and under the tuition of Garrick, made considerable proficiency. The author of 'The Egotist' thus characterises Holland: "His understanding was strong, his manners were engaging, and his principles upright. Generous without parade, he was frugal without parsimony; and perfectly acquainted with the value of independence, he sensibly pursued every laudable method to obtain it. A life of rectitude was closed by a death of resignation. The being he preserved without reproach he shook off without terror, and quitted this sublunary sphere an ornament to religion, as he had filled it, an honour to society."

Foote being a legatee, as well as one of the

bearers appointed by Holland's will, attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, which had a subduing effect upon his vivacity, and he was there even affected to tears. On his return to town, however, he called in at the Bedford Coffee-house, where an acquaintance questioning him as to his having been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland; he replied in the affirmative, "Yes, poor fellow! I have just seen him shoved into the family oven!"

The following letter from David Ross, in reply to one from Colman respecting an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, is characteristic of the actor. George Colman the Younger remarks, "There is a querulous spirit running through this epistle, common to men of talent (which Ross certainly possessed), whose disappointments arise from their own neglect and improvidence." Churchill has some lines, which contain as much truth as wit, in respect to Ross's indolence and apathy as an actor:

> "Ross (a misfortune which we often meet),
> Was fast asleep at dear Statyra's feet;
> Statyra, with her hero to agree,
> Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he."

"DEAR COLMAN, Birmingham, Sept. 9, 1769.

"I received your's at Stratford, but had no opportunity of answering it then, therefore write from my first stage on bad paper, which you must excuse. The only terms I can or will accept of are these: an article for five years, this and four more, four hundred pounds for the season, and the parts I played at the theatre when I left it, if I choose to perform them. I was amazed you should think it worth your while

to think of an objection between twelve pounds and the money I ask; as you played last year it was not £.12. It is so inconsiderable, that if it was not to satisfy my vanity, I would not be sent off and called on, as occasion and necessity require. However, you are to study for yourself. I have fixed my resolution, and nothing but these terms can induce me to quit my own little farm. For my own part I had rather engage for next season than this; let a season go on to forget Mr. Powell. However, if you want my assistance, you know my terms. Write to me to Edinburgh, distinguish me, as there are a hundred with David Ross; or to the Castle Hill, that will do. I was much amazed at your mentioning Bob Bensley in opposition to me. I wish Bob well, but must say he is more indebted to your friendship than his own merit, for his situation on the stage. He should do Altamont in that play was I to cast it. I intended to get up the 'Double Dealer,' Mr. Yates, Lord Touchwood; Woodward, Brush, Shuter, Sir Paul Smith, and Bob, the 'Two Gentlemen,' 'Harry the Eighth,' 'Measure for Measure,' 'Cato,' 'Brutus,' and business that had not been seen for some years. These, with a pantomime, or a singing piece, would have been of some service. If a man is of real use, a hundred pounds is no object, much less the paltry trifle I asked, but I had my own reasons, and my own feelings, which cannot be altered; however, I am glad we saw one another, and renewed our old acquaintance. Something may start up; a mad apprentice and a mad town is always gaping for novelty. As I am now on my way, the expense and fatigue of returning would be too much for this season. I hope to be in London by the beginning of April, and will prepare my private matters to be disposed of, if you can come into my terms. If you find you don't want me, or the trifle I ask is a matter of consequence, our treaty ends, and I hope we shall ever continue as friends.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

DAVID ROSS.

"P.S.—On second thought I think it better to wait here the return of post at the Swan."

The memorandum affixed to this letter is answered "His old terms for three years."

Mr. Thomas Linley is still fresh in memory for his science in music, and his taste and genius in that composition which is produced by "the concord of sweet sounds." His private character also was most respectable, and there are some traditional anecdotes among his surviving friends relative to his pleasant manners and his *bon mots*. The daughter, of whom he writes, in the following letter, was the Miss Linley so much admired for her sweet singing and her beauty; who became the first wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It seems from this letter, that the interests of the conductors of Oratorios in Covent Garden were in some sort connected then, as they are now, with those of the theatre.

"DEAR SIR, Bath, Oct. 11, 1770.

"You are desirous of knowing my real sentiments in regard to my daughter's performing in London, therefore I will be as plain as I can. I think, as she has acquired a reputation, I ought to have the advantage of her first performing in London myself; and as the public rooms in London are open to me upon the same terms as to all other performers, there is a great probability that I may get more than the sum Mr. Toms* offers, by my attempt-

* Toms, the compiler of the Music for Bickerstaffe's "Love in a Village." He was employed in the musical arrangements at Covent Garden Theatre. The offer he had made to Linley is to be understood as for Colman and the other proprietors.

ing a concert on my own account, should I determine to come to London. It is contrary to my inclination that my daughter should sing at either house for the Oratorios, or any where else in London where I am not myself a principal in the undertaking; for were I properly settled in London, I think I could conduct the business of Oratorios myself, whenever an opportunity offered for me to attempt it. Therefore I do not relish the giving the prime of my daughter's performance to support the schemes of others. You desired that I would speak my mind; I do so, but you may suppose I should not choose that this should pass your own breast. Notwithstanding this, as you seem so strenuous that I should engage with them, if Mr. Toms will give me two hundred guineas, and a clear benefit, for which my daughter shall have the choice of any Oratorio that has been before performed, she shall come, otherwise I think it most to my advantage to take my chance whenever I come to London.

"In regard to engaging her as an actress, I shall never do that, unless it were to ensure to myself and family a solid settlement by being admitted to purchase a share in the patent on reasonable terms, or something adequate to this; either of which I perceive no probability of obtaining, and I shall never lay myself at the mercy of my children, especially when their very power of being of service to me depends so entirely upon chance.

"Mr. Garrick is in Bath; I have had some overtures from him, which I declined without coming to an explanation, for I never shall engage my daughter upon the stage as an actress upon any other sort of terms than those I have spoken of; and which I should not have mentioned, as you may think them impertinent, but that you requested to know my real sentiments upon this subject, which you now do, and may believe that I shall be always ready to do anything in my power to oblige you as far as is consistent with

the duty I owe to myself and family, and that I am, very respectfully, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
THOMAS LINLEY.

"My wife and family desire their respects to Mrs. Colman and yourself. I shall be much obliged to you for a line in answer to this as soon as convenient.

"To George Colman, Esq., Great Queen Street,
Lincoln's Inn-fields, London."

Thomas Linley received his first instructions in the art he professed, from Mr. Chilcot, the organist of Bath, and appears to have had an early and uncommon aptitude for music. In due time he became a good practitioner, and was engaged as a performer in the public room of Bath, and was also extensively employed as a teacher. His daughter, Miss Linley, was born about the year 1754, and, in her infancy giving strong indications of a natural genius for music, her rising talents were very carefully fostered by her father. She received the instructions with such facility, indeed, that at twelve years of age she made her public appearance at the Bath concerts. Even in these first efforts she charmed all who listened; there was in her voice the extensive power of commanding all sounds, and every sound was harmonised by such softness that it was impossible to resist her influence. She sung to the heart; from this time, therefore, she was present at every concert, and held the station of principal singer. As years glided on, her charms expanded, and as they expanded they

mellowed. She was complimented in private and applauded in public, and it is not to be wondered at, that numerous admirers presented themselves to the notice of her father. Amongst these was a Mr. Matthews; but we suppose that he admired Miss Linley more for her professional talents, than her personal perfections, as he was at the period a married man.

There was another suitor, Mr. L. .o. .ng, a man of fortune in Bath, who made proposals that Mr. Linley could hardly find inclination to resist; but the young lady not being precisely of the same opinion with her father (few daughters are), told him, with a truly English spirit, "that if she married at all, she would marry only to be *free*."— About this time Mr. Sheridan, senior, came to Bath with his family, and here it was that Richard Brinsley Sheridan fell desperately in love with the syren. Sheridan was a friend of Matthews, and Miss Linley in her visits to the house of the latter, found frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with the future remarkable orator and unrivalled dramatist. A mutual attachment was formed, and a marriage was conjectured to be the result; but both the fathers disapproved of the match, for Richard Brinsley Sheridan had then only to depend on (on which by the bye, he contrived to exist for very many years) his wits. Business calling old Mr. Sheridan to Ireland, the lovers seized the favourable opportunity, and eloped. They pursued their route to France, and the young lady was lodged in a convent for security, but Mr. Linley

soon discovered her place of residence, and returned with the lovers to England.

Soon after the elopement had taken place, it was buzzed about Bath, that Mr. Matthews had been privy to it, which he constantly persisted in denying, and at the same time unluckily took some improper liberties with Mr. Sheridan's name, though he was absent. Officious persons are never wanting; and on Sheridan's arrival, he was informed that Mr. Matthews had used his name disrespectfully. By the laws of honour he called him to account for this, and a duel was the consequence. The following details of the rencontre appeared at the time:

"The duel was fought in a tavern near Covent Garden, and Mr. Matthews, being disarmed, was obliged to beg his life. But this circumstance being, it seems, by the laws of honour deemed ungentlemanlike, Mr. Matthews was actually obliged to leave Bath, and to fly to Wales to forget his infamy among strangers. But scandal travels with surprising speed, and the news of the duel reached Wales almost as soon as he did himself. The tale was again revived; he was universally talked of, and shunned. In short, he found that there was but one method of regaining his reputation and his peace, and that was, by challenging Sheridan to a second combat: with this resolution he left Wales, and soon appeared in Bath. His first visit was to Sheridan, who promised to meet him. Each of them was to have a second, who was not to interfere, whatever might be the consequence. They met the

next morning about four o'clock: the first onset was fierce. Sheridan attempted to disarm his antagonist, as before, but was baffled, and obliged to close. In the struggle they fell, by which both their swords were broken. Matthews, having now greatly the advantage by pressing on him, asked the other if he would beg his life; he was answered, that he scorned it; and the contest was renewed in this awkward situation. They mangled each other for some time with their broken swords; and Sheridan having received some dangerous wounds was left on the field with few signs of life. He was conveyed to Bath, while Matthews and his second drove off to London. Thus ended an unmanly combat, which however did not prove fatal to Mr. Sheridan, for he was confined only a few weeks. During the time of his indisposition, Miss Linley was uncommonly affected by it, but she was denied the favour of visiting him, even though she begged it by the tender appellation of husband."

From this union, sprung Thomas Sheridan, who married Caroline, daughter of James Callander, Esq. (who in 1810, inherited the estates and title of Campbell of Ardkinglass, and became Sir James Campbell). Thus the beautiful Miss Linley was the grandmother of our modern beauties: the Honourable Mrs. Norton, and Lady Seymour, the "Queen of Beauty."

About this time, Macklin again offered himself and his 'Love à-la-Mode.' To this application Colman's reply is sufficiently guarded:—He had ascertained, to his cost, the person he had to deal with.

" Sir,

" If you think that I, as an actor, together with the use of the Farce of ' Love à-la-Mode,' can be of any service to Covent Garden Theatre, I am ready to treat with you about an engagement on the same footing on which other actors usually engage; or, if you could point out a manner of engaging with me more agreeable in your judgment to the interest of your theatre than this that I propose, I am ready to treat with you, and shall be obliged to you for your answer as soon as conveniency will permit.

I am, Sir,

Oct. 12th, 1770. Your humble servant,

James Street, Covent Garden. Charles Macklin.

" To George Colman, Esq."

TO MR. MACKLIN.

" Sir, October 14, 1770.

" There are, I think, many objections to an agreement with you on the same footing on which other actors usually engage. Your last agreement at our theatre was for twenty nights in one season at the rate of 20*l.* per night, and a benefit, paying the usual charge; for which you engaged to perform in ' Love à-la-Mode,' and any other pieces, and to produce two new farces, allowing for a proportionable deduction from the number of nights, in case of the failure of one or both of your new productions. I am ready to treat with you on the same terms, or to give you an answer to any other proposals, when I know the particulars.

Your humble servant,

G. Colman."

This letter proves, that although Macklin had made himself exceedingly obnoxious to the manage-

ment, he still retained a powerful share of public attraction;—witness, in those days, the salary of twenty pounds per night.

" Sir, Oct. 16, 1770.

" In answer to my proposals to you, on the 12th instant, you tell me there are many objections, you think, to an agreement with me on the same footing on which other actors usually engage. I own I am surprised at this way of thinking on a subject so very clear, as it appears to me, for your books can show that I brought to your theatre, in ten nights' acting, between four and five hundred pounds more than Mr. Powell and Mrs. Yates, in the same number of nights, though they both acted together; and I am confident that I can now bring more money than any of the performers that now belong to it, exclusive of a new pantomime, or the attraction of a new piece being added to their performance; and in that case, experience daily shows, that it is not the actor's performance that has so much the power of filling the house, as the novelty that is added to it. Now, Sir, this advantage of novelty, which can be had only at a great expense, my performance will not need, as I can, from acting in the plays in ordinary use, and from my own resource as a writer, produce more money to a theatre on the nights I act, than any other actor or actors, or performers of any kind whatever that can now be hired in England. This assertion is not from vanity, but from fair argument, drawn from experience, and which is demonstrable to a moral certainty. But to prove that I speak as I think, I will urge an argument that can admit of no doubt—I will give 180*l.* for the house for as many nights as we shall agree upon for me to act, which I think is more than any other performance can now produce at Covent Garden Theatre. Now Sir, this being a fair state of my case as to my utility, I must confess that I am at a loss to find out a

single objection against your agreeing with me on the same footing on which other actors usually engage. I wish you had thought it proper to have particularised your objections, for then I might have answered them; or perhaps they might have been removed; or at least so adjusted as to have brought about an agreement to our mutual satisfaction; and for these reasons I shall take it as a favour if you will let me see your objections on paper, or say precisely whether or no you will agree with me on the same footing on which other actors usually engage. For, if you have already determined on that point in the negative, no reasoning of any advantage whatever to your theatre from my being admitted into it on that footing, can have any weight with you; therefore I think a precise declaration on that point is necessary to prevent any further trouble about it; for as that is the mode of agreement I choose, I should be glad to have it settled one way or the other, before I speak upon any other point.

I am Sir, your humble servant,
CHARLES MACKLIN.

"I must apologise for not answering your letter sooner, but other extraordinary business engrossed both my time and attention, which prevented me.

"To George Colman, Esq.,
Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields."

In March 1771, Mr. William Kenrick, already mentioned as having scurrilously attacked Colman, made an application to the manager to use his influence to procure the representation of an opera, at Covent Garden Theatre. The opera alluded to

was possibly "The Lady of the Manor," taken from Johnson's "Country Lasses*."

"SIR,

"As my only motive for writing for the stage is profit, you rightly judge that the delay hinted at in your letter will be extremely inconvenient; as even the greater importance of my other pursuits renders the aid of my literary gains altogether necessary. This is so particularly the case at present, that I could have been content never to trouble the theatre with any production of mine again, had it been practicable to get on my opera with any success this or next season. The disappointment, therefore, is the more sensible, as I have many reasons against offering it to the other house, had I time or inclination to waste it on such application. If you have an opinion good enough of the piece as to think it worth any thing at present, as my future avocations in life will in all probability be of a very different turn, I would be glad to give up my right and title to it, for a very trifle more than a song. Otherwise I must leave it to time and chance, as an unfortunate offspring turned adrift for want of abilities in its parent to support it. I should have waited on you myself, were I not confined to my room by indisposition; as soon as I go out, I will do myself that pleasure.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
W. KENRICK.

Warwick Street, Golden Square."

To which letter Colman thus replied:

"SIR,

"I am extremely sorry to find that the unavoidable

* In a "Prologue to the Critics," 1779, these lines occur:—

"Kenrick perverting injured Johnson's text,
His sense confused—his simple plot perplex'd."

delay is likely to prove so inconvenient to you, and should be still more concerned if it induced you to forego any advantages to which you might otherwise be entitled; but it is not in my power to arrange matters in any other manner than as I mentioned in my last, nor would I on any consideration be instrumental to your waving those advantages on the terms which you offer.

I am Sir, &c.

25 March 1771.
To Mr. Kenrick."

In 1770 and 1771, Kenrick, who had been a mathematical instrument-maker, or as others have said, a scale-maker, published two works on his pretended discovery of the perpetual motion. Fancying that he had certainly discovered this grand desideratum, he was in 1774 alarmed by the Literary Property Bill. He addressed the artists and manufacturers of Great Britain respecting an application to Parliament for ascertaining the right of property in new discoveries and inventions; but nothing more transpired on the subject. He thus again writes to Colman:—

"Charles Street, St. James's Square.

"Mr. Kenrick presents his compliments to Mr. Colman, and requests his acceptance of a printed copy of his lecture.*

* The printed copy he alludes to, was a Lecture on the Perpetual Motion, of which the first part was printed early in 1771, with a very angry letter to the professed philosophical critics, whom he accuses of incapacity and ignorance, for presuming to question the merit of his performance. One of the Reviews thus characterises it:—

"His lecture appears to us one vast profound, too dull to entertain; and too confused to be intelligible. There is a nonsense that will make us laugh, and another that will make us melancholy; Mr. Kenrick's seems to be of the latter species, and the

Has been confined at home by the gout, or should have waited on Mr. Colman about settling the parts of his opera, for the better guide of the composers. Is obliged to Mr. Colman for the hints he was pleased to give him, of which he has taken care to profit, as Mr. Colman intended, and will do himself the pleasure of waiting on him in a few days."

Kenrick's constitution was so much injured by inebriety, that, towards the close of his life, he generally wrote with a bottle of brandy at his elbow, which at length terminated his career, June 10, 1779; less lamented than perhaps any known person in the literary world, although he possessed talents which might have procured him an honourable distinction among the authors of his time.

From this unhappily tempered person, let us turn to one who was always remarkable for cheerfulness, Mrs. Catherine Clive:

" First, giggling, plotting chambermaids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral *Clive*.
In spite of outward blemishes she shone,
For humour famed, and humour all her own."

drudgery of reading him should be avoided with a double degree of care, as it can only be attended by mortification. We cannot dismiss this self-applauding writer without remarking the impropriety of his anathema against reviewers in general: he himself having been an anonymous reviewer. He is the most notorious literary pirate at present in this kingdom, and not only boasts of labouring in his vocation, like the highwayman he mentions, but thinks it warrantable to stab the reputation of every author whom he pillages for bread. Mr. Kenrick is, therefore, unpardonably presumptuous, in complaining of critical severity; and, in the language of the proverb, should be tender of assaulting his neighbour's house, when his own is so unfortunately made of glass."

The following letter was addressed to Colman, at Richmond, on the death of Mrs. Colman. Mrs. Clive had retired from the stage ten or eleven years before this period, to a charming residence, near the banks of the Thames, belonging to Horace Walpole, and adjacent to his villa at Strawberry Hill. We give the letter exactly as it is spelt and punctuated.

" Sir, Twickenham, April 12, 1771.

" I hope you heard, that I sent my servant to town to inquire hou you did; indeed I have been greatly surprisd and sincerly concernd for your unexpected distress; there is nothing can be said upon these melancholy occations to a person of understanding. Fools can not feel people of sence must, and will, and when they have sank their spirits till they are ill, will find that nothing but submission can give any consolation to inevitable missfortunes.

" I shall be extreamly glad to see you, and think it woud be very right if you woud come and dine hear two or three days in a week, it will change the sceen, and by the sincerity of your wellcome you may fancy your self at home.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged hum. Servant,

C. Clive."

By the following letter it would appear that " Gentleman Smith" was anxious about his re-engagement at Covent Garden Theatre:

" Beaufort Buildings, May 22, 1771.

" Dear Sir,

" I think I told you, when I saw you last, that I was under a necessity of determining my engagements very shortly. I am now reduced to give a positive answer in four days. If it does not suit you to come to a conclusion with me in that time, I shall be obliged to accept of an offer in

another place. As I have wished to give you the preference, I hope you will do me justice of acquitting me, of either hurrying you, or dealing with you in an underhand or disrespectful manner. I cannot accept of other terms than those I proposed to you, so would not take up your time improperly.

I am, Sir,
Your very sincere and obedient humble Servant,
WILLIAM SMITH."

To which Colman thus replied:

"DEAR SIR, Great Queen Street, May 23, 1771.

"Last night I received your favour of yesterday, wherein you tell me that you cannot accept of other terms than those you proposed to me. The terms you proposed were an advance of nearly five pounds per weeks in your salary! a demand with which it is not in my power to comply. Still, however, I wish you to continue at Covent Garden, and am, Sir, &c."

James Love, an actor at Drury Lane, by whom the annexed respectful letter was addressed to Colman, had acquired a good deal of reputation in the difficult character of Falstaff, but was too apt to smack of the fat knight when he performed other parts. His real name was Dance, and his father was the architect of the Mansion-house. He built a new theatre at Richmond, for which he obtained a licence from the Lord Chamberlain, and was at the period referred to in the subjoined letter, the only country manager who was honoured with that distinction.

"DEAR SIR, Richmond, June 7, 1771.

"Many times have I experienced your favours, of which I think I know myself well enough to be sure, I never shall

be unmindful; but that you may be fully convinced of what no doubt you have often observed, that beggars are never to be satisfied, I am bold enough to acquaint you that I have set my heart upon your granting me a further instance of your kindness and condescension.

"That this request comes late, permit me to say I have substantial witness, was merely owing to my being over-persuaded that you would treat the matter with contempt and unworthy of your acceptance. But some gentlemen whom I know to be your sincere friends and well wishers have since taught me to hope the contrary, and emboldened me to entreat that you will accept the freedom of the Richmond Theatre, and honour me with your patronage and protection.

"Depend upon it, dear Sir, you will exceedingly delight a person who has an unfeigned respect for you, by stooping to receive, as it is meant, this trifling instance of his gratitude. The obligation must ever rest upon my side, as it is impossible, in the confined state of our little theatre, that your expense of time can be fully recompensed.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

JAMES LOVE.

"P. S.—I have ordered a proper medal to be prepared for your use."

To this communication Colman returned the following answer.

"DEAR SIR, London, June 10, 1771.

"Having left town before the post came in, on Saturday, it has not been in my power to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging favour of the 7th instant sooner. I accept your offer in the same spirit of cordiality and good neighbourhood with which I trust it is made, and shall be always happy to prove myself a friend and well-wisher to you, and to the Richmond Theatre. Yours, &c."

CHAPTER VIII.

1771—73.

Powell's Epitaph—Dispute with Prebendary, Dr. Elmer—Colman, and the Dean of Bristol—A fall from the Gallery—Covent Garden Proprietors reconciled—Arthur Murphy—Mrs. Hartley—Smith—Ross—William O'Brien—Cross Purposes—King—Woodward—Salaries of Performers—Oliver Goldsmith—She Stoops to Conquer—Quick—Foote's Puppet-show—Macklin's Parental feelings—John Macklin—Strange Duel—Correspondence between Colman and Smith—Covent Garden Theatrical Fund—Mr. Wroughton.

THE friends of Mr. Powell having resolved that a monument should be erected to his memory at Bristol, the pen of his friend and partner, Colman, was put in requisition to supply an Epitaph.

The monument represents Fame, holding a medallion with a profile of Powell, over which is the following inscription :—

WILLIAM POWELL, Esq.
One of the Patentees of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden,
Died the 3rd of July, 1769,
Aged Thirty-nine years,
His Widow caused this Monument to be erected, as well to perpetuate his memory, as her own irretrievable loss of the best of Husbands, Fathers, and Friends.

Beneath the above figure are the following lines by Colman:

BRISTOL! to worth and genius ever just,
To thee our POWELL'S dear remains we trust;
Soft as the stream thy sacred springs impart,
The milk of human kindness warm'd his heart,
That heart which ev'ry tender feeling knew,
The soil where pity, love, and friendship grew,
Oh! let a faithful friend with grief sincere
Inscribe his tomb, and drop the heart-felt tear,
Here rest his praise, here found his noblest fame!—
All else a bubble, or an empty name.

This epitaph seems to have roused the wrath of the Prebendary, Dr. Elmer, for Colman received the following official letter on the subject:

"SIR, Bristol, Oct. 24, 1771.

"I AM desired by Doctor Elmer, the Prebendary now in office at Bristol, to acquaint you that the two last lines inscribed by you to the memory of the late Mr. Powell have given much offence to himself and many others. He insists on their being struck out before he leaves this place; or he will have the monument taken down. You will do me the favour to excuse this liberty, for by his express orders I am directed to stop my men from going on with their work. Doctor Elmer lives in the College Green.

I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,

JAMES PAINE."

"N. B.—The Doctor said I was to acquaint you that the lines to which he objected were nonsense, or something worse.

George Colman, Esq. in the Great Piazza,
Covent Garden, London."

Could Dr. Elmer possibly conceive that religion was implied to be a bubble, because it is not specifically mentioned, in the above epitaph, among Powell's virtues? Colman thought the Doctor essentially in the wrong, and therefore addressed the following letter to him to Bristol:

"SIR,

"The Dean of Bristol, having granted his permission for putting up a monument to the memory of the late Mr. Powell, I have been exceedingly surprised at the receipt of a letter from the statuary, Mr. Paine, written (as he pretends) by your direction, and telling me that 'the inscription has given great offence to you and many others, the two last lines being nonsense, or something worse.' If they are not nonsense I am afraid they are at least obscure, having rendered my meaning, which I thought obvious, so liable to misinterpretation. Such as they are, however, they must stand or fall with the rest, for I am resolved to give them no correction or alteration, though ever so minute, lest I should appear to plead guilty to the charge of having intended something worse than nonsense. Benevolence and Christian charity are virtues which religion is able to plant in the most barren soil, as well as to cultivate and improve in the richest. Every other pretence to merit I have considered as an empty claim, and for these virtues only have I celebrated my departed friend; purposely avoiding the slightest commendation of his great excellence in his profession. In this light the lines have been generally understood in London; and, even after the severe strictures on them at Bristol, I am still utterly at a loss to comprehend how they could possibly give offence, or be misconstrued.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

G. COLMAN."

Covent Garden, Oct. 28, 1771.

We are to presume that this spirited remonstrance removed Doctor Elmer's objections. The interference, however, was made public, and animadversions thereon were published in the newspapers, as will appear from the following note from the Dean of Bristol, to Colman, dated St. Andrew's, Saturday night, November 16, 1771.

"The Dean of Bristol's compliments wait on Mr. Colman, and acquaints him, that in the Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser, of November 15, are two paragraphs, equally abusive of Mr. Colman and the Dean. The card, in the Dean's name, is a lie, from the beginning to the end. He wishes to see Mr. Colman, to consult what steps are proper to be taken to find out the author, or to punish the printer for the lies he has published."

On Tuesday, October 22, 1771, Macklin was announced at Covent Garden Theatre to perform Shylock. On this occasion one J. Ferguson, a printer, being foremost in the rush to the upper gallery, ran with such force over the seats to get into the first row that he fell over into the pit, and in his fall came in contact with one of the glass chandeliers, which descended with him, and was shattered to fragments. Ferguson seemed much hurt; his thigh and three of his ribs being considered as broken. He was carried home and medical aid applied. On the 29th, Ferguson was so far recovered as to be able to walk, for no limbs had been broken, and on the 20th of November he addressed the following letter to Colman, expressing his thankfulness for his humane attention to him.

"SIR,

"I have been several times at your house, but have not been able to find you at home. I have, therefore, to avoid the slightest imputation of ingratitude, to the man who has been so instrumental in the preservation of my life, taken this method of returning you my most sincere and hearty thanks for your generous care and humanity at my late unhappy fall into the pit at your theatre, and during my illness, and at the same time to assure you of my sorrow at the destruction of the glass chandelier by that accident.

"With a due sense of your benevolence, I pray God for the preservation of your health, and that your endeavours to please the town may exceed your most sanguine expectations, I remain,

Kind Sir,

Your much obliged, and most obedient Servant,

J. FERGUSON.

St. Martin's Lane.

P.S.—I am now so well recovered as to be able to attend my business as usual."

A similar instance of a man falling from the upper gallery into the pit occurred on February 6, 1739, when Rich was manager of Covent Garden Theatre. This accident, however, was attended with worse consequences than that related above, for the poor fellow had a broken limb, and was otherwise greatly injured. Rich paid all the expenses, and generously administered every possible assistance. On his re-recovery, the man waited on Mr. Rich, to thank him for his humane conduct, when the manager, pleased with the sufferer's gratitude, told him "he was welcome to the freedom of the pit, as long as he lived, provided he would never think of coming into it in that manner again."

In the month of November of this year, the unfortunate differences between the managers of Covent Garden were settled. They met together without the interposition of any other person, shook hands, dined at Mr. Colman's and put a final stop to all proceedings at law.

On Nov. 30, 1771, Mr. Colman was suddenly seized with a fit in Covent Garden Theatre, but in a few days was pronounced by his physicians, to be out of danger.

The following letter to Colman, is from the celebrated Arthur Murphy, Barrister, Commissioner of Bankrupts, actor, and dramatist. There is no document to designate the particular pieces to which this letter alludes, but as the tragedy of "The Grecian Daughter" was produced at Drury Lane, February 26th, 1772, it is probable that drama was one, when Mrs. Barry was the original representative of Euphrasia.

"Dear Sir,

"I am now with Mrs. Hartley, and think a great deal better of her notions of the part than I ever did before. What can I say decisively as to the main question, which is, shall the play be done or not?—I have not determined with the people of Drury Lane; in all probability, to-morrow will settle that matter. Should it be resolved to go on in the business of the comedy, it then will be for the 24th of January, or as near that day as possible. I cannot ask Mr. Garrick to alter the arrangement he has made with other authors. This brings us again to the same difficulty I mentioned this morning. If I am to be engaged in the rehearsal of a play at one house, the nature of the thing makes it impossible to attend another house. Mr. Harris

told me you meant to bring out the tragedy in January; in these circumstances that becomes impossible. I do not ask you, no more than I do Mr. Garrick, to alter your plan of business; but if both plans are proposed to subsist at the same time, then the tragedy must be postponed. Of this I am clear, that if it stood over to another year, it would be better than running any risk now, by adventuring it in too much hurry. For Mrs. Hartley, I will say, that study and leisure will, in my judgment, do great things for her. If this leaves you more in suspense than you were before, *davus sum non Œdipus.*

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

Friday night. ARTHUR MURPHY."

"I forgot to-morrow morning; it falls out very unluckily that I cannot breakfast with you. I wish I could; but since I wrote to you to-day, notice came in to attend a Commission of Bankrupts at nine in the morning; that carries me to Guildhall, and when I shall get away the Lord knows."

Among Colman's correspondence about this time, we find the following letter from "Gentleman Smith."

"Leiston Hall, near Saxmundham, Suffolk,

"DEAR SIR, August 8th, 1772.

"I received your favour this morning. Your genteel manner of complying with my last proposal has much obliged me. I am doubly happy that this affair is finished, for I am persuaded your partners would have triumphed in our separation, as they bear me no good will for (what they call) deserting a cause,* which in fact I never espoused.

* This alludes to misunderstandings between the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, which were subjects for legal decision, but which, it has been shown, were amicably arranged.

"In answer to the business you mentioned, I should have no objection to Mosca, had I not been in possession of the part of Volpone for these five years, and rehearsed it twenty times while Woodward was in the Company. As you have sent it to Mr. Ross, I could wish to be out of the play, and instead of Mosca, employed in a longer part in the Epicœne, which I hear is much improved under your hand.

W. SMITH."

The genteel compliance with Smith's proposal alluded to in the above letter, was Colman's raising his salary from twelve pounds to twelve guineas. Imagine in these days, Mr. Macready soliciting an additional twelve shillings per week!

Another little specimen of petty petulance occurs in the following letter from David Ross, who objects to the part sent to him, and wants that which Smith refuses.

"DEAR SIR, August 1772.

"You are as unkind in the country as in town; for, though I have called several times at Bath House, you have never been kind enough to look in upon us. Mrs. Ross has often asked you, though you have never invited her to see your beautiful spot; she begs to be remembered to you.

"You have sent me a part, that upon my soul I don't know what to do with it. It is quite out of my way; I could as soon undertake Lady Betty Modish. If I could make anything of it, I would most cheerfully undertake it. The play was cast some years ago at Covent Garden Theatre. I was then to do Mosca, and Woodward Volpone, though, if I may venture to give my opinion, it is not worth your attention, as it

never did any thing in Quin's time. I shall be glad to see you on the subject, if I knew where I could meet you.

I remain, with much esteem,

Your's

Tuesday, noon. D. Ross."

To George Colman, Esq., Richmond.

In a letter dated January 4, 1774, Ross, who professed himself hurt with the treatment he had met with from Colman, implored Garrick for an opportunity to stand before the public, under his judgment, for one year only. "It is in your power," he writes, "to be of the greatest service to me, by rescuing me from my present situation, which that ungrateful fellow Colman has put me in, by giving the preference to a man (Robert Bensley), who, in my opinion, never spoke one line naturally in his whole life."

Garrick's answer, on the following day, which implied that all his engagements for the next season were complete, appears to have been sent unsealed, and Ross complained that this was intended as an affront, that Garrick's servant and his own might know he had been refused an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre. A subsequent letter of Garrick, dated February 13th, evinces, that something of a sleight was purposed, owing to an undischarged bond to Garrick and Lacy, and Ross's prior engagement to Colman, who is designated 'Another Manager.'

William O'Brien, from whom the next epistle proceeds, made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1758, in the part of Captain Brazen, and in characters of that class he arrived at

a high degree of reputation. After continuing on the stage about six years, however, he withdrew altogether from theatrical life. O'Brien was well descended, and married into a noble family. Of his two dramas, the farce of Cross Purposes, reduced to one Act, remained for many years as a stock piece; his comedy, entitled The Duel, was unsuccessful.

"My Dear Sir, Winterston, Aug. 31, 1772.

"After having exhausted all my ideas upon the subject, I return you my Farce, christened as you suggested. The title of 'Cross Purposes' is a much better one than the first, and you relieved me from an anxiety by it, which I cannot express. I have also taken your advice, and cut it into two acts, at the place you proposed; I hope you will think as well of it as before. I had written a scene between Grub and his wife to conclude the first act, but as it was of the altercative kind, I, upon reading the whole, thought it better to leave it as it is. You will find some additions sprinkled through it, and those I leave, as I do indeed the whole, entirely at your mercy. Do with it as you please; you will find that I have not made many omissions, and shall I tell you why? I must frankly own to you that my feelings upon it are so many and so various, that I cannot trust myself. Sometimes, I am so palled with it, that I think it sad stuff, and at other times, I am so pleased with it, that I cannot help thinking every word in its place, and important in the highest degree; this may be very ridiculous, but it is very true—*veræ voces eliciuntur pectore ab imo.* Perhaps you may have felt something like this yourself.

"I think that many cuts need not be made, until it comes into rehearsal, as often what reads but indifferently, will come pleasingly enough from the mouth of a judicious actor; besides that, I think it rather short as it is, for two

acts, though I may be mistaken, and indeed it had much better be thought too short, than too dull, for representation. If you can prevail upon Mr. Woodward to take Chapeau, I think it would be of great service to the piece; it is not so worthy of him as I could wish, but I think, with his acting, must have a very good effect, provided he does not drawl so abominably, as he too often does. He ought to be made a very good figure, with a great deal of hair, in paper, turned up behind, with a large comb, maccaroni waistcoat, and powdering short jacket, and slippers down at heel. As to the resemblance to High Life, I can only say that as the humour of the whole does not turn upon it, it ought not to have weight, as this is the best way of making use of servants; and if you will draw them, as they are, you will find them frequently resembling each other. Dyer, I think, I mentioned for the other, whose name I have changed, as I recollect, to Dapper, somewhere or other—Transfer, I think, better changed for Consol. Yates, I think, will support Grub well, as his testy petulant manner is so peculiar to himself. Mrs. Green should be dressed vulgarly and ridiculously genteel:—in my opinion the ladies on the stage do not sufficiently consider the truth of character in that respect. The Housemaid you will give to anybody you think can be *naïve* and simple enough to say her little with the insignificant manner that belongs to it. The three brothers' persons should be contrasted—the eldest most sturdy and swarthy, to answer his description, and the second fair. I hope you will do me the honour to write a few lines to usher me to the town, and mention this as being my first attempt, after what flourish you please. I beg you will let me know when you put it into rehearsal, that I may see one or two of the most perfect, as I am sure I shall be in such a fidget, I shall not be able to resist coming to see my fate. I can easily go from your house into some of the boxes, without being noticed; besides,

choosing to avoid the *dicier hic est** in case of a disappointment, I am afraid of giving offence to my best friend, Lady Ilchester, who is the best woman in the world, but very religious, and prejudiced in many particulars.

"I take an opportunity of some things going to town to-morrow to Lord Ilchester's, to send the manuscript there, where it shall be ordered for delivery to the person who comes for it from Mr. Colman.

I am, my dear Sir, with the greatest regard,
Your most obedient servant,
WM. O'BRIEN."

'Gentleman Smith,' in the following note to Colman, again appears with a new case of grumble.

"SIR, Friday, Oct. 30, 1772.

"Since we parted, I have most impartially stated our case to a very sensible friend, who is clearly of opinion, that unless you mean dishonourably, you cannot hesitate in giving me your answer: nevertheless, you shall not be distressed for your play to-morrow.†

I am, your very humble servant,
W. SMITH.

To Geo. Colman, Esq."

To which Colman thus instantly replied.

"SIR, Covent Garden, Oct. 30, 1772.

"To be charged with meaning dishonourably, for that is your expression, by one who has departed from his agreement, while I have religiously adhered to mine, is pleasant indeed. Why do you fear my impartiality in

* '*At pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier hic est.*'
Persius, Sat. 1.

† This appears to allude to his performance of Athelwold, in Colman's alteration of Mason's Elfrida.

stating this case to your friends? If you proceed as you have threatened, I have no doubt, where the dishonour will begin."

Smith's case referred to a rise of salary, equal to Woodward's, who had been engaged the year before. King, in the following month, required from Garrick sixteen pounds ten shillings per week, or 500 guineas per annum, which salary Woodward then received from the managers of Covent Garden: at the same time, he asserted, that Smith had in the preceding season much more than himself. Garrick, in reply, thought King had demanded too much from the managers, and stated that Woodward, he had heard, had no certainty; and Smith, though he played Kitely better than himself, had the same salary as King, *viz.*, twelve pounds per week; Garrick, however, offered to make it fifteen pounds. King's answer affirms that Woodward had 500 guineas certain; that he received at the Treasury the sixteen pounds ten shillings weekly, and paid while he belonged to it, at that rate to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund. He adds, "Smith had the same salary I used to have, until the beginning of last season, when he demanded one equal to Woodward: this was refused, but they added to his former salary, how much I cannot positively say."

After the quarrel between Garrick and Colman, upon the latter becoming a proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, Colman and his partner were not particular as to the means of securing the

public favourites for their establishment. King, in a letter, dated Islington, Nov. 3, 1772, urged as a reason for Garrick's raising his salary to 500 guineas per annum, the fact, " that about three days after he had made, and before he had signed, his last engagement with the Managers of Drury Lane, he had dined in company with Colman and Powell, who had tempted him to enlist under their banner: and after various arguments, was offered by them five hundred pounds to sign the same sort of article with them, which he had agreed to sign with the Managers of Drury Lane; but had replied in the negative. This was a thunder-stroke to Garrick, who, in his reply, Nov. 6th, intimates, " you have mentioned a most iniquitous offer of Mr. Colman, when he knew you were engaged: with your leave, I will speak my mind to him on the subject."

Smith, a few days after, put his pen to paper again, in reply to some remarks from Colman.

" DEAR SIR, Beaufort Buildings.

" You or I, or both of us, are unluckily apt to misunderstand one another, and what has been meant well has been misinterpreted. This is certainly the case with regard to my last, which was literally designed to make every thing as easy to you as my ill state of health would admit of. I had a message from Mr. Younger on Wednesday night, that you were resolved on having Jane Shore, on Friday, at all events; and if I was not well enough to play Hastings, you would have done it without me. Well knowing that performers are not ready to play a part on such occasions, and resign it again, I made an offer of giving it up; thus what I meant, for your ease, is turned to my disadvantage; and what was meant for my own, you tell me is beneath me;

which was my declaring, I was sorry you could not accomplish getting a Hastings. I solemnly declare I had neither a vain, nor an invidious meaning in it, which you are pleased to charge me with. If I recollect, my strain, at least part of it, was civil, where I acknowledged, as I ever shall, your readiness to oblige me, when I have wished to be excused from business. This alone ought to prevent me from writing in an improper strain, and I intended it should; neither can I recollect giving any hint that your inquiries could give offence. Indeed, I did not expect any, never having as yet been honoured with them; but I had gone to Salt Hill, where no inquiries but by post could reach me, nor could I think them necessary, being determined to return to town, the moment I was well enough to attend a rehearsal. One thing you must give me leave to add, which was an idea that you might have another Hastings in view, as my name was not advertised at the time that Mrs. Hartley's was; a compliment, which at Drury Lane, is never refused a capital performer, but this you are to judge of, and determine. I really should not have mentioned this, had you not hurt me by putting a wrong construction upon what I never meant should offend you, and I am really sorry it ever did.

I am, though not quite well, ready to perform to-morrow.

Your most humble servant,

W. Smith."

In reference to the state of the drama about this period, it is not a little remarkable that the subjoined opinions of a writer in the public press (Jan. 1773), should so exactly coincide with remarks which would appear in 1840. The disappointed dramatic author of sixty-seven years ago, uses nearly the same language, as his "rejected" descendant of the present day.

"It is perhaps no news to our readers, that our theatres have been very dull lately. Drury Lane has fed upon a new pantomime, and Covent Garden upon an old one.

"We will not spend many words about it; but we affirm, that since the first existence of the theatre in Britain (unless indeed at that infant period when the theatre and the church were synonymous) it did not stand upon so despicable an establishment as at present. It is not necessary to recur for comparisons to the golden times of Elizabeth: the last age is sufficient. The brilliant example which the age of Anne transmitted to us is clouded with phlegmatic sentiment and cold reasoning: a kind of Gallic mist has extinguished every ray of genuine wit and playful humour. Where is now the exuberant wit of Wycherly? the random and plenteous vein of Congreve? or the elegant liveliness of Farquhar?—These expired with the possessors of them.

"We are told, and we know it to be true, that the managers of our theatres damp the ardour of rising genius by unfair and unworthy dealings; that they extinguish the youthful flame, by indulging in themselves a mean partiality for avarice and self-interest. They will not, we believe, deny, that they have suppressed many an excellent performance, to make room for their own pieces, either translated from the French, or altered from Shakspeare or Johnson. By this practice of unseasonable economy they receive into their coffers a double return of profit, and the town is bilked of original entertainment, as the poet is of his dinner. Many a precious morsel of

sterling genius has fallen a sacrifice to this inhuman custom of vamping up old pieces. It is but brushing off the cobwebs of antiquity; and throwing over it a sprinkling of the modern gusto. The many-headed monster of the pit is at best but a dull animal, and will not perceive the cheat; and the manager will pocket with peace all the profits of an original drama. We could name on this occasion a gentleman of reputation and abilities, whose production has lain dormant in the manager's cabinet for a great number of years; because, perhaps, a weak translated tragedy, a sentimental comedy, or a pantomime, have been hoisted unfairly over the shoulders of original but neglected genius. Such is the conduct that disgraces the dramatic character of this age; and it is impossible that the foul stain can be washed clean, while the character of the managers is swayed by illiberality and prejudice. To these causes we impute the visible decline of the British stage."

The next epistle is from Oliver Goldsmith, a name dear to all lovers of English literature. What must be conjectured of the public taste of the day, when Colman, himself a comic writer, and theatrical manager, should have had so unfavourable an opinion of the excellent comedy of She Stoops to Conquer, as to predict its condemnation even after it was in rehearsal. She Stoops to Conquer was pressed on Colman, by the friends of the author, Alas! that such a genius as Goldsmith should ever have written the annexed application!

"DEAR SIR, February 1773.

"I entreat you will relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made, or shall make, to my play, I will endeavour to remove, and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges, either of its merit or faults, I can never submit. Upon a former occasion, when my other play was before Mr. Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal,* but I refused the proposal with indignation; I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you, as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play, I can readily satisfy my creditor, that way; at any rate I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God's sake take the play and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least, which you have given as bad plays as mine.

I am your friend,

and servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

To George Colman, Esq.

The comedy was produced on March 15, 1773, with unbounded success. After the public had roared with laughter at it, Dr. Johnson gives this opinion of it: "That he knew no comedy for many years that had so much exhilarated an audience; that had answered so much the great end of comedy; making an audience merry." Struck to the heart by the critical forebodings, and by the chilling recep-

* Mr. Whitehead held the office of reader to Drury Lane Theatre at the period. The play referred to was "The Good-natured man."

tion of his play on the part of the manager, whilst his wit and invention were delighting many hundreds in the theatre, poor Goldsmith wandered he knew not whither, to be out of the frightful din that might pronounce his doom. Woodward was the original Tony Lumpkin, after which the character devolved upon Quick, then a young aspirant: and he had to date his popularity from the good fortune of being trusted with Oliver Goldsmith's whimsical conception. 'Gentleman Smith,' with his customary zeal to aid the business of the theatre, positively refused to enact the part of Young Marlow. In alluding to the many caprices of favoured actors, Dr. Johnson remarks, perhaps very impertinently, "Punch has no feelings!"

The author of the 'Traveller,' the 'Deserted Village,' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' merited better treatment from manager, performers, and critics. But putting aside the false dramatic taste of the day, when the sentimental comedy of Kelly and other writers was cherished and listened to with becoming gravity, Goldsmith in the eyes of all had one dreadful drawback to anything like hope of success—he was poor! The cheering voice of the public for a time made him rich; "but the iron had entered his soul," and Goldsmith wrote no more for the stage. He died, aged only forty-five, about two years after the production of She Stoops to Conquer.

It appears, that on February 5, 1773,* Mr. Colman

* See Gentleman's Magazine.

was set upon by a clergyman, with whom he had formerly some dispute, who beat and bruised him in a severe manner. Mr. Colman exhibited articles of the peace against the aggressor. Was this his friend Dr. Elmer, of Bristol? or the worthy Dean, who gave the 'lie direct?'

On Smith and Colman quarrelling, Smith made an application to Garrick for employment, at the close of the season of 1773.* Garrick proffered no encouragement, and Smith affirming that he had been too ill-treated by Colman ever to think of an engagement with him without a certainty of better usage, signified his determination of immediately engaging himself to Yates who (Smith believed, or pretended to believe) had the grant of a patent for a third theatre. Garrick replied in strong terms, June 10, that all matters of business were at an end between them, yet civilly returned him his good wishes. Garrick held stoutly to his purpose in declining Smith's services. Smith, however, pleaded for forgiveness, and in a letter dated August 11th

* Foote's Puppet-show, a new species of entertainment, called 'The Handsome House Maid; or, Piety in Pattens,' was performed at the Theatre Royal, in the Haymarket, for the first time, on Monday, Feb. 15, 1773. The novelty brought such a crowd, that the street was impassable for more than an hour; and the public, in their impatience, broke open the doors of the theatre, great numbers getting into the house without paying anything for their admission. Hats, swords, cloaks, and shoes were lost, several ladies fainted, and a girl had her arm broken in an endeavour to get into the pit. After all, the expectations of the audience were not realised by the performance, and a tremendous uproar ensued, which however was quelled, and the exhibition allowed to proceed.

acknowledged his error. "I am sure that Mr. Harris is desirous of mediating between Mr. Colman and me, but while there is a chance of my being at Drury Lane with you, I shall decline all other engagements; I will say no more about shillings or guineas, and shall with pleasure trust my fame and fortune in your hands. If I have been wrong, impute it to the error of my head, not my heart. I own the golden hopes of a field marshal's staff misled my judgment, and being ill-advised by those I thought wiser than myself, added still to my error!" Garrick's letter of the 25th urged him by all means to accept of Harris's mediation, assuring him that if he and Colman still continued adverse to each other, the moment there was an opening at Drury Lane, with credit to all parties, Smith should be employed.

These hopes, on Garrick's part, arose from the embarrassments of Reddish's affairs, which were likely to prevent the fulfilment of his duties at Drury Lane in the ensuing season; but Lacy's disinclination to having Smith in the company, prevented its completion. In accordance with the advice proffered by Garrick, to be reconciled with Colman, and not to delay a matter of consequence, if Harris would interfere as a friend, Smith appears to have written to Colman, whose reply was answered by the following note addressed to Thomas Harris, Esq.

"Sir, August 6, 1773.

"After the many disagreements betwixt Mr. Colman and me, he may perhaps wish to decline a correspondence with

me; I therefore beg leave, as I am totally disengaged from all theatrical connexions, through you, to offer my services to the managers of Covent Garden Theatre,

And have the honour to be,

Your most obedient and sincere humble Servant,

W. SMITH."

"I beg to be favoured with a line, under cover, to the Rev. Mr. Benet, Aldeburg, Suffolk."

The following letter, from Charles Macklin, was accompanied by a piece of Irish poplin; and the allusion to Colman's pregnancy, was suggested by a new comedy called, 'The Man of Business,' not the most thriving of his literary children. Macklin has been thought by many to have been a man of little feeling, but surely his sentiments of paternal tenderness, expressed so naturally in this letter, come from the heart, and are very affecting.

"DEAR SIR, August 7, 1773.

"I have just received a species of Irish female garniture, which accompanies this note. I think it has some fancy in it though manufactured in Bœotia; it consists of seven yards, enough for two gowns, or one sacque and petticoat. I have often tried at compliments to the fair sex, but not finding myself happy at that kind of eloquence, I have taken my leave of it for some years. I request that you will dispose of this trifle in your household, and that you will be so kind as to exercise your genius in my name, on this occasion in apologetic compliment and persuasion. I hope you are, in the midwife phrase, as well as can be expected in your condition. I hope you are near your time. Apollo send you a good hour! I have had a disagreeable one lately. My son unexpectedly, unprofitably, and unwelcome, returned from

the East Indies, in disgrace, and justly, for being a *bon vivant*, and guilty of all the idle consequences of that unmercantile, and indeed, as he has managed it, ungentleman-like character. I was proud of his employment in that honourable service, as it is capable, by an assiduous and faithful discharge of that trust, of furnishing great knowledge and dignity of mind, and of rewarding the man with wealth and honour. I was proud of the parts nature had given him, and of the cultivation I bestowed upon them; I was confident of his assiduity and success, and loved him to a paternal pitch of zeal—now judge of my state of mind. I was the happiest, I am now the most perturbed father in this land. I cannot eat, I have not slept this week, I cannot read, nor remember; and though justice has disgraced him, still he is mine, and I think I shall still be happy in him; for he has a fine understanding, and is sick in bed with self-disgrace and penitence, which must reform, or kill him, which is my only comfort.

"My chains are forged ready for putting on: this unhappy incident has prevented my seeing you. I find paternal affection and philosophy make a most unequal conflict. Nature will not be defied—she must have her way or make her exit. You are a father, may you be a happy one! I pity the character. Especially if the fool is proud and fond."

Many were the mad and unaccountable follies, it appears, of Macklin's son in India. He had received a good education, is said to have been a fair Greek and Latin scholar, with considerable knowledge of the Hebrew, and to have been well acquainted with the French and Persic languages. He had likewise read the English classics with considerable attention; but John Macklin was idle and unmanageable; he had the early dis-

sipations of his father about him. Macklin wished to bring him up to the law; but he was more delighted by the seductive amusements of the theatre. The army seeming to be an object of his choice, Macklin made interest with the Marquess of Townshend, and got him on the establishment at Woolwich; where he distinguished himself in the several branches of mathematical knowledge. He was then appointed a cadet, and was sent out to India, where soon after his landing, he obtained a commission; but his passions destroyed his fortunes, and turned aside everything which talents, education, and high recommendations, might naturally have led him to expect. The following occurrence will serve to show the strange eccentricity of the temper of John Macklin.

In the course of some convivialities with his brother officers, he had a quarrel with one of them, which was taken up so high on both sides, that nothing else but a duel was to determine it; accordingly it was agreed that the parties should meet the next morning, at an appointed place, with seconds and pistols. When John Macklin came on the ground, he appeared wrapped up from head to foot in a loose great coat, so that no part of his figure could be distinguished but his head. This was thought an odd dress for a man about to fight a duel; however it passed without further notice, till the ground was measured, and the antagonists were desired to take their different stands, when to the surprise of all, Macklin, throwing off his great coat, appeared in a perfect state of nature, without any

article of dress about him than a pair of morocco slippers. His antagonist, somewhat surprized, inquired the cause of so odd an appearance? "Why, Sir," replied John Macklin, very coolly, "I will tell you with great candour, in order that, if you please, you may take the same advantages yourself. It is this: I am told, that most of the wounds which prove mortal in India, arise from some part of the woollen or linen, which a man generally carries about him in these encounters, being forced into the flesh along with the ball, and which occasions, in this very hot climate, a speedy mortification. Now, to avoid this, I am determined to fight quite naked, just as you see, that, if I should have the misfortune of being wounded, I shall at least have a better chance of recovery."

The firmness, or novelty of this declaration, and the extraordinary figure which presented itself before him, determined the second of his adversary not to allow the affair to proceed any further, he declaring that they were not on a par for safety, and the alternative of fighting a duel naked, however hot the climate, was neither agreeable to the laws of honour or decency.

Thus ended this strange affair, which, with some other pranks of a more serious nature, compelled John Macklin to leave the military service of the East India Company; and soon after, finding himself deserted by his friends, he returned to England, and once more threw himself on his father for support. The father took him again under his roof and protection; but his dissipation was bred in the bone,

and repeated irregularities at length produced a locked jaw, in which wretched state he languished for some time, then died.

Macklin's conduct to his wayward son deserves notice. He not only took care to provide for him the best education in his power, but gave him the best advice as to his moral character. "There is no quality," he says, in a letter to him, "that commands more respect than integrity; none freedom and independence, more than economy. They are all I have, with industry, to depend upon; and should you make them the rulers of your conduct, you must be happy; without them, you never can.

"Let me repeat this doctrine to you, that he who depends upon continued industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the noblest, of the most exalted kind. They more than supply the place of birth and ancestry, or even of royal patronage; they are the creators of fortune and fame, the founders of families, and never can disappoint or desert you."

Smith and Colman had not yet quite arranged their theatrical matters, as the two following letters will evince:

"Leiston Hall, Sept. 1, 1773.

"Sir,—Having left Mr. Benet's some time, I did not receive your letter till the 20th of August. It was then incumbent on me, before I gave an answer, to communicate the contents to those friends who have supported me through life, who insist on my not accepting worse terms from you than I was engaged for in my former agreement. If, therefore, you mean by 'my late salary,' what I did receive, and not the advance you had agreed to, it is out of my power

to take it; nor do I think it liberal in you to offer it, as I could not, had you been ever so distressed for a performer, have had the conscience to ask more from you than the salary settled betwixt us before.

"As to your new ally, it is a nice circumstance. There is certainly business enough for both of us, without either being injured; and indeed, more than any one actor can go through. Manage this point with candour and delicacy, and so far from murmuring, I shall be pleased with it.

"In respect to our disagreements, I should have expected that you would have been ingenuous enough to have supposed yourself responsible for part of them; but, be that as it may, should we again be connected, all that has passed disagreeable betwixt us must be mutually and entirely forgotten; or we must go out and settle our differences, like men and gentlemen, for I will not be on il[1] terms with you again. I must therefore beg, that if you cannot receive me heartily and cordially, as I will you, you will decline all treaty with me at once, for better is a dinner of herbs and content, than a stalled ox and strife. I am not apt to quote the Bible, but as peace-making is the business, it is not *mal à propos*.

"Now, Sir, if these matters can be adjusted to our mutual satisfaction, let us shake hands, and drown all remembrance of former feuds in a bottle of claret: for though hot and passionate, when once the olive branch is held out to me I have no resentment, upon honour. I am setting out for Newmarket, and shall return through Hertfordshire; so if you please to give me a line it will find me at Ralph Winter's, Esq., Bishop Stortford, Herts.

I am Sir,

Your very humble servant,

WM. SMITH."

George Colman, Esq.,
Covent Garden, London.

Smith wrote on the same day to Garrick, and intreated him to be secret: "Pray do not let Colman know that we have been in correspondence. I have written to him. You hear Mr. Colman has made me a genteel offer: it does not appear so to *me*, or my friends, who have insisted on my refusing it, which I have done. I would rather receive twelve pounds a week from you, than twenty pounds from him, and still live in hopes that something may happen to bring us together. Farewell!"

Smith's reply to Colman sufficiently shews that he could extend a little beyond the beautiful bounds of truth to gain a point; and that Garrick really knew what Smith had received until the last season, when it appears it was raised from twelve pounds to guineas.

Colman's answer to Smith, appears to have been addressed in somewhat uncourteous terms, yet with sufficient inducement to bring Smith to London, who on his arrival, immediately wrote the following:

"SIR, Saturday, Sept. 11.

"I am this moment come to town and meant to see you. In the opinion of the most impartial, your last letter tends much more to inflame, than abate our disagreement. I held out the olive branch to you, and cannot conceive that anything in my letter deserved the ill-nature and incivility you have returned me. I will make no other comment on it, as I still wish to meet you on good terms, and in good humour. It is said you intend to banish me from the stage; but as you assure me that you wish to see me reinstated on it, I will not believe the report; and most solemnly declare, I hope I never shall see a disturbance in the theatre again on my account, but the public will ever take the part of the

oppressed. I have no thought or inclination of calling them to judge betwixt us, and would wish that our differences might be referred to some mutual friend. In the mean time, I again offer to return to my business, on the same terms I had before agreed with you for. You told me some time ago, you thought my salary inadequate to my labours, and promised me to speak to the gentlemen concerned with you, to make me an additional consideration.

"As your theatre will not open for above a week, I still hope our disagreements may be ended happily, and once more, offer to join on terms of peace and good manners, if I cannot on better.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
W. Smith.

"I am in Beaufort Buildings, and shall stay in town."

To this letter, Colman thus replied the next day:

"Sir, Richmond, Sept. 12, 1773.

"After your pronouncing my last letter to be ill-natured and uncivil, a further comment was certainly needless. I did not mean that it should appear either: though I cannot think the epistle, to which it was an answer, tended to inspire good humour, or produce compliments.

"I am not so careless of the property which I am destined to superintend, as to wish to banish you from the theatre, to which, if you please, you may be so serviceable; but I firmly believe that whoever strives to create disturbances in it, will at last find that the public will give as little encouragement to causeless turbulence as to tyranny and oppression. Each are equally destructive of peace and good government.

"The matter of business between us stands thus. You are offered your late salary; and you recur to an agree-

ment formerly proposed by me—an agreement, however, which you would never complete, and which you have since, again and again, rejected in the most absolute terms.

"I do not wish to delay bringing matters to a conclusion, for a single moment; but as you consult your friends on every occasion, you cannot think it improper in me to advise with the other managers; and there is not at present one of them in London. Before I received your letter to-day, I proposed being in town next Friday; yet would have attended you here, immediately, but for the reason just mentioned.

"By that day, however, or at all events by the day of our opening, I promise to give in our ultimate ultimatum, and hope to settle articles of a definitive treaty between us."

Smith took two days to consider; and finding that he could not do better, sent the following amiable note to Colman.

"Sir, Beaufort Buildings, Sept. 14, 1773.

"I received your favour, and assure you, I look forward for peace and good humour. I cannot give up my claim of the advance in my salary. I don't wish to hurry you in your determination. If it brings us together, let us meet cordially and cheerfully, without retrospect of former disagreements."

The following letter, signed by the principal male performers of Covent Garden, relates to the Institution of the Theatrical Fund of that Company,* which has since been raised to a permanent

* Instituted December 23, 1765, and confirmed by Act of Parliament, for supporting aged, indigent, and infirm actors and actresses (subscribers to the Fund) of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and relieving their widows and children.

and liberal relief for decayed actors, mainly by the exertions and subscriptions of its members, aided latterly by the profits and donations at the annual Festivals at the Freemasons' Hall. The late John Fawcett, treasurer to this Fund, very greatly advanced its prosperity by his zeal. Some of the Royal Family have usually presided at the festival, not only of the Theatrical Fund of Covent Garden, but also of its sister charity at Drury Lane, established by Garrick. Two more laudable institutions, among the vast number claiming public aid and sympathy, do not exist. The greater portion of actors and actresses have a daily harassing employment, on small weekly salaries; they are compelled to keep up a certain appearance, which must incur expense; it is almost next to impossible that they can put by money, in any other way than paying a certain average portion of their salaries to the two distinct funds belonging to each theatre. It is true, that the more eminent rarely require to claim that which would be (under certain circumstances) their right, but it is a beneficial and liberally granted annuity to those, who, either by age or misfortune, are prevented from following their profession. When, moreover, it is considered that the public have enjoyed the performances of the claimants in their hey-day of health and spirits, perhaps it is not asking too much, that the public should voluntarily contribute to cheer the cares of those in their old age and destitution, who formerly administered to their enjoyment.

Colman it would appear had been offended, at the jealousy of the Committee of the Theatrical Fund,

in rejecting his offer of kindness and interference, and had in consequence refused a benefit night in favour of their establishment.

"Committee of the Theatrical Fund of Covent Garden Theatre, Oct. 25, 1773.

"SIR,

"We are extremely concerned at having any occasion to address you on a subject which has for its basis the most distant supposition of our having been wanting in respect or attention to Mr. Colman. When this Institution was first set on foot, it was settled as one of the fundamental and irrevocable rules, that no person whatever should be admitted a member, but such as were actually performers at Covent Garden Theatre, and that the Trustees and Committee should be chosen from them only. Mr. Beard, at that time the acting manager, being also a performer, was admitted as a weekly contributor, and chosen a trustee, merely in that situation, totally separated from his other character, and he still continues a trustee in consequence of another first rule, that the trustees should remain, unless a very apparent cause appeared for changing them. This being the situation of the Institution, we assure ourselves that Mr. Colman on this explanation will no longer entertain the most distant idea of any slight or disrespect by not offering him a part in the direction of this society, and hope that he will not withdraw his usual indulgence of a benefit, but believe us very truly his obliged and obedient Servants,

WILLIAM SMITH, GEORGE MATTOCKS, J. C. REINHOLD, THOMAS HULL, ROBERT BENSLEY, M. CLARKE, J. YOUNGER, RICHARD ROTTON,* JOHN DUNSTALL."

* His Theatrical name was subsequently changed to Wroughton. The play-bills for the year 1769, give him that appellation.

Mr. Wroughton, who was highly esteemed as an actor, and as a gentleman in private life, was the last specimen left on the stage of the race of performers, which has been termed "the Garrick school." Those who have had the pleasure to observe his acting in the part of Moody in the 'Country Girl,' and Darlemont in 'Deaf and Dumb,' besides other characters, will allow that, since his time, no performances of so finished a nature have been witnessed.

CHAPTER IX.

1772—4.

Juvenile days of George Colman the younger—His Recollections of Goldsmith, Garrick, and Foote—Dr. Fountain—Marylebone Academy—Death of Colman's mother—Young George Colman at Richmond—Westminster School, 1772—Gerard Andrewes—Bourne—Earls of Buckinghamshire and Somers—School-fellows—Colman nearly drowned—George Cranstoun—Sir W. W. Wynne—The Literary Club—R. B. Sheridan—Bow Street Magistrates—Woodward—Dr. Arne—Macklin's law suit.

We will now say a few words on the juvenile days of George Colman the Younger.

His first recollection was of the death of his grandmother, Mrs. Francis Colman, for whom he remembered mourning in a black sash, tied round the waist of a white linen frock. The next impression on his infant mind was caused by no less a person than David Garrick, of whom he thus speaks:—

"Garrick was so intimate with my father, soon after I was born, that my knowledge of him was too early for me to recollect when it commenced; it would be like the remembrance of my first seeing a tree, or any other object which presents itself to vision, at our beginning to look about us."

The following anecdote of kind-hearted Goldsmith, is related by George Colman the Younger.

" I was only five years old when Goldsmith took me on his knee, while he was drinking coffee one evening with my father, and began to play with me; which amiable act I returned with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap in the face. It must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my little spiteful paw upon his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room, to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably; which was no bad step towards liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free, for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

" At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy; and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested, by assault and battery. It was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed, and he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith, who, in regard to children, was like the Village Preacher he has so beautifully described, for

' Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd,'

seized the propitious moment of returning good-humour; so he put down the candle, and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to

be in the room, upon the carpet, and a shilling under each; the shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey, presto, cockolorum!' cried the Doctor, and, lo! on uncovering the shillings which had been dispersed, each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and therefore, might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain, all under one Crown; but, as I was also no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. Astonishment might have amounted to awe for one who appeared to me gifted with the power of performing miracles, if the good-nature of the man had not obviated my dread of the magician; but from that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father—

'I pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;'

a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends, and merry play-fellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat in point of sports, as I grew older, but it did not last long; my senior playmate died, alas! in his forty-fifth year, some months after I had attained my eleventh. His death, it has been thought, was hastened by mental inquietude. If this supposition be true, never did the turmoils of life subdue a mind more warm with sympathy for the misfortune of our fellow-creatures; but his character is familiar to every one who reads. In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and his foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature, and his ignorance of the world, his compassion for another's

woe was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humouring a forward child, weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence.

" The frequent letters passing between Garrick at Hampton, and my father, at Richmond, were so many opportunities for me to take airings on horseback, attended by the servant who carried the despatches. On these occasions, I always, on arriving at Garrick's, ran about his gardens, where he taught me the game of trap-ball, which superseded our former nine-pins. He practised, too, a thousand monkey tricks upon me; he was Punch, Harlequin, a cat in a gutter, then King Lear, with a mad touch at times that almost terrified me; and he had a peculiar mode of flashing the lightning of his eye, by darting it into the astonished mind of a child, as a serpent is said to fascinate a bird: which was an attribute belonging only to this theatrical Jupiter.

" All this was very kind and condescending, but it wanted the *bonhommie* of Goldsmith, who played to please the boy, whereas Garrick always seemed playing to please himself, as he did in a theatre, where doubtless he tickled his *amour propre*, while he charmed the spectators; he diverted and dazzled me, but never made me love him; and I had always this feeling for him, though I was too young to define it.

" My rides from Richmond to Garrick's house at Hampton had a ' long run,' as soon as I was able to keep my seat in a saddle; but my first attempt as an equestrian was a failure, for, on bestriding a pony, which, Powell, the actor, just before his death had presented to papa for Master Georgy, the little

quadruped threw the little biped upon the stones, at the stable-door: my horsemanship was, therefore, suspended; and the pony revelled in a field, or shivered in a straw-yard, for a full year and a half. Of this accident I was very lately reminded by General Phipps, who happened to witness it; and whom I shall have further occasion to mention, with his elder brother, Lord Mulgrave. I had the happiness of being introduced into their family by my father, when the present Earl could not have seen more than sixteen summers, and the General was a child not much older than myself; consequently, they were my earliest friends when, in attempting to mount a fiery steed, I proved myself no Alexander, and unworthy of a Bucephalus; but, from that time to this, which is full sixty years ago, they have never thrown me off, as my pony did; on the contrary, in reference to my long enjoyment of their kind and uninterrupted regard, I feel the full force of Cicero's sentiments upon old friendships: '*Veterrimæ quæque (ut ea vina quæ vetustatem ferunt) esse debent suavissimæ; verumque illud est, quod vulgo dicitur, multos modios salis simul edendos esse, ut amicitiæ munus expletum sit.*'

"Foote's earliest notices of me were far from flattering, though they had none of Goldsmith's tenderness: and when he accosted me with his usual salutation of 'blow your nose, child,' there was a whimsical manner, and a broad grin upon his features, which always made me laugh. His own nose was generally begrimed with snuff! and, if he had never been more facetious than upon the subject of my emunctories, which, by the bye,

did not want cleansing, I need not tell the reader, that he would not have been distinguished as a wit; he afterwards condescended to pass better jokes upon me.

"As the greatest portion of my life has been wasted in writing for the stage I may be allowed to mention here, that the first play I ever saw acted was in the playhouse on Richmond Green. I forget the name of the piece; but it appears, that I was initiated early in theatricals, from my having been in petticoats when I assisted at this representation. Little did I then think, while witnessing this play, in the days of my innocence, that I should be guilty of writing so many!

"The commencement of my worldly career will be fixed early enough, many may say much too soon, at the period of my being sent to Marylebone School, at Christmas 1770, when I was about eight years old; for the mere age of pap is to be touched upon only by an infant Hercules, who can tell of strangling serpents in his cradle; and, indeed, the earliest stages of anybody's childhood, just after his emancipation from the nursery, are seldom if ever fruitful of memorable events. Whatever may be at that time interesting or amusing, is generally derived from circumstances and characters which surround the hero of the tale.

"The Marylebone Seminary was, at the time I was placed there, a fashionable stepping-stone to Westminster, and other public schools of the first order. The head master of it, old Doctor Fountain, *Principium et Fons*, was a worthy good-natured *dominie*, in a bush wig; and his wife had a head of

attire, I would describe the body-clothes of this matron of Marylebone; but, as my pictures are only sketches, and dabs of the pound-brush, I content myself with saying, that the several dresses and decorations of her person were in keeping with the machinery of her head: and, at a certain hour of each day, she threw over her rustling habiliments a thin snow-white linen wrapper, tied at precise intervals, with strings of the same colour, which descended from her throat to her ancles. In this costume she was daily wont to mount herself upon an elevated stool, near a wide fire-place, to preside over the urchins of her husband's academy, while they ate their dinner; which ceremony was performed in the hall of the mansion ;* an old rambling house, allied to the gothic, at long tables covered with cloths most accurately clean, and with wholesome boiled and roast, most excellently cooked.

" It was, certainly, not a display of the sublime and beautiful, but it was a scene of the pompous and the pleasing, when this comely old hen sat in state, watching over the merry brood of chickens under her care. Nothing could be better than her whole arrangements of this puerile refectory ; nothing

* This mansion must, I think, from my recollection of the site, and the description extant of it, have been the Manor-house of Marylebone; of which it is said, in Stowe:—

" By a drawing of Rooker's, in the possession of Mr. John White, of Devonshire Place, it seems to have retained some traces of the architecture of Queen Elizabeth's time; but the greater part appears to have been rebuilt at a later period, perhaps by the Forests, and the south front was certainly added, or renewed, not more than a century ago. Devonshire Mews are built upon the site of the Manor-house."

better than the taste and judgment with which she restrained the clamour, but allowed the mirth of the boys, during their repast: and for the repast itself, oh! what batter puddings!

"Should some austere reader throw down the book, indignant at the frivolity of this exclamation, I would have him to know that I could read his moroseness such a lecture upon puddings, and the honour in which they were formerly held, as would make him lower his tone. I could inform this fastidious personage, that the most enlightened men of ancient times thought them not only strengtheners of the body, but sharpeners of the mind; the Marylebone delicacies which I have apostrophised, rose into so much celebrity that various were the visitors; parents of the children, and friends of the Fountains, who came in their carriages to lunch, at the school dinner hour; and, as there was a regular routine of certain fare throughout the week, the batter-pudding days were as well known to the visitors as to the boys.

"There were three Miss Fountains, daughters of the Bush-Wig and the Rainbow-Head, who were grown to womanhood, and inmates of the house. These damsels had no share in the scholastic cares of superintendence, but, I have been told that they much enlivened the family drawing-room, where there were *conversazioni*, cards, and *petits soupers*; and sometimes music, when a married sister, who was famous for her prowess on the harpsichord, paid them a visit, and flourished away in grand style. The elder of the unmarried girls had, in person, overshot the prescribed curve of Hogarth's

Line of Beauty; but then, she was vastly clever and agreeable, as every Mrs. Candour says, after lamenting that a young lady's figure is somewhat warped. I recollect little of the youngest girl, who, I believe, was kept rather in the back-ground, except that she was good-natured and good-looking, with the bloom and *agrémens* of youth; but the second sister, Di—, she was the great attraction; and with her charms and her chat, contributed much, no doubt, to increase the number of exquisites who assisted at the 'at homes' of Mrs. Fountain.

"This Diana, who was the Venus of the family, who afterwards became a Juno, married Mr. Hargrave,* of high reputation in his time, at the Chancery bar; a gentleman of profound learning in the law, and the laborious unraveller of the intricate questions involved in the famous Thelusson Will; but how a man of deep research and full practice in Chancery, finds time to make love enough to get married, is to me astonishing!

"There was only one female in this establishment, who was not only my dislike, but my dread and aversion. This was a squeezy, pale, lemon-faced maid, whose hard features, and naturally repellant qualities must, I think, have insured her a most unequivocal title to that chaste appellation; and, from the time I last saw her, which is more than half a century ago, to the present moment, she never enters my head without giving me a pain in the bowels, *et pour cause;* Sir, it is all owing to a combination of ideas.

* Francis Hargrave.

"Dame Fountain had a reverent anxiety for the health of every boy committed to her charge:—there never was a transient head-ache, a casual flush in the face, or tickling in the trachea, to raise suspicion of a cough, or in the fauces, to give an alarm of sore throat, or a pimple on the skin, the supposed forerunner of a rash, but the unhappy urchin who indicated these symptoms was condemned to be physicked. Unluckily Mrs. Fountain had but one recipe, and she applied it to every disorder, as the fiddler fiddled Bobbing Joan, because he could fiddle nothing else; it was her panacea; and, whenever she passed sentence for imbibing it, the lemon-faced virgin, whom I held in such fear and abhorrence, was the executioner. It was my wretched lot, being a puny child, to be continually doomed to a dose of this filth; and, on the execution days, I was taken by surprise early in the morning on the landing-place of the stairs, while creeping down from bed to the school-room; there stood the pale Pucelle, holding a table-spoonful of water, with ten grains of powder of senna floating on the top.

"At first sight of me, she stirred up the senna in the spoon with her fore-finger, the nail of which was bordered, like writing-paper in a deep mourning; the signal at last was familiar to me; 'Come, child!' was all she ever uttered; I knew the dreadful word of command; and, with tears trickling down my cheeks, gulped the nauseous draught, half mixed, lumpy, green, gritty, and griping. But, oh! the pains I afterwards endured! Yet this woman do I forgive. I would even write an epitaph upon her, since, now, no doubt, she is dead, for she was

no chicken when I knew her. Peace to her maidenly remains! ere this, they must be pulverized and levigated more—much, much more, than the gritty powder of senna, which, devil incarnate as she then was, she forced me to swallow.

" Domine Fountain was a quiet, kindly old pedagogue; and, I think, illustrated the adage relative to the effect of sparing the ferula. As a teacher of the ancient classics, he did not overburden his pupils with Latin and Greek; and they had respect enough for the dead languages to disturb their repose as little as the Doctor's mild discipline would permit.

" There were two French masters, regular fixtures, in the establishment; one of them, if I recollect aright, assisted also in the Latin department.

" The teachers who attended at certain hours, on stated days, were a writing and arithmetic master, a drawing-master, a dancing master, and a fencing master. From such kind of fugitive instructors as these last, who come like April showers, a crowd of boys may obtain a sprinkling, but they never can be wet through with knowledge; nor, indeed, did we appear to grow mighty learned from the lessons of our resident masters.

" It was a law of the school that we were to converse, throughout the day, in what was there called French; accordingly, except when whispering in holes and corners, we gabbled worse than young Hottentots, in a sort of jargon which was not even the corruption of any language upon earth! It was true *Marylebone patois*, and no other. Even the footman of the family, a ruddy thickset lout in a

livery, from the West Riding of Yorkshire, deemed it decorous to *parly voo*, in his communication with the pupils; and, whenever he had occasion to announce that a friend or a messenger had arrived to take any one of them home, he put his head in at the door-way of the school-room, and bawled out, in a stentorian voice that did honour to the West-Riding, 'Measter such-a-one, *venny shurshay*.' To expound the enigma of this vociferation, it must be recollected, that, in the French language, *venir* signifies to come, and *chercher*, to seek, or inquire after; and, by Yorkshire John's north-country conjugation of these gallican verbs, he meaned it to be understood, that somebody had arrived to inquire for a boy; or, according to his own translation, had 'Come to fetch him.'

"On the eve of my quitting this Seminary for ever —it being the night of Maundy Thursday—I made a ridiculous vow, and was forsworn:

'At Lovers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs;'

those of children, it is to be hoped, are as pardonable.

"As it was Passion-week, most of my schoolfellows had been taken home for the short Easter holidays; I had been promised to be sent for, but no messenger came; alone, disappointed, vexed, sobbing, and forlorn, I went to bed in my stockings; and mentally resolved, with all the earnestness of childish ostentation, never to pull them off, till I had seen my mother.

"Next day, Good Friday, Yorkshire John an-

nounced to me the welcome '*venny shurshay*,' and joyfully I sought my home; but, alas! it had become a house of mourning. The window shutters were closed; all was sad, and my father in the deepest affliction. My mother had died that morning, March 29, 1771; she had been for a short time ill, but not dangerously so, till on the preceding night; she had, as I was afterwards informed, swallowed, by mistake, a wrong medicine. I never saw her more! the impressions of sorrow are seldom lasting upon a childish mind, but I shed many a tear in secret.

"I need not tell the reader, that my vow of Maundy Thursday night was broken; it dwells not, I confess, upon my conscience; my poor dear mother's Spirit has never risen to accuse me, nor do I think that any Spirit, but Hosier's Ghost, would ever visit me, for the perjury about my stockings.

"On my mother's death, my father took me with him from his house in town, to his villa at Richmond in Surrey. During the many years he enjoyed this retirement, he used repeatedly to quote, in reference to it, from his favourite Terence, of whose comedies he has given to the world so admirable a translation,

'Ex meo propinquo rure hoc capio commodi:
Neque agri, neque urbis odium me unquam percipit;
Ubi satias capit fieri, commuto locum.*'

* I 've this convenience from my neighb'ring villa;
I 'm never tired of country or of town,
For, as disgust comes on, I change my place.
Translation by Colman the Elder.

In fact, he had a set of quotations, as well as phrases and figures of his own, as most men have, unconsciously more or less, which he was in the habit of introducing as often as he could find occasion: for instance, there was a horse-ferry across the Thames, and the boat in motion, wafting over passengers, carriages, and cattle, was a particularly picturesque object when viewed from his grounds; this was at last superseded by a bridge; and if any friend condoled with him on the loss of the ferry-boat, he was sure to say, 'Sir, you could not put a higgler's cart into it, that it did not become beautiful.' This eternal higgler's cart came over my ears in equal frequency with the quotation from Terence; and when I grew up into a wicked stripling, I would sometimes, to my shame be it spoken, whisper a Richmond visitor, what my father would say in precise words upon certain topics; and then, by leading him to them, prove the truth of my assertion. I practised this youthful piece of waggery once too often, for one day he discovered that I was hoaxing him. I fear that he never entirely forgot this irreverence; for, from that time forth, he carefully kept clear of the 'higgler's cart,' though now and then, he caught himself tripping at the '*ex meo propinquo rure.*'

"Should any grave reader be startled at the liberty I took with the paternal character, I beseech him to make some allowance for the levity of youth; let him remember that I have now taken shame to myself for it; and I do assure him, that I never deliberately infringed the fifth commandment.

" In those days, Richmond was to London more like what Tusculum was to Rome, for it boasted in itself and its vicinities the villas of various celebrated and classical men, mingled with those of the grandees. All these illuminati combined, might not possibly equal a Virgil, a Horace, or a Cicero; there were, however, besides my father at the bottom of the hill, Sir Joshua Reynolds at the top; Owen Cambridge, a man of good estate, not unknown to the Muses, on the opposite bank of the river; Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, at Strawberry-hill, with Kate Clive's cottage at his elbow, and Garrick at Hampton.

" In earlier times Pope gave celebrity in song, to the grotto he had reared 'near Thames translucent wave;' and Thomson, the author of the Seasons, not forgetting his Sophonisba, 'Oh, Sophonisba! Sophonisba*! oh!!!' lived, and died, and was buried, at Richmond.† Some thirty years after him a redundant namesake of his, a naval Captain Thompson, with the letter *p*, resided in Kew Lane; a poet, it must be owned, of somewhat ignoble and libertine fame, and not worthy of notice now, if Churchill had not recorded him and his house by the road side, in the following extempore couplet:

'Here lives a half-pay poet, run to rust,
With all his willows weeping in the dust.'

Though born in London, I was consigned more to

* This line in his tragedy is remarkable, not only in itself, but for the well-known parody upon it;—

Oh, Jamie Thomson! Jamie Thomson, oh!

† His dwelling was in that part of Kew Foot-lane which is generally considered as belonging to Richmond.

the cultivation of my father's rural Gods, than to the worship of his Penates in the metropolis. Richmond, therefore, was not only my playful scene of action during infancy and childhood,, but my head-quarters afterwards in the school holidays. Memory, which associates the dawn and forenoon of my life with the well known spot, gives it, to this day, a strong hold upon my affections; and I revert to its luxuriant meadows, and winding streams, with that fondness of attachment which an ultra-sexagenarian feels, in the recollection of his earliest delights.

"Had not Nature been so prodigal to the place, the late crowd of cockney buildings would not, perhaps, have arisen to injure some of its charms: as a frail fair one might never have been ruined, but for her own attractions. Still, however, it is sweet fairy ground: it has still its elegant garden-like surrounding country, and softness of scenery; of which my father expressed his notions by constantly declaring—which, by-the-by, was another of his pet phrases—that 'all its shepherds were in silk.'

"When my father's grief for his domestic loss was mitigated, he placed me at Westminster School; for a time, therefore, I bade 'adieu to the village delights,' and the fragrant air of Richmond, for Dean's Yard, and the neighbouring stench of Tothill Fields; then the receptacle of half the filth of the metropolis. This was just as I had attained, or was upon the point of attaining, I forget which, my tenth year.

"Westminster School is such old ground, that little or nothing new can be said of it: so I wish I could

skip school altogether; but it is too material a thread in a man's autobiographical web to be omitted. Dr. Smith was head-master, in my time, and a very dull and good-natured head-master he was. Dr. Vincent was under-master, a man of learning, and plaguily severe: his severity, indeed, might be incidental to his position, and arise from his having to do with the young fry of the school; for there is no ratiocinating with urchins of very tender years; you cannot make the same impression upon them as upon older lads, by expostulating, by shaming them, or by rousing their pride; and when there is no maintaining order by an appeal to their heads, nothing is left for it, but an application to their tails; and this last was Vincent's way of disciplining his infantry; but he lost his temper, and struck and pinched the boys, in sudden bursts of anger, which was unwarrantable. A pedagogue is privileged to make his pupil red in the proper place with birch, but he has no right to squeeze him black and blue with his fingers; and so I would have told Vincent, who is now no more, had I encountered him in my riper years; but he subsided, I have heard, into the usual mildness of a head-master, when he succeeded to that situation, which was after I had quitted school. One of the boys drew a caricature of him, which was published in the print-shops, with the following hexameter under it:

"Sanguineos oculos volvit, virgamque requirit*;"

* Which may be thus translated:

"He rolls
His blood-shot eyes, and bellows for a rod."

upon which he remarked to the boys, with much good sense and moral truth, that, though he laughed at the caricature, he disapproved of the line annexed to it; because the disorder in his eyes was his misfortune, and not his fault; and it was illiberal and inhuman to ridicule a man for his afflictions.

"Gerard Andrewes, late Dean of Canterbury, was one of the ushers, in those days, but not then conspicuous, though he excelled greatly afterwards as a preacher. Hayes, another usher, was thought more clever by the boys, in consequence, I suppose, of some of his Epilogues to the annual representations of Terence's comedies. Such epilogues are always of the humorous cast, but it requires no great fancy to be an English wag in the Roman language; for, if I be not mistaken in my notion, the comicality chiefly consists in describing things by that *tournure* of Latin expression which elevates low or familiar subjects, and thereby produces a kind of mock heroic; as, for example, in Bourne's Schola Rhetorices:—

'Londini ad pontem, Billingi nomine, porta est,
Unde ferunt virides ostrea Nereides.'

"Here, it is seen, that, the joke lies in a general air of pomposity, such as calling London Bridge and Billingsgate, the bridge of London and the gate of Billing; and oyster-women, the green Nereids; which is no extraordinary 'pass of pate.' Bourne's *Poematia*, however, are greatly above the common level of this kind of writing. Bourne was, also, a Westminster usher and epilogue-writer.

"I boarded at Jones's, in Great Dean's Yard.

Among the elder boarders there, in the first years of my tirocinium, were Vernon, afterwards Archbishop of York, who was about to leave school as I entered it; Bob Hobart, the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, whose *fag* I was in particular; and Cocks, the present Earl Somers. Jones, the master of the boarding-house, retired from it during my stay; and Mrs., or, as we politely designated such lady presidents, *Mother* Clapham, succeeded him; bringing with her an additional number of boys, and joining her own firm, already established, to the late Jones's. This union greatly increased the number of boarders; and, before and after the amalgamation, there were, among my young fellow lodgers, in addition to those already mentioned as subsequent *hommes célèbres et nobles*, Willis, the present Dr. Robert Willis; Reynolds, my brother dramatist; Germaine, now Duke of Dorset; and Paget, now the Marquis of Anglesea. Percy, who died young, son of the late Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and editor of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, was, also, one of our hundred, with others whom I do not now recollect.

"There was a boy, too, of the name of Cranstoun, a younger brother of the then Lord Cranstoun, whom I well and affectionately remember; for, without his generous aid, I should have had no particulars of myself to relate; but this requires explanation. Be it known, then, to the reader, that once, on a fine summer's evening, during my sojournment at Westminster, I was drowned: an ominous

adventure for a future poet, and portentous of my prowess in 'the art of sinking.'

"This submersion in the silver Thames took place not far from Westminster Bridge, near the southern shore, and immediately opposite to the premises of the well-known Dicky Roberts, who, at the time I was drowned, and for many years afterwards, furnished school-boys with a capital opportunity of undergoing the same ceremony. This chance he provided at a moderate price, by letting out sailing-boats, wherries, punch-bowls, funnies, and other aquatic vehicles, calculated to convert horizontal into perpendicular motion; and to send young gentlemen to the bottom of the river, instead of carrying them forward on the surface.

"My young friend George Cranstoun and I happened to be the only boys who were then bathing, in the place above-mentioned; he swam like a duck, and I no better than a pig of lead. It was low tide, and the channel of the river was very near the bank; from which I walked forward, up to my chin in the water, and then turning round, I began to *strike* with arms and legs, as an attempt at swimming, in order to regain the shore; but, instead of approaching *terra firma*, the current, which was very strong, while I was very weak, carried me out of my depth, into the channel. It is a false notion that drowning people rise only three times; at least, I found it so in my case; for my alternations of sinking and rising were many. Cranstoun had wandered in the water to a considerable distance

from me, but he had seen my peril before I finally disappeared, and had to work up against a strong tide, to come to my assistance. At length, he gained the spot where I had gone down; I do not think that I had quite reached the bottom; he was, however, obliged to dive for me, when he caught me by the hair, and, with great risk of his own life, kind-hearted fellow as he was! brought me to shore: but I was insensible; and, on my return to a perception of what was passing, I found myself stretched upon my stomach, along the benches of a wherry, which was drawn up on dry land; while Dicky Roberts was applying hearty smacks, with the flattest end of a scull, to that part of my person which had so often smarted under the discipline of Dr. Vincent. This, no doubt, was Dicky's principle of restoring the animal functions; though it may safely be presumed that he had never studied Harvey on the Circulation of the Blood.

"I think that the sensation of drowning must be something like that of hanging, for I felt that kind of tightness about the throat which I conjecture must be experienced by those who undergo the severest sentence of the English law; yet, in the alarm and agitation of the moment, I was not conscious of any great pain. A blaze of light flashed upon my eyes; this I imagine to have arisen from the blood rushing to the brain; though it might be occasioned by the sun-beams, which were then playing in full force upon the water.*

* Much to the credit of the more modern Masters of Westminster School, bathing, which was only winked at formerly, is

" In the unthinking spirit of school-boys, Cranstoun and I trudged back, from the waterside, to Dean's Yard, full of glee; treating my providential escape from death, and his preservation of my life, as light as if it were a scrape we had got into and out of again, in some frolic: in the same thoughtless way, we mentioned the accident to one or two of our intimates; who, with equal levity, asked, whether I had not, 'been in a devil of a funk.' Still, there are impulses in early youth which, in some measure, supply the want of moral sense and reflection; and I was grateful upon this occasion, without being aware of it; for, from that time, I was greatly attached to Cranstoun, as long as we remained at school together; though the effect arose instinctively, without any consideration of the cause; and I never clearly discovered that my friendship for him had increased because he had been my preserver.

" As one instance, among many, that school connexions are not lasting, I have never seen Cranstoun from the time of our leaving Westminster; and I am told that he is now no more! He was, I believe, a captain in the navy, and lived much out of England.

" My escapes to the paternal roof, from the overhanging beams and rafters of Westminster School, for ceiling it has none, were very frequent; but, allowed by the usher, resident at my boarding-house, and admitted by my father; they were, however, much

now allowed, under precautionary arrangements to ensure perfect safety; and there is a part of the river marked out, at Millbank, for the boys, who are attended by a waterman.

more propitious to my taste for pleasure than to my advancement in erudition.

"There are certain saints in the calendar who never dreamed how much they should contribute, centuries after their deaths, to the protraction of rudimental learning; many of their anniversaries give the boys a whole day of relaxation; even Saint David,* seconded by Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, released us annually from study, by nine o'clock in the morning: these, with other red-letter days, and the constantly recurring half-holidays, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and whole holidays of course on Sundays, in addition to the periodical vacations of a month, and sometimes more, all these were so many loop-holes to creep out at; and I took advantage of them all, by excursions to my father's house, either in town or country; to the first for half a day's stay, to the latter, chiefly, except in the depth of winter, for my more extended visits.

"Now and then, indeed, instead of going home, I devoted a half-holiday to a trip upon the water, or upon land, with some of my school-fellows; which was effected by 'skipping out of bounds,' in the

* The late Sir Watkin Williams Wynne always begged a play, as it is termed, for the Westminster boys, on the anniversary of the Patron Saint of the Cambro-Britons, a custom, which is, I believe, continued by his son, the present Sir Watkin. The worthy Baronet came into the school upon these occasions, and knelt down by the side of the head-master during the prayer which is daily read, at the commencement and termination of the school-hours. A play differs from a whole holiday, inasmuch as it is granted at the request of some individual, and the boys go into school in the morning before their relaxation for the rest of the day.

'lock-up house;' this we called 'going upon a scheme;' so termed, I suppose, like '*lucus a non lucendo*,' from having no regular scheme in it at all.

"It is evident, however, that I had too many opportunities of blending the Home and Foreign Departments; and, as 'all the talents,' of my father's time were occasionally his guests, I soon grew better acquainted with the countenances of living great men than with the pages of dead ones. Unable as I then was to enjoy brilliant conversation, even in my own language, or to relish fine writing in any language whatever, still I was decidedly of opinion that listening to modern wits in English, was greatly preferable to reading the ancient classics, either in Latin or Greek.

"A constellation of genius was shining forth at this period; and, when I was first suffered to be dazzled with their blaze, at my father's table, I was so young that I scarcely ventured to open my mouth, but to eat and drink; a taciturnity of which I am not now, in convivial parties, very particularly observant; and it is certain that I have long ceased to be a votary of Harpocrates.

"At one of my earliest admissions to the honours of these *symposia*, I sat down with Johnson, Foote, Gibbon, Edmund Burke, the two Wartons, Garrick, Lord Kellie, Topham Beauclerk, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some others. My father, with most of these, if not all, were members of the Literary Club; which title, given to them by the million, was not pleasing to several of its fastidious members; who

styled it, *par excellence*, THE CLUB, to mark its superiority over all others.

"This Club, though it boasted certain individuals of the first order in natural and acquired ability, was rated too high; or, rather, society rated itself too low; for so pusillanimous in that day were educated persons in general, that they submitted to the dominion of a self-chosen few, and were almost afraid to say that their intellects were their own, in the presence of these despots; who in their turn had a despot over themselves; for while the Club intimidated the town, Johnson awed the Club.

"In proof of this, I was told in later times the following anecdote, by Sheridan. When he was beginning to be known in the world, a little before his first dramatic productions, he dined in company with Johnson, and several of the Club; when the Doctor advanced one of his dogmas, which was tantamount to saying that black is white;* Sheridan, knowing that black is black, and not white, gave a plump *negatur* to the Doctor's affirmation; in short, whatever Johnson's hypothesis might have been, Sheridan argued against it manfully, with all the eagerness of youth, unconscious of his peril in attacking so formidable an antagonist. He felt too, no doubt, those powers within him which, soon afterwards, charmed the stage, and ultimately surprised the senate. The party, and particularly those individuals of it who

* A practice not unfrequent with him, in his discussions; for he acknowledged (as we have been told) that he sometimes contended for truth, and sometimes for victory.

belonged to the Club, trembled for him, at the onset; they shrugged up their shoulders, and seemed to say, "Poor young man! clever, but ruined! He is rousing the Lion, and it will soon be all over with him!" The Lion, however, was in one of his generous moods; though growling, he did not grow ferocious; though galled, he was not revengeful; he took his defeat, for defeated he was, in good part, and Sheridan, through Johnson's forbearance to proclaim him a blockhead, escaped annihilation.

"What times! when a young genius could be reputation-crushed, and that genius Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by entering into discussion, and truth palpably on his side, with a literary dictator! * Mortals, then, enjoyed as copious and general a distribution of brains as at any period, before or since; and those brains were sufficiently cultivated

* Subsequently to his fearful encounter, when Sheridan had produced his "School for Scandal," and established his theatrical fame in the year 1777, and moreover had paid a compliment to the Lion, in a Prologue to Savage's Play of Sir Thomas Overbury, we are informed by the adulatory Boswell, that "Johnson was very desirous of a reconciliation with old Mr. Sheridan." "It will, therefore," (says the biographer) "not seem at all surprising that he was zealous in acknowledging the brilliant merit of his son. While it had as yet been displayed only in the drama, Johnson proposed him as a member of the Literary Club, observing, that, 'He who had written the two best comedies of his age, is surely a considerable man,' and he had accordingly the honour to be elected, for an honour it undoubtedly must be allowed to be, when it is considered of whom that society consists, and that a single black ball excludes a candidate."—People now opine, that there is more honour in having written "The Rivals," and the "School for Scandal," than in escaping the single black-ball which excluded a candidate from the club.

to enable people to shake off their mental yoke. The hour, however, was not arrived; but, how completely, within the last forty years, has the world emancipated itself from this tyranny; and how much improved is conversation now, when sound sense feels, and asserts, its strength; when wits and literati are no longer bugbears; and when extraordinary talent of all kinds can excite admiration, without inspiring fear, and commanding a disgraceful subjection."

But to return to the correspondence of George Colman the elder. Here is a curious note from the magistrates of Bow Street.

"Bow Street, Oct. 1773.

"The magistrates now sitting in Bow-street present their compliments to Mr. Colman, and acquaint him, that on the Beggars' Opera being given out to be played some time ago at Drury Lane Theatre, they requested the managers of that theatre not to exhibit this opera, deeming it productive of mischief to society, as in their opinion it most undoubtedly increased the number of thieves; and the managers obligingly returned for answer that for that night it was too late to stop it, but that for the future they would not play it if the other house did not. Under these circumstances, from a sense of duty and the principles of humanity, the magistrates make the same request to Mr. Colman and the rest of the managers of His Majesty's theatre Royal, Covent Garden; the same opera being advertised to be played there this night."

To which communication Mr. Colman returned the following answer:—

"Mr. Colman presents his best respects to the magi-

strates with whose note he has just been honoured. He has not yet had an opportunity of submitting it to the other managers, but for his own part cannot help differing in opinion with the magistrates, thinking that the theatre is one of the very few houses in the neighbourhood that does not contribute to increase the number of thieves.

" Covent Garden,
Wednesday Morning."

In those 'Jonathan Wild' days, Mr. Colman's reply to the magistrates was rather severe.

Garrick had proposed that Hoadly should translate a French drama of a grave cast, and the latter in a letter dated Nov. 16, 1773, frankly writes his opinion. " You seem now to give into Dr. Goldsmith's ridiculosity, in opposition to all sentimentality. If so, this will not do, it being of a grave cast; yet your 'Guardian' did. I thought of calling it 'The White Lie,' but the newspapers say, that Colman's comedy, is to be called 'The White Liar.' As the character is represented to be a good natured fellow betraying himself into scrapes, is it not likely to be taken from my " Jack Shatter," which Mr. Colman had in his custody a good while?"

Colman's comedy of the " Man of Business," originally intended to have been produced as " The White Liar," was played at Covent Garden, Jan. 29, 1774, with some applause, though not without opposition.

The following letter is from the celebrated comedian, Henry Woodward.

" DEAR SIR, January 16th, 1774.

" I rejoice that every thing went last night better than you expected. Every measure which you have taken, I should have taken had I been in your situation; and I look upon myself as much obliged to you for every part of your conduct towards me during my indisposition. I think with you that it would be indiscreet to announce my performance, till there is a certainty of my being able to do so. I am now in a fair way, and I hope nothing unforeseen will happen to hinder my speedily showing how willing I am to be, Sir,

Your humble servant,

H. WOODWARD.

" George Colman, Esq."

The subjoined letter from Dr. Arne, of musical fame, relates to a comic opera, called " Achilles in Petticoats," which had been altered from Gay by George Colman.

" Tom's Coffee-house, Jan. 28, 1774.

" DEAR SIR,

" Having received some private hints, that Mr. Mattocks, since the necessary improvements in Catley's part, has in conference with you rather shewed an inclination to retard the performance of Achilles, than to forward it, I could not, though I hate to write a solicitous letter, resist the impulse of my fear on so alarming an occasion. Would any one think that this man owes all his merit and success in his profession to me? All the answer I made was, that my reliance was on a gentleman and a man of honour who agreed to perform it this season, and whose word is to me an oracle.

" For six months past, I have given my whole time and labour to this business. The first act was finished, and the

music delivered to the performers nearly three months past. The second act was ready before they were prepared for a rehearsal of the first. The third act came under the same predicament, and I have since, without an hour's delay, written four new songs for Catley, and two for Reinhold; so that I hope you will be of opinion that not the least blame can be laid on me.

"Notwithstanding the deserved success of 'Mother Shipton,'* the old proverb, that 'store 's no sore,' will ever be true; and it has long been the practice of both Theatres to relieve a strong performance with another, in order to keep both in their full strength, and to give the public that variety which keeps curiosity awake, and fills the houses every night. This is only an observation drawn from the practice of you gentlemen managers—not a prescription to Mr. Colman, whose knowledge and attention require no monitor. Several noble friends of mine, two of whom have mentioned this opera to the King, have earnestly inquired to know the day fixed for its performance. You would, therefore, infinitely oblige me if you would enable me to give them a satisfactory answer, particularly as to-morrow I must attend their Catch Club.

"Will you, my dear Sir, be so kind as directly to order continued rehearsals of it, and as I know you have little leisure to write, be pleased only to send three words of comfort to

Your devoted friend and obliged humble servant,

THOMAS A. ARNE."

The long contested cause between Macklin, plaintiff, and Colman, defendant, in an action for 1000 guineas, the sum demanded by the plaintiff for the time he was not permitted by the public to appear on the stage, on account of some offence he had

* A pantomime so called.

given by his non-performance, was determined in the Court of King's Bench, on Friday, February 20, 1774. Lord Mansfield advised a compromise, and it being left to his Lordship, he gave the plaintiff 500 guineas, and each to pay his own costs. The suit had been nine years in Chancery. In a letter dated the 20th of May in the same year, Macklin made a formal demand of his salary from Colman. This was written at the period when Macklin had been driven from the stage by the public. It was his plan to make weekly applications for his salary, to keep his claims upon the Proprietors, relative to his engagement with them, alive.

"James-street, Covent Garden, May 20, 1774.

"SIR,

"According to my agreement with you, and the other Proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, my weekly salary was due last Saturday, which I now demand. At the same time I give you notice, that I am ready to play any part that you shall appoint me to play, and to perform my engagement in every part of it with you, and the other Proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, whenever you shall call upon me for that purpose.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

CHARLES MACKLIN."

CHAPTER X.

1774—75.

Close of Colman's Management at Covent Garden—His Industry —The Patents—Moody—Rich and Sir Thomas Skipwith—The Duke of Grafton and Lacy—Shuter—Hunting for a Patent — Garrick — Cumberland — Jephson — Mossop — Fitzpatrick—Dublin Theatre—Death of Mossop—Literary Club—Bon Ton—Wilkes, Lord Mayor—Lady Mayoress's Rout—Mansion House Lyrics—Garrick at Bath—Henderson—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Hannah More—Macklin's Trial—Lord Mansfield —The Duchess of Kingston—Trip to Oxford—Both the Colmans—Bonnel Thornton's Death-bed—Woodstock—The Peak.

COLMAN relinquished the management of Covent Garden Theatre, May 26, 1774, when an epilogue which he had written for the occasion, was spoken by Miss Barsanti. One of the King's pages was deputed to obtain a copy of this epilogue for the Queen's perusal.

Hull was appointed acting manager in place of Colman, and the ex-manager was no sooner defunct in office, than he was assailed in satire and splenetic verse. An ode, not the least conspicuous amongst its fellows, made its appearance in June, entitled "Resignation, or Majesty in the Dumps." Even some of Colman's humble adherents when he was in power, now, in accordance with human nature, in the words of Smollett, "declared against him as the

setting sun, from whose beams they could expect no further warmth." Colman had served a seven years apprentice in theatrical management—a situation that has been defined as a small 'hell upon earth.' Now 'Hull' undertook 'Hell.'

Dr. John Hoadley, in a letter to Garrick, dated April 10, 1774, alluding to the death of Lacy, which occurred January 23rd of the same year, writes, "I trust you gain ease and satisfaction, as well as emolument, by having no partner in the patent. I suppose Master Colman is tired enough, though he seemed to have overcome his chief difficulties."

Colman had entirely conducted the stage department of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden since his first appointment in 1767, and he added to assiduity in the onerous office of acting manager, indefatigable industry as an author. During this period, he produced the comedy of 'The English Merchant;' an alteration of 'King Lear;' the comedy of 'The Oxonian in Town;' the comedy of 'Man and Wife;' the burletta of 'The Portrait;' the masque called 'The Fairy Prince;' an alteration of Milton's 'Comus;' an opera entitled 'Achilles in Petticoats;' and the comedy of 'The Man of Business.' These dramas have considerable merit. In all his minor pieces Colman's plots were simple; yet they contain strong character, and many were aimed at the fashionable and prevailing follies of his day. As regards his partners, Powell acted; of Harris and Rutherford, we have not any document to prove that they did much in furtherance of the beneficial

results of the property at the period; although it must be acknowledged that, in many subsequent seasons, Mr. Harris proved himself a liberal and most excellent manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Colman's share was purchased by his partners, and was immediately assigned to them.

Much has been written respecting the patents of the two theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane. The enormous increase in their value will be made evident, by the subjoined extract of a letter from the veteran actor, Moody, dated March, 1798. Mr. Moody states that he received his information from Christopher Rich, brother of John Rich, the patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, and that Sir Thomas Skipwith's patent fell into his father's hands in the following manner:

"Mr. Rich, the father of John and Christopher, was an attorney. He had a client to whom Sir Thomas Skipwith stood indebted in a large sum of money, and Mr. Rich meeting the attorney of the latter, made his demand. The other replied, there were no means of paying him, but "a patent to act plays by." They then agreed to put it up to auction. They did so; and Mr. Rich bought it in for fourscore pounds. This patent sold in the life-time of Christopher Rich, after the rate of fourscore thousand! for the present proprietors gave Mr. Colman twenty thousand pounds for his quarter! This information I had from Christopher Rich at Mr. Coombe's, in Cook's Court, five-and-twenty years ago. It may be further stated, that no receipt having passed, the present proprietors had to pay

Sir Thomas Skipwith's relations a large sum of money to substantiate the property.*

* As regards the Drury Lane patent, Mrs. Bellamy records the following anecdote:

"Mr. Lacy, who was at the time one of the proprietors of Ranelagh, had been engaged by two bankers, whose names were Green and Ambrose, to assist in the management of Drury Lane Theatre. But Mr. Lacy having formed a design of obtaining a patent in his own name, to the exclusion of the two gentlemen that employed him, he pursued for this purpose the following scheme. Being a professed jockey, he took care constantly to attend the Croydon Hunt, of which the Duke of Grafton, the Lord Chamberlain, was the leader. His Grace observed with pleasure the numerous train that attended him; and remarking that Mr. Lacy was one of the most constant of his followers, took occasion one day to admire the horse that he rode. This was the bait which the intended patentee had laid, and no sooner did he find that it had taken effect, than he begged the Duke's acceptance of his Pegasus.

This, his Grace declined, unless he might be allowed to make him some compensation. Upon which Mr. Lacy informed his Grace, that his employers were upon the point of breaking, which might have been the case, and that he should be obliged to him for a patent in his own name. His request was complied with, and in a few days he became sole patentee of Drury Lane Theatre; while the two gentlemen who had purchased of Mr. Fleetwood, were obliged to accept the places of door-keepers in the very house which had lately belonged to them. Mr. Lacy afterwards sold a moiety of the patent to Mr. Garrick in 1747, who became the ostensible manager, and through whose transcendant merit and indefatigable application the Theatre prospered."

Mrs. Bellamy continues:—

"The Duke of Grafton frequently honoured my cottage at Hollwood with his company, as it was from this wood that the foxes were unearthed for the Croydon Hunt, and his Grace observing that son of humour, Shuter, to be often of his hunting party, requested that I would ask him to join us at dinner. This I accordingly did; but Shuter, though convivial to a degree when he imagined himself king of the company, did not now feel himself at home. Observing this taciturnity, I gave our good chaplain, Dr. Francis, the hint, who was always ready on these

Colman retired from the turmoil to Bath, and wrote the prologue spoken by Mr. Younger, on opening the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, for the Winter season, in October of this year. His anxious thoughts were now turned to the production of his alteration of Ben Jonson's Epicœne. Garrick alludes to this in the following letter:—

"My Dear Sir, Adelphi, Dec. 20, 1774.

"A thousand thanks, merry Christmasses, and happy New Years to you for your delightful letter. Mrs. Garrick sends the same with great warmth, for your Latin and English, in which she is concerned.

"It was impossible for you to satisfy Cumberland, had the rack forced from you as much falsehood, as he has vanity. I am very glad you have prepared him for me. Had you been as mischievous as you were sincere with him, you might have sent him so high seasoned, and stuffed so full with conceit, that I should have had much ado to lower him. He has behaved so disagreeably with me, that I must have a pluck at his feathers, whether they belong to Terence, Shadwell, or are of his own growth.

"The Two Misers which are to be produced by your late brethren, and written by O'Hara, are from the French of Sedaine, *Les Deux Avares*, a very old improbable piece, but the French music was thought good. Mr. Tighe has endeavoured to make me lose my hold of the Duke of Braganza.* The Barrys are mad about it, and I am very

occasions; and he plied Shuter so freely with claret, that contrary to the adopted adage, which says 'when the wine is in the wit is out,' he was so far inspired with it, as to become not only loquacious, but clever. Upon the Duke's asking him whether he really loved the sport, or only rode for his health? Shuter readily replied, 'My Lord, I am riding for a patent.'"

* Jephson's Tragedy, produced at Drury Lane with great success.

stubborn, not to say cross. If I can get a frank before I close this, you shall see how he has pressed me within these two days. Harlequin's Jacket will make its appearance next Monday. I announced it a few days ago in our paragraph, but it will appear in the bills, a Medley Pantomime, called the New Year's Gift, or Harlequin's Jacket. We shall take half-price, though the scenes are all new. I shall do all I can to produce The Silent Woman this season; but, it will work us much, if we keep Jephson's Tragedy. I shall rely upon your attachment to us, to excuse our deferring it, if we find an absolute necessity for it. The comedy will take thrice the trouble and care of a modern one, to show it as it shall be shewn, and ought to be, coming from you to me. Pray tell me, truly, what you think of Henderson? George is an infidel.

"Pray tell George I have received his letter, and once for all I beg of him not to think of leaving Bath, till he feels and finds himself wholly sound again. If he does, I 'll never forgive him. A most disagreeable affair has happened; Mossop, on his death-bed, sends me his play, begging that I would ease his mind in his last moments, by taking it, and doing all in my power with it for the service of his creditors. He is dead, and I have the comedy. I have not yet read a speech; a friend has, and says it is like The Patron, without the humour. What a scrape! More when I see you; when will that be? Pray one letter more, if you follow it the next day. What a scrawl! Love to Foote—*entre nous*, has our friend Foote had some words with a certain Major?

Your's ever,

To George Colman, Esq., Bath. D. Garrick."

George Garrick was not inclined to admit Cumberland's assertion, that Henderson in any way approached his brother David's excellence as an actor. Hence his quality as an infidel.

Garrick appears to have been premature in this notice of Mossop's decease. He died at Chelsea on the 27th of this month, seven days later than the date of this letter. The Rev. David Williams, an Unitarian lecturer, who had attacked Garrick on Mossop's account in a pamphlet, written with consummate ability, apprised Garrick of the tragedian's recantation in his last moments, of the erroneous opinions he had entertained against him. This letter is dated January 7, 1774; and Garrick's reply on the following day is exculpatory of any cause on which Mossop had founded that unkind and unmerited turn of mind against him. "Had I known his distress," he adds, "I should most certainly have relieved it. He was too great a credit to our profession, not to have done all in our power to make him easy at least, if not happy."

Mossop was a remarkable actor. He was born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College. He was originally designed for the Church, but having seen Garrick act in the Crow-street Theatre, he was incited to turn his thoughts to the stage. This fascination was also increased by observing the abilities of Barry and Sheridan; and notwithstanding all the entreaties of his friends, he made his first appearance in Zanga, at Smock-alley Theatre, in the winter of 1749. Here he immediately established his reputation as a first-rate actor. He then quarrelled with the manager, and came over to England, where he was engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, on advantageous terms. He made his *debût* as "Richard III.," and was received with

universal applause. His next part was Zanga, which was followed by Pierre; Caled in the "Siege of Damascus," the Duke in "Measure for Measure," and Memnon, in the "Ambitious Step Mother."*

He was not satisfied, however, with this success. His ambition led him to aspire to general excellence, and prevented him from sustaining one particular line of his profession.

Although the town and the manager knew Mossop's unfitness for many characters to which he aspired, he would not know it himself. He was ever too much the dupe of his own flattery, and unfortunately he had the assistance of an injudicious friend, a Mr. Fitzpatrick, a critic of some note in his time, who, on some trifling dispute with Garrick, was mean enough to carry his resentments to the actor, and like all men possessed of the spirit of malice, sought his revenge at the expense of his judgment; hence, he exposed himself by daily criticisms on Garrick.

The town laughed at these impotent attempts; but he went on, and Mossop fancying himself injured by Garrick, Fitzpatrick took him up as an engine to fight his own quarrel, and as a new vehicle for his invective. He, therefore, attacked Garrick in newspapers and pamphlets, and so far obtained a victory over him, by raising a party, which succeeded in preventing full price being taken on the night of a revived play, after the third act. Garrick revenged himself by the publication of a poem entitled 'The Fribbleriad,' in which, with considerable vivacity, he plays with the character of 'Fitzgig,' the hero. He

* See Cooke's Life of Macklin.

then let loose his bull-dog, Churchill, at him, who fastened on Fitzpatrick, and almost shook him to pieces. Under such a seducer, Mossop's plain, unsuspicious, yet proud temper, could not long be at rest. He quitted Drury Lane Theatre with disgust, and returned to Ireland, where he was engaged by Barry and Woodward, the joint managers of the Crow Street Theatre, Dublin. Here, though he had a liberal salary, and played with considerable success, the fatal idea of becoming a manager took possession of him. 'There should be but one Theatre in Ireland, and he would be at the head of it.' This was not only the language of his own vanity, but of a number of fashionable females who protected him. It should be observed that Mossop was a handsome man. These ladies, without either judgment or discretion, would take him from a prominent situation to place him in the direction of the Smock Alley Theatre, with all the responsibilities. To induce him to remain, Barry and Woodward offered him one thousand pounds per annum, which was refused by Mossop. A paper war commenced between the parties, of which one couplet (the best) is here preserved,

> "Then as to the public, it is but a toss-up,
> Whether Mossop kick Barry, or Barry kick Mossop."

The end of this speculation was total ruin—a state of bankruptcy; and in this situation, after seven years of management, he returned to London, broken down in spirits and constitution. His friends now advised him to apply to Garrick for an engagement, but his spirit was too high to adopt this course.

With some conscious dignity he replied to his friends, "that Garrick knew very well that he was in London." The manager, however, would not know it without an official notice, consequently Mossop was unemployed.

Another unlucky attempt was made by party and pamphlet to restore Mossop to Drury Lane Theatre, but it failed. His friends then had recourse to Covent Garden, and the managers appeared willing to engage a performer of his merit; but, alas! Mrs. Barry was then the first tragic heroine, and she positively refused to act in any play with the unhappy man. She and her husband had been too deeply injured and annoyed by Mossop in Dublin. This produced a depression of spirits, his mind suffered with his bodily powers, and he moved and talked like a man approaching to melancholy madness.

He saw his dissolution approaching fast, but concealed it, and the extreme poverty of his purse, from his most intimate friends. When his voice was so hollow as to be scarcely audible, he used to say 'he was better;' and when asked about the state of his pecuniary matters, his answer was 'he wanted nothing.' He was found dead in his bed, with only fourpence halfpenny in his possession!*

Mossop was in person of the middle size, well formed, with a face of much expression, and an eagle eye, that evidently marked a proud and independent mind. As an actor, he was accused by the critics of too much mechanism in his action and delivery: his enemies censured the frequent resting

* See Cooke's Life of Macklin.

of his left hand on the hip, with his right extended, which they ludicrously compared to the handle and spout of a tea-pot, whilst others called him the 'distiller of syllables.' We have also heard that his pauses were so intolerably long, that, in the speech of Zanga, in the Revenge, to Alonzo—

"Know, then, 'twas I . . . ",—

the critic avowed, that, at the first word of the speech he might have left the theatre, called a coach, and returned to his box, and still have been in time to have discovered that Zanga 'did it.'

These are evident exaggerations. As an instance of Mossop's absurdity during his management in Dublin, we must relate, that the fame of Bickerstaffe's 'Maid of the Mill' had induced him to announce it for performance at his theatre. He had vocal performers sufficient, and a good band: all the parts were distributed except that of Lord Aimworth. This excited some curiosity amongst the performers, to know who would be the person cast for that part. The secret was, however, kept back till within a few days of the performance, when the bills pompously announced in capitals "the part of Lord Aimworth (*without the songs*) by Mr. Mossop!"*

A trial, of much interest to the theatrical world, came on, in February 1775, in the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, in which five persons were charged with a riot and conspiracy, in causing Mr. Macklin, the comedian, to be dismissed by the patentees of Covent Garden Theatre. The jury, after being out about twenty minutes, brought in

* See Cooke's Life of Macklin.

one of the defendants guilty of the riot, and the four others of the conspiracy. This verdict was accordingly entered up, and the defendants were to receive judgment the second day of the succeeding term.*

Colman at this period was a prominent member of the Literary Club. Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Dr. Percy, Mr. Vesey, Sir Charles Bunbury, Dr. George Fordyce, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Charles Fox, Dr. Johnson, and Boswell also belonged to it. The following *bon-mot* by Colman, is recorded by the latter: Colman, in reply to Boswell, having remarked that Johnson on his return from the Hebrides was willing to believe in 'second sight,' Boswell continued, "he is only willing to believe, I *do* believe; the evidence is enough for me, though not for his great mind: what will not fill a quart bottle, will fill a pint bottle—I am filled with belief." "Are you?" said Colman, briskly, "then cork it up."

In April 1775, the farce of Bon Ton was produced on King's benefit night. Garrick was the concealed author, and the prologue was written by Colman.

The following letter, in the hand-writing of Garrick, was doubtless a *ruse:* that his prompter, or other retainers, by whom it might be seen, should be kept in the dark.

"Drury Lane Playhouse.

"The Author of 'Bon Ton' presents his best compliments and thanks to Mr. Colman for his excellent prologue, and would wish to add to the obligation, by desiring him to look over the farce, and draw his pencil through the parts which his judgment would omit in the next representation.

* This riot took place on the 18th November, 1773.

"Mr. Garrick not being present at the representation, he likewise should be very happy if Mr. Colman would show his regard to him, and take the trouble which is wanting to make 'Bon Ton' palatable.

"Mr. Garrick will do more, or any thing, at any time, to show his attachment to his old friend."

Garrick set out for Bath on March 28th, whence Colman received the subjoined epistle:

"DEAR COLMAN, Bath, April 10th, 1775.

"When I see you, I will talk over in friendly conference the subject of your last letter. I am at present very oddly situated; but, as I shall always wish to second your desires whenever I can, without injury to myself, which I am sure you always imply at the time you let me know them, I must open my heart to you, and beg that it may be shut up to everybody else. Smith cannot, with the people whom the managers have engaged, be employed at Covent Garden. He has offered himself to me, by my brother, in a fit of honour, or compunction. I still keep aloof, and have written a very spirited and refusing letter to him. This, my policy and my spirit required; but I will not hide a thought from you: I really think we cannot do without him, and if so, for Henderson is yet disengaged, how can I make it worth Barry's while to change his situation? However, let matters rest a little; the theatrical face of things may be greatly altered before we meet, for I give you up, and the pleasure of seeing you here. I must entreat your secrecy in this affair, and you shall know all my politics and engagements, when I see you.

Ever your's,

D. G."

Wilkes, who had been in the preceding November elected to the civic chair, gave an entertainment at the Mansion House, on the 18th of April, 1775,

which for magnificence exceeded by far all that had ever been seen at the Easter balls. Every thing was displayed with the greatest taste, and the company were many of them of high distinction. The Duke of Leinster and Miss Wilkes (the Mayor's sister), as Lady Mayoress, opened the ball with a minuet; and Lord Mahon danced another with Miss Wilkes, his daughter. Among the persons invited were Prince Pallavicini, the late Pope's nephew, Governor Johnstone, Boswell, and Colman. At dinner, Boswell, who had secured ample room for himself at the best table, perceiving Colman in want of a place, called to him, and seated him beside himself, observing, "see what it is to have a Scotchman for your friend at Mr. Wilkes's table." A foreign waiter passing soon after, with some viands, Boswell spoke to him in German. When Colman hinted to Boswell that he had certainly mistaken the place that day: "I thought I was at the Mansion House, but must surely be at St. James's, for here are nothing but Germans and Scots!" Colman's witticism has been recorded as 'a tiny joke,' in a ludicrous adaptation of Sir John Suckling's verses, entitled

THE LADY MAYORESS'S ROUT.

"I'll tell thee, Ned, where I have been,
Where I such charming girls have seen,
As ne'er were seen before:
They were so fair, and full of tricks,
I thought I'd cross'd the river Styx,
And gain'd the Elysian shore.

" The Lady May'ress, first of maids,
Admir'd by sages, cits, and blades,
Is such a *rara avis:*
That, could you hear the angel speak,
No more you'd rhyme to Kitty's cheek,
Or toast the fair Poll Davis.

" She 's all politeness, ease, and wit,
Admir'd by courtier and by cit,
And ev'ry girl surpasses:
In filial piety she leads;
She beats the Roman, Grecian deeds;
Nay, tops the Pindus lasses.

" Your country dowdies praise no more,
Come up—she 'll teach you to adore,
What's bad in you she'll mend:
She's an example to her race,
For virtue, gratitude, and grace;
The woman and the friend.

" You will excuse my old rough style,
At which, I 'm sure she 'll only smile;
For poetry like mine,
Should not be brought before her eyes;
She is so clever, smart, and wise,
In one, she 's all the nine.

" But as these lines will ne'er appear,
To any other eye or ear,
Thou wilt not let 'em out;
Therefore, my lad, attend the song,
I'll tell thee of the motley throng,
At Lady May'ress' rout.

" We clamber'd up a flight of stairs,
Like monsters to the ark in pairs,
Promiscuously together;
I'm sure there was, dear boy, at least,
Ten handsome birds to every beast,
And all, too, in full feather.

" But when we gain'd the grand saloon,
The fiddles soon began to tune,
The birds and beasts to prance;
And Ned, I saw, upon my word,
An alderman lead out a bird,*
An ostrich, sure, to dance.

" So sweet a creature ne'er was seen,
Of colours crimson, red, blue, green,
So beautiful and nice:
But people, who knew more than me,
Said, that it came beyond the sea,
A bird of paradise.

" The painter draws, the poet sings,
And they give angels golden wings,
To please the gaping crowd:
She prov'd the brush and pencil right,
And seem'd an angel, dropp'd that night,
From some soft, fleecy cloud.

" Others there were, with feathers too,
Indeed they neither danc'd or flew,
Cotillions, allemands, and reels:
For them, I wish'd, with all my heart,
Their heads would with their feathers part,
To lighten all their heels.

" Though laureates periodic sing
Of Charlotte queen and George the king,
Yet these surpass in all:
For courtiers meaning to be witty,
Came down to ridicule the city,
Yet prais'd them and the ball.

" Indeed, such charming, beauteous girls,
Such feathers, jewels, lace, and pearls,
I never saw together:
Such foreigners, such stars, and strings,
Such men, and aldermen, and things
In full fur and full feather.

* Miss Asgill, daughter of Alderman Asgill.

" D'Eon, that mixture of a man,
Something between a fish and swan,
Look'd very gay in red;
St. Louis' order grac'd his coat,
To show that he had served and fought,
But did not prove he 'd bled.

" Sam Foote, that merry wag, was here,
He laugh'd and grinn'd from ear to ear,
And laid his wit amain;
They gap'd and swallowed all he said,
But they by far were too well bred
To bring up aught again.

" Colman, he crack'd a tiny joke,
And Boswell cursed broad Scotch spoke
In Dr. Johnson's praise;
But still he damn'd his Hebrides,
Which proved poor Scotland had no trees;
Not for their poets' bays.

" Dick Twiss, the classic and the vain,
Talk'd of his voyage to Lisbon, Spain;
To make his friends full glad:
But had it been thy cursed fate,
To read his work and hear him prate,
By Jove 't had made thee mad!

" By three next morn the rout was done,
For want of wine—we wanted fun;
There was no spur to vice;
Three pretty maids, gay, debonnaire,
Served us with tea and capillaire,
And kept us cool with ice."

We now resume Garrick's lively correspondence to Colman, from Bath.

" My dear Colman,

" Your very friendly and agreeable letter came to my hand

in a very lucky moment. I had been numbed as a Maccaroni, I should have said, bored to death by old Doctor Barry, for an hour and a half; so that had not you electrified me, I had perished. Your illness alarmed me, and your scheme with Captain Phipps to the North Pole, freezes about my heart.

" I despair of seeing you here, so that I must beat the parade with the folks here, whose conversation lies as heavy upon my mind as the hot cakes and devilments at breakfast upon my stomach. I have seen the great Henderson, who has something, and is nothing. He might be made to figure among the puppets of these times. His Don John is a comic Cato; and his Hamlet, a mixture of tragedy, comedy, pastoral, farce, and nonsense. However, though my wife is outrageous, I am in the secret, and see sparks of fire which might be blown, to warm even a London audience at Christmas. He is a dramatic phenomenon, and his friends, but more particularly Cumberland, have ruined him. He has a manner of paving, when he would be emphatical, that is ridiculous, and must be changed, or he would not be suffered at the Bedford Coffee House.

" Palmer goes on well, and will be elected into the Corporation. I am kissing old women, and giving young ones the liberty of Drury Lane Theatre, by way of bribery and corruption. It is the fashion, you know, for Punch to do this business at elections, and Palmer cannot have a better. Joking apart, I am really become a Punch. I have gained two inches in the waist, and the girls at night call me fatty! I wish you had seen Joshua's play. Your opinion would have confirmed me. I hate this traffic with friends.

" I long to be at Gray's Memoirs; you have made me smack my lips. Mason is certainly peevish, but I think there is poetry about him. When shall I devour the true Art of Poetry? I dreamed of it some nights ago; it is a special business for your genius, and worthy of you. How

like you Master Twiss? Your intelligence about the dedication is erroneous.*

Mrs. Garrick sends her love to you, but says with me, that you are a false loon, and will not see Bath this Spring.

DAVID GARRICK."

"MY DEAR COLMAN, Bath, April 20, 1775.

"I have waited till this moment to ascertain my time of leaving this place, but till my brother George quits me the beginning of next week, I shall not be able to fix the day.

"You may depend upon my staying at least ten days after the date you receive this, but if you cannot be here before the end of next week, unless your health requires your coming, I would not wish to see you here for a few days; for that will be tantalizing me with a vengeance, and the result will be that I shall only have a taste of you here, and lose my meal of you in town. I must be in London on the 18th of May, for the fund, and I am not certain whether I shall not shew myself on the 9th, for that is one of our days, and I am afraid to take the chance of the plays we can act without me; but of this I am not yet determined. Should you not have set out before George arrives in town, which will be on Thursday next, he will tell you all. If I see you here before then, I will, by Jasus, tell you all myself. Pray let Becket shew you the last card

* Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote an introductory letter to Garrick, accompanying his nephew's play, entitled 'Zaphira;' but Garrick's opinion was not in its favour. A theatrical manager is often placed in very unpleasant predicaments, by having to decide against the notions or interests of his best friends. The allusion to 'Master Twiss,' appertains to Richard Twiss, who had then published his Travels through Portugal and Spain. The preface is dated from Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, March 26, 1775, and from the notice in the letter, appears to have had some dedication, without which the volume appeared. Possibly Colman had heard it was to have been dedicated to Garrick.

I received from Smith, which I shall not answer. I have some small suspicions about that business which Becket will explain. 'The Inflexible Captive,' has been played here with success, and I touched up Mrs. Didier with an Epilogue, which had a good reception. Henderson played Regulus, and you would have wished him bunged up with his nails before the end of the third act.

"Palmer's election for Common Council-man comes on to-morrow; he has brought down Lord Camden to ensure him success, and he will have it. What a stirring, indefatigable fellow it is!

"I will tell you a secret, brother Martin, that shall make your hair stand on end! I believe I may engage the blood of the Linleys! Do not let one syllable of this transpire till the deed is done!

Your's ever, D. GARRICK."

'The Inflexible Captive' was a tragedy by Miss Hannah More. It was acted one night only at the Bath Theatre. Regulus, on whose story it was founded, was the principal part in the drama. Palmer was the manager of the Theatre Royal, Bath, at the time.

On the 11th of May, 1775, Mr. Justice Aston reported to the Court of King's Bench, his minutes of the evidence on the trial of the five persons in the preceding February, four of whom were convicted of a conspiracy and riot, and the fifth of a riot only, in Covent Garden Theatre on the 18th of November, 1773, with intent to drive Mr. Macklin from the stage. Lord Mansfield observed on the nature of the offence, called it a national disgrace, and reprobated the conduct of the parties concerned in it. He said, that in

the first stage of the business he had urgently advised the defendants to make Mr. Macklin adequate compensation for the great damage which he had sustained; that he then particularly pointed out as an advisable measure the saving of the costs, by putting an end to the matter at once; that the law expenses were now swelled to an enormous sum, which sum the defendants had themselves given rise to by their want of prudence. Some time was spent by the Court in endeavouring to make an amicable adjustment of the matter, and a final conclusion of it. Mr. Colman was proposed as arbiter-general, to which the defendants agreed, but Mr. Colman declined the office. At length Mr. Macklin, after recapitulating his grievances, informed the Court, that to show he was no way revengeful, with which he had been charged, he would be satisfied if the defendants paid his law expenses, took 100*l.* worth of tickets on the night of his daughter's benefit, 100*l.* worth on the night of his own benefit, and another 100*l.* on one of the managers' nights, when he should play. This plan, he observed, was not formed on mercenary views; its basis was to give the defendants popularity, and restore mutual amity. Lord Mansfield paid Mr. Macklin some compliments on the honourable complexion and singular moderation of this proposal, and declared that it did him the highest credit; that generosity was universally admired in this country, and that there was no doubt but the public at large would honour and applaud him for his lenity. His lordship added further, that notwithstanding his acknowledged

abilities as an actor, he never acted better in his life than he had done that day. The proposal was accepted by the parties, and the matter thus ended. During the course of the business, Lord Mansfield took occasion to observe, that the right of hissing and applauding in a theatre was an unalterable right, but that there was a wide distinction between expressing the natural sensations of the mind as they arose from what was seen and heard, and executing a preconcerted design not only to hiss an actor when he was playing a part, but also to drive him from the Theatre, and promote his utter ruin.

After the above decision, the managers of Covent Garden Theatre met, and generously agreed to give up their claim to the 100*l.* worth of tickets.

The next letter from Garrick is dated from the Adelphi, June 25th, 1775.

"My Dear Friend,

"We wanted you much at the election to-day. Foote was in great spirits, but bitter against the Lord Chamberlain. He will bully them into a licence. The Duchess has had him in her closet, and offered to bribe him; but Cato himself, though he had one more leg than our friend, was not more stoically virtuous than he has been. You shall know all when I see you.

We will most certainly attend you on Tuesday next. It is scarcely possible for me to refuse dining with you any where, but with Mr. Baldwin. I will not ever again attend those meetings, though I have been very happy among my friends there. I have been insulted greatly: first to have a paper, in which I have a property, abuse me for puffing myself, and then I am supposed the author of a paragraph or letter in the Morning Chronicle, which the printer him-

self almost avows, and which by my honour I never heard of till you mentioned it to me. I have done my share to the paper, nay, I have told that worthy gentleman, Mr. Baldwin, that I would look out things whenever he was in want of nonsense; but I give the matter up now, and as he may be assured, I will trouble myself no more about it. He may abuse me as fast as he pleases; I do not expect mercy from such gentry for past services. This you may say or read as you please.

"I long for the 'Saucy Gentleman.' Becket will let me have it as soon as he can.

"Your's, in great haste, your servant waiting at the door.

D. G."

The Duchess of Kingston returned from France, after having been abroad for two years, on the 20th of May. Her Grace surrendered herself to the Court of King's Bench to answer the charge of bigamy, and was bailed by Lord Hillsborough and the Duke of Newcastle. She was to be tried by the Peers, a circumstance which Foote had wove up in ludicrous detail for dramatic representation, under the title of 'The Trip to Calais.' This piece the Lord Chamberlain refused to license. Foote failed in his endeavours, but after much altercation, it was produced under the title of 'The Capuchin.'

The 'Saucy Gentleman,' noticed in Garrick's letter, was a periodical paper entitled 'The Gentleman,' by Colman, under the signature of 'The Blackguard,' originally printed in the London Packet newspaper, and continued at intervals between July and December in this year.

We cannot do better than introduce, in this place, George Colman the Younger's account of this period of his life, as it also will give glimpses of the character of his father, and his friends.

"In the midsummer holidays of the year 1775, I started in high glee, on a tour to the north of England; my father being, as usual, quarter-master and paymaster.

"We travelled leisurely, and in a zig-zag direction, our course beginning North North-West, and, on the evening of our first day's progress, we halted at Oxford. On our arrival we took up our rest in a dull, eccentric part of the town, at a decayed, old-fashioned inn, the name of the sign has escaped my memory; execrable in point of eating, drinking, and every accommodation, all of which 'that most venerable man, which I did call my father,' pronounced to be capital. This surprised me, as he was very delicate in his feeding, and precise in all his appointments at home; but I soon discovered that this receptacle for man and horse had been the bang-up house of entertainment when he was a student of Christchurch. He, therefore, such is the force of first impressions, and of early habits, insisted upon its present pre-eminence; and he had rattled up to it, after a lapse of twenty years, in a post-chaise and four, although it was then only frequented by stage-coaches, commercial riders with saddle-bags, and all sorts of scrub-travellers.

"We sat down to the eternal dinner at a bad inn, smoked black mutton-chops, with a tough broiled fowl, looking like the abortion of a spread-eagle,

sprinkled with musty pickled mushrooms. These dainties were served up on a short table-cloth, furnished with spoonless salt-cellars, and two-pronged steel forks. Pater looked a little queer, but was firm to his principles; he had been brought up in the heathen religion of this inn, and was determined not to be an apostate.

"After dinner the landlord came smirking into the room with a smeared decanter, containing some sloe-juice, which he called a bottle of his *supernaculum*. This beverage was light and fiery, like all the road-port, with some flakes in it, which my father pronounced to be the *véritable* bee's wing; and he despatched the waiter to Mr. Jackson, the then Oxford printer, begging that he would come and help him to drink it. This invitation was accepted, and Jackson speedily made his appearance: a deed of kindness, and proof of a daring stomach; for the printer knew every house in the town, and was aware of the poison he was about to swallow. The immediate news and gossip of Oxford having been primarily discussed, my sire and the master of devils entered into a long prose upon times gone by, wherein it appeared that Jackson had been originally employed in printing the periodical work of 'The Connoisseur,' of which my father and Bonnell Thornton were the authors; and in the confabulation between my father and Jackson, I learned that, in the above-mentioned joint production, Master Bonnell was most incorrigibly lazy, and threw very much more than a proportionate share of the drudgery upon his literary colleague.

" On starting this publication, the authors were pledged, as is usual in periodical writings, to produce a certain quantity of letter-press on certain days; but when the *onus* fell upon Thornton to provide materials, he waddled out, like a lame duck in the alley; that is, he was delinquent, after having promised to be punctual; and, at almost the very last moment, his partner was left to supply his deficiency. On one of these occasions the joint authors met, in hurry and irritation, to extricate themselves from the dilemma; my father enraged or sulky, Thornton muzzy with liquor: the essay to be published on the next morning: not a word of it written, nor even a subject thought on, and the press waiting: nothing to be done but to scribble helter skelter. 'Sit down, Colman,' said Thornton, 'by 'od!* we must give the blockheads something.' My industrious sire, conscious of obligations to be fulfilled, sat down immediately, writing whatever came into his head, *currente calamo*. Thornton in the mean time walked up and down, taking huge pinches of snuff, seeming to ruminate, but not suggesting one word, or contributing one thought. When my father had thrown upon paper about half of a moral Essay, Thornton, who was still pacing the room, with a glass of brandy and water in his hand, stuttered out, 'Write away, Colman! by 'od! you are a bold fellow! you can tell them that virtue is a fine thing;' implying that my father wrote

* 'By 'od!' was his favourite apostrophe; he spoke inarticulately, and clipped many of his words.

nothing but mere common-place, and instructed his readers in what every body knew before.

" This somewhat recondite sarcasm came ludicrously enough from a man who, through his own default in moral principle, was pushing his partner to save the credit of both of them, at a minute's warning.

" I believe that, after this joint concern, the intimacy of the colleagues, though they were always upon good terms, was not kept up; nor was it likely to be, with two persons of such different habits, except in the pursuits of literature. I have no recollection of having ever seen Thornton at my father's house. Not long before Thornton's death, these two quondam co-partners had occasion to meet in London on some business at a tavern; their interview was at noon, and Thornton came half-drunk! During their conversation upon the business which had brought them together, my father observed to his old friend, that he regretted to see he by no means appeared in good health. 'Health!' said Thornton, 'look here!' and he pointed to his ancles, which were alarmingly swollen; 'can't you see? 'tis the dropsy; by 'od! I'm a-going:' and going he was, for he died shortly afterwards.

" When Thornton was on his death-bed, his relations surrounding it, he told them that he should expire before he had counted twenty; and covering his head with the bed-clothes, he began to count 'one, two, on to twenty;' he then thrust out his head, exclaiming, 'By 'od! it 's very strange! but why are n't you all crying? Teach my son,' said

he to the bystanders, 'when I am gone, his A, B, C, I know mine in several languages; but I perceive no good that the knowledge has done me; so, if you never teach him his A, B, C, at all, it don't much signify.' Within an hour after this, poor Bonnell Thornton breathed his last. This is dreadful! to see a man of learning and genius, lost and besotted, at an age when his talents and experience should have elevated him to many years' enjoyment of the world's admiration and respect, to see him on the brink of a premature grave, looking down, like an idiot, into the 'narrow dwelling,' and beholding it with fevered levity! can there be a more mortifying picture of frail humanity?

"Having passed two days in viewing the Oxford *lions*, to whose den it was intended that, on leaving Westminster, I should in due time be consigned, we proceeded to Woodstock, that spot sacred to the Deities of Love, Poetry, and War; for there the bower of the hapless Rosamond was constructed; there was Chaucer born; there, too, the palace proudly stands, reared by England's gratitude in honour of a Marlborough, whose military science and success could only be surpassed by the tactics and triumphs of a Wellington.

"From Woodstock we pursued our winding way through Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire, till we entered Yorkshire; but as I am not writing an itinerary, and as most of the towns and places of note in this serpentine tour are familiar to everybody, though marvellous then to me, I say no more of them, than that, at Stratford-

upon-Avon, I was more delighted with a cold round of beef at the White Lion, than inspired by the birth-place of our great dramatic bard.

" Of other places which we visited, Warwick, Warwick Castle, Birmingham, Lichfield, Derby, Chatsworth, Matlock, Buxton, Castleton, Liverpool, *cum aliis*, to say they made me stare, will be quite enough.

" Of adventures, as we marched ' thus far into the bowels of the land,' and we marched literally into its bowels at Buxton, and again at Castleton, I have none to record, except that I was nearly burned to death in the water, in that part of the Peak which is called after a portion of the Devil's person, and which must be indispensable to him in a sedentary position.

" This far-famed cavern, one of the Seven Wonders* of Derbyshire, consists chiefly of two compartments ; and, to make myself clear to the reader, in describing the awkward situation in which I was placed, I offer him a short transcript from an old book.†

* The Seven Wonders. Hobbes has comprehended the whole in one verse :—

Ædes, mons, barathrum, binus fons, antraque bina.

These, taken in the order of the above hexameter, are,—Chatsworth, the Seat of the Duke of Devonshire ; Mam Tor, or the Mother Rock ; Eldon Hole ; the Springs at Matlock at Buxton ; Poole's Hole, and the Devil's ———

† De Foe's Tour through the Island of Great Britain, continued by Richardson, author of ' Clarissa,' &c. Eighth edition. 1778.

" 'On the steep side of a mountain at Castleton, in Derbyshire, is a large opening, almost in the form of a Gothic arch, upwards of thirty feet perpendicular, and twice as much broad at the bottom at least, and wider, it is said, than any artificial arch now to be seen. It continues thus wide but a little way, yet far enough to have several small cottages built on either side of it within the entrance, like a town in a vault. On the left side, as it were, of the street, is a running stream of water. As you go on, the roof descends gradually, and is then so far from having houses, that a man cannot stand upright in it, though in the water; but stooping for a little way, and then passing over, in a kind of bathing-tub, wherein you lie extended, the stream of water which crosses the cave, you find more room over your head.'

" To cross the running stream here noticed, I was placed flat upon my back in the boat, or 'bathing-tub,' above-mentioned; the bottom of it was stuffed, like that of a hackney-coach, with musty straw and hay, and as I lay thus supine, I held a lighted tallow-candle in my hand, without which, bating the distant gleams from a few more candles, carried by other travellers, and their attendants, I should have been in utter darkness.

" The Charon of this Castleton Styx was not exactly such a ferryman as his prototype, his passengers were all alive, and he neither navigated with a sail, as you do in a ship, nor with a pole, as

in a punt,* but he waded in the subterranean rivulet, which I do not think was more than three feet deep, and propelled his crazy bark with his hands, at the stern. In fact, he called himself the guide, an Irish one in this instance, as, instead of showing you the way, he walked after you. He proved himself, notwithstanding, very expert, as it will appear in the accident which befel me: I know not whether his adroitness arose from presence of mind, or from frequent practice in similar misadventures.

"I had accomplished half the *trajet* of a voyage, little longer than a hop, step, and a jump, when the lighted candle in my hand set fire to the combustible matter on which I was deposited; and the whole vessel, where I lay like an egg in a bird's-nest, was instantly in a blaze. Charon never once thought of burning his fingers by endeavouring to pick me out of the conflagration; but, having already hold of the stern, he gave it a sudden violent twist, which turned the boat topsy-turvy, and shot me headlong into the stream. Falstaff's transition from the buck-basket to the Thames was nothing to it; down I went with a hiss, in the midst of flaming hay and straw, to the bottom, "think of that, hissing hot! think of that, Master Brook!"

"I emerged, in a few seconds, extinguished and cooled. There was nothing further to be done but

* Virgil tells us, that the fabulous Charon was in the habit of both sailing and punting.

"Ipse ratem conto subigit, velisque ministrat."

ÆNEID, lib. 6, v. 301.

to hurry me back to the inn, for a change of clothes, after a decided ducking. Between the two elements, I might have fared worse; for considering the fright on one hand, and the indurating quality of the Derbyshire springs on the other, the chances were that I had come out of the water completely petrified.

"The big-wigged classical folks shall never 'flout me out of my humour.' They may say what they please to explode tragi-comedy from the regular drama; but I do maintain that there seldom is a grave distress in real life, which does not produce something of the ludicrous either in itself, or in some of the bearings upon it. If this be admitted, together with the Shakspearean axiom, that, the Stage is to 'hold a mirror up to Nature,' it is a stronger argument in favour of tragi-comedy than any which its learned opponents have advanced against it."

CHAPTER XI.

Odd travelling party—Captain Phipps—Sir Joseph Banks—Omai, the Otaheitan—Visit to Scarborough—Novel mode of Sea-bathing—Up-gang—Mulgrave—Scotch tumble—Tumuli—Collectors of Coins—Otaheitan Cookery—Omai's Cuisine—Savage Sportsmanship—Mutual Instruction—Origin of the Hamiltonian System—Crazy Hall—Sir Charles Turner—The Father of Captain Cook—Cocken Hall—Lady Mary Carr—Joe Miller—Lord Darlington—Raby Castle.

"We arrived a day or two before the races at York," says George Colman, jun., "where my father had promised to meet his friend, Captain Phipps, and to accompany him with others, when the races were over, further north, to Mulgrave, near Whitby; we proceeded accordingly.

"Our party consisted of Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave; his youngest brother Augustus, a boy of my own age; Mr. afterwards Sir Joseph Banks; my father, myself, and Omai, the Otaheitan.

"How it happened that such a seemingly heterogeneous half dozen should be packed up together in a close carriage, upon the King's highway, is to be explained. The three principals of the party, a naval officer, a naturalist, and a dramatic poet, were intimate friends, and not so distinct in their worldly pursuits as would appear upon a superficial view of

the matter; for it is to be recollected, that the honourable Captain was, according to a late Irish gentleman's pseudography '*bread* to the sea;'* the naturalist, having botanized and philosophised all round the world, had, of course, navigated the sea;† and the dramatic poet was, at least while he presided over a theatre, an absolute Neptune: commanding sundry seas of paint and pasteboard to roll, or not to roll, as he thought fit. In respect to the remaining three, the two boys, my dear departed friend Augustus Phipps, and myself, were under the separate control of an elder brother, and a father; and, as to Omai, Sir Joseph Banks having received him 'neat as imported,' had made himself his bear-leader and guardian.‡

* In allusion to the following well-known story:—The Irish gentleman had betted that a certain witty Post Captain, afterwards an Admiral, and since dead, was not originally intended for the sea service. He, therefore, wrote to him, requesting to know whether he was "*bread* to the sea." The answer was, "I am not bread to the sea, but the sea is bread to me, and d—d bad bread it is."

† He sailed with Captain Cook, when he performed his first voyage round the world, on board the Endeavour. The ship quitted Plymouth on the 26th of August, 1768, and returned to England, coming to anchor in the Downs, on the 12th July, 1771. Sir Joseph, then Mr. Banks, engaged to accompany him on this expedition, his friend Doctor Solander, a learned Swede of much philosophical celebrity, who held a place in the British Museum, and who had studied under the great Linnæus. Sir Joseph had also in his suite two draughtsmen; one who painted subjects of natural history, the other landscapes and figures; a secretary, and four servants.

‡ Lord Sandwich, Doctor Solander, and Sir Joseph Banks, but chiefly the latter, were the three protectors of Omai, during his sojournment here. He was brought over to this country in 1774, by Captain Furneaux, who went out in 1772, on board the Adventure, in company with the Resolution; in which last vessel

"The coach in which we rumbled from York was the ponderous property of Sir Joseph, and as huge and heavy as a broad-wheeled waggon; but, however ill-constructed for a quick conveyance over the rough roads and sharp acclivities which we had to encounter, its size was by no means too large for its contents. It carried, as I have shown, six inside passengers, with much more than their average luggage; for the packages of Captain Phipps, who intended to make some stay at Mulgrave, and who was ardent in his professional studies, were laid in like stores for a long voyage; he had boxes and cases crammed with nautical lore, books, maps, charts, quadrants, telescopes, &c. Sir Joseph's stowage was still more formidable; unwearied in botanical research, he travelled with trunks containing voluminous specimens of his *hortus siccus* in whitey-brown paper; and large receptacles for further vegetable materials, which he might accumulate in his locomotions. The vehicle had also, in addition to its contingent loads, several fixed appurtenances with which it was encumbered by its philosophical owner: in particular there was a remarkably heavy safety-chain, a drag-chain upon

Captain Cook performed his second voyage. The two ships separated in a storm, and the Adventure came home about a year sooner than the Resolution. Omai, though generally called in England an Otaheitan, appears to have been a native of Ulietea, but with connexions and relatives in Otaheite. On Captain Cook's third voyage, in 1777, he took Omai back to his native clime, to settle him somewhere. Otaheite was first tried, where Omai behaved like a fool, and was pigeoned by his countrymen. Ulitcea was then speculated upon, at last the captain fixed him in Huaheine, where he left him. In April 1777, advices were received of his death.

a newly constructed principle, to obviate the possibility of danger in going down a hill; which snapped short, however, in our very first descent, whereby the carriage ran over the postboy, who drove the wheelers, and the chain of safety very nearly crushed him to death. It boasted, also, an internal piece of machinery with a hard name, a *hippopedometer*, or some such Greek coinage, by which a traveller might ascertain the precise rate at which he was going, in the moment of his consulting it. This also broke in the first ten miles of our journey, whereat the philosopher to whom it belonged was the only person who lost his philosophy. Most gentlemen who go post in their own carriages have a watch, it enables them to tell how many miles they have driven in an hour, without reference to casual inequalities of pace; knowing, therefore, the character of their speed in the aggregate, they have little occasion, or desire, to analyze trot by decomposing it into footsteps.

"Our progress, under all its cumbrous circumstances, was still further retarded by Sir Joseph's indefatigable propensity for botany. We never saw a tree with an unusual branch, or a strange weed, or anything singular in the vegetable world, but a halt was immediately ordered, out jumped Sir Joseph, out jumped the two boys Augustus and myself, after him, and out jumped Omai, after us all. Many articles, 'all a growing, and a growing,' which seemed to me no better than thistles, and which would not have sold for a farthing in Covent Garden Market, were pulled up by the roots, and stowed carefully in the coach, as rarities.

"Among all our jumpings, the most amusing to me was the jump of a frog down the throat of the said Sir Joseph; he held it in the palm of his hand, having picked it up in the grass, till it performed this guttural somerset, to convince his three followers, the two boys, and the savage,* that there is nothing poisonous in this animal, as some very ignorant people imagine; as far, therefore, as enlightening the minds of a couple of lads, belonging to the rising generation of England, the frog took his voluntary leap of self-destruction, like another Curtius, for the good of his country.

"Instead of pursuing the direct inland route, through Malton and Pickering, to Whitby, we travelled coastward: at an elevated point of the road, not far from Scarborough, they told me, that there was a peep at the German Ocean: never having beheld the sea, I thrust my head out at the coach-window, with extreme eagerness. My notions of the 'vasty deep' were formed upon Latin poetical descriptions, which had been whipped into me at Westminster; and I had, moreover, lately read George Alexander Stevens's song, of 'The Storm,' in which he writes of

"The tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies,"

accordingly, I looked up to the sky, which hap-

* Colman designates Omai as a savage, and consequently suggests an idea, that he was a half-naked, ruthless companion: on the contrary, he was dressed while in England, in a reddish brown coat and breeches, with a white waistcoat, made in the English manner, and in which he appeared perfectly easy. His hair jet black, strong and shining, was, after his arrival here, clubbed behind.

pened to be particularly serene and unclouded, and the seas were not contending with it at all. I concluded, like the wise Governor of Tilbury Fort, in respect to the Spanish Fleet, that the German Ocean—

> " I could not see, because
> It was not yet in sight."

But being directed to cast my eyes lower, I observed a wide horizontal expanse of untroubled liquid, which disappointed me hugely; and I peremptorily pronounced that the sea was nothing more than a very great puddle; an opinion which must have somewhat astounded the high naval officer, who had not long returned from his celebrated Voyage of Discovery, towards the North Pole,* and the Philosopher who had circumnavigated the globe.

" Whether my ideas, on this subject, had arisen from too much or too little fancy, it is not for me to determine; it must have been from either one or the other: the poets had either set my mind like their own eyes, ' in a fine frenzy rolling,' or I was stupid enough to receive all their fine tropes and figures, for downright matters of fact.

" Be this as it may, on reaching the inn at Scarborough, I ran immediately to the beach; and was soon convinced that the puddle was, as the late

* The Hon. Capt. Constantine John Phipps, on board the Racehorse, accompanied by Capt. Lutwyche, in the Carcass, sailed on a Voyage for a discovery of a North-east Passage to the North Pole, in the beginning of June 1773. The ships became so entangled in the ice, that their escape was almost miraculous:—This expedition is mentioned as remarkable in naval records, from the extreme perils attending it, the skill and calm resolution of Capt. Phipps, and the gallantry of all the officers and men under his command.

George Hanger wrote of an army of many thousand men, ' not to be sneezed at.'

" Some lounging fishermen laughed at the questions which I put to them about the surface of the sea, and told me that it was, then, a dead calm. I gazed over the tranquil but immense world of waters, the *mira quies pelagi*, and it seemed the repose of an elemental terror, which the Almighty had lulled into an awful rest. The tide was at flow, making a sleepy stealth upon the shore; but the broad bulky waves came smoothly gliding in, like placid giants, and impressed me with a fearful conception of their graudeur, if vexed by a gale, and of their fury, when driven by a tempest.

" Early next morning, I was again upon the beach; to take a dip, as the cockneys call it, in the usual watering-place way. I was upon the point of making my maiden plunge from a bathing-machine, into the briny flood, when Omai appeared wading before me. The coast of Scarborough having an eastern aspect, the early sunbeams shot their lustre upon the tawny Otaheitan, and heightened the cutaneous gloss which he had already received from the water: he looked like a specimen of pale moving mahogany, highly varnished; not only varnished indeed, but curiously veneered, for, from his hips, and the small of his back, downwards, he was tattooed with striped arches, broad and black, by means of a sharp shell, or a fish's tooth, imbued with an indelible die, according to the fashion of his country. He hailed me with the salutation of Tosh, which was his pronunciation of George,* and uttered certain sounds

* Omai's Address to the King, on his being introduced by

approaching to the articulation of 'back—swim—I—me—carry you.' This attempt at the English language, became intelligible to me from his suiting the action to the utterance, or rather elucidating the utterance by the action; and the proposition was, that he should swim out to sea with me. I was 'not John O'Gaunt; but no coward, Hal!' and, considering that I had never yet ventured into the sea, had never beheld it till the preceding day, that I had been drowned, about a month before, in the Thames, not to mention my recent ducking in Derbyshire; that the person to whose care I committed myself, in so novel and nervous an exploit, was almost a stranger, and that stranger a savage; all this taken into consideration, my immediate acceptance of his offer, by springing out of the bathing-machine upon his back, may be looked upon as a bold measure, rather than otherwise.

"The Scarborough Sands presented, as they still do, it is to be hoped, for the benefit of the bathers there, a hard surface, beautifully level, which extended with a gentle declivity, very far into the sea. Omai, therefore, who was highly pleased with my confidence in him, walked a considerable way before the water came up to his chin; he then struck out; and having thus weighed anchor for this my first voyage, I found myself on board the Omai, decidedly not as commander of the vessel, but as a

Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was "How do, King Tosh?" He had formed a droll idea of the kingly power. When first introduced to Lord Sandwich, he pointed to the butler as King of the bottles; said Captain Fourneaux was King of the Ship; and Lord Sandwich, King of all the Ships.—Ed.

passive passenger, who must submit, without effort, to the very worst that could happen. My wild friend appeared as much at home upon the waves as a rope-dancer upon a cord; but, as soon as he had got out of his depth, my apprehensions were aroused, and I began to think, that if he should take a sudden fancy to dive, or to turn round and float with his face towards the sky, I, who was upon his back, must be in a very awkward situation. Every fresh motion of his arms and legs, carried us some yards further out; and, in the intervals of these efforts, he constantly cried, 'Tosh, not fraid;' but George was afraid, and plaguily frightened indeed, that is the plain truth. After a time, however, we went on so steadily, that my fears gradually subsided, and I listened tranquilly to the jargon of my vehicle, who taught me several words in his own language, which had all some reference to our immediate circumstances, and meant swim, drown, boat, ship, fishes, &c.

"At last, I felt not only quite at ease, but delighted with my mode of vectigation: it had doubtless one advantage over sailing in a ship, for there was no rolling and pitching about, to occasion seasickness; and I made my way as smoothly as Arion upon his Dolphin. I could not, indeed, touch the lyre, nor had I any musical instrument to play upon, unless it were the comb which Omai carried in one hand, and which he used while swimming, to adjust his harsh black locks hanging in profusion over his shoulders. Having performed a trip of full three quarters of an hour, the Omai came gallantly into harbour, all safe, passenger in good health.

"On landing, we found our fellow-travellers on the

shore. My young friend Augustus was vexed that he was not with us; but if he had, he would probably have been *de trop*, for I much doubt whether the South Sea Triton could have carried double. My father looked a little grave at my having been so venturous; the noble captain and the philosopher laughed heartily, and called me a tough little fellow; and Omai and I were, henceforth, constant companions.

"After lounging till late in the day at Scarborough, we resumed our travel; but the last four miles of the day's journey were somewhat perilous.

"From Whitby to Mulgrave there was, then, but one road; most of which was, in fact, no road at all. On leaving the town of Whitby, we descended a hill called the 'Up-Gang,' which was, and is, still almost perpendicular; of all Gangs, Banditti or others, to terrify a traveller, they cannot put a man in greater fear for his life than this Up-Gang; and, when you have, God willing, got to the bottom of the precipice without breaking your neck, you are to pass over about three miles of no very wide way, full of quicksands; bounded by the Ocean on one side, and impervious cliffs on the other; you must make haste, too, if the sea be coming in, otherwise you will be caught by the tide, and, then, '*bon soir!*'

"When we got upon the sands, the wind had risen, the sea roared, and it was almost dark; the horses took fright, dragged the carriage into the surf, and the evening marine trip threatened to be much less propitious than my morning's excursion, upon the back of Omai. The unusual situation in which we were placed must, I think, have puzzled the brave

sea-captain, and the navigating philosopher; for, however they might have been ice-locked, or tempest-tost, they had never, hitherto, begun a voyage in a post-coach and four.

"With some difficulty, the post-boys, the best and only commanders on such an expedition, forced the horses inland, dodged the quicksands upon shore, as well as they could, in the dusk, and set us down safe at Mulgrave.

"This residence belonged, at the time of my first visit to it, to the Lord Mulgrave, whose eldest son was the Honourable Constantine Phipps, with whom we were then travelling, and who inherited his father's title and estate; and on his demise, he was succeeded by his brother Henry, the present Earl. The family abode was, then, a common modern habitation, upon much too small a scale, more like a dwelling-house upon the limited acres of a private gentleman, than a mansion which harmonises with a lordly domain. The best apartments were in front, and looked upon nothing that I remember but a bowling-green, that dull vegetable gaming-table, on which nobody plays when it rains; the back rooms, which seemed to be little, or not at all frequented by the family, commanded, by a strange perversion in taste, a fine view of the German Ocean. The stone stables were handsome enough in themselves, but they elbowed the front of the house, staring on the one side of it; and between these and the woods beyond them, something, I forget what, interposed; so that the woods, in which the old Castle had been built, irrigated by romantic streams and cascades, and, as Brown expressed it,

full of capabilities, were shut out; the chaotic beauties of this neglected wilderness lay like diamonds in a mine, valuable and invisible.

"On the morning after our arrival, we went to visit the Alum Works on the Mulgrave estate, which I believe are very valuable. The first process of obtaining, and the second of crystallising the material, are both interesting: but the inspection of them is more curious than pleasant, as is generally the case in delving, and manufacturing. The rocks, dug into quarries, from which the alum is taken, are of a very formidable height, and as upright as a wall; but, if the labourers employed upon them were a parcel of goats, they could not have a greater contempt for a precipice. These fellows stand upon little narrow ridges, they are in the same perilous situation, except that they do not swing in the air, with 'one who gathers samphire—dreadful trade!' The depth into which an accident, at every moment likely to happen, might plunge them, and the tranquillity and phlegm with which they seem to consider such an event, if they consider at all, brings to mind the incredible tale, à la Munchausen, of the Scotchman's tumble from one of the loftiest houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh. He slipped, says the legend, off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high;* and, when midway in his descent

* To account for the extreme elevation of the above-mentioned dwellings, there is a deep ravine between the old and new towns of Edinburgh, which are connected by a bridge over the chasm. Some houses, therefore, in the principal street of the ancient Edinburgh, erected on the edge of this hollow, are considerably higher on one side than on the other. A few similar instances of building may be seen in the raised road leading to St. George's Fields, from the southern toll-gate of Waterloo Bridge.

through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out at a window of the eighth floor, to whom, as he was an acquaintance, he observed, *en passant*, 'eh, Sandy, man, sic a fa' as I shall hae.'

"In regard to the nature of our daily occupations, they were guided by the two principals of our party; and as active inquiry was their ruling passion, the spirit of research predominated over all our amusements. Botany, and opening the ancient *tumuli*, of which there were several in the neighbourhood, were our chief objects. Sir Joseph Banks, who had a better claim, I imagine, than Dioscorides to the title of "the Prince of Botanists," put the two boys, Augustus Phipps and myself, into active training for the first of these pursuits, by sending us into the woods, early every morning, to gather plants. We could not easily have met with an abler master; and, although it was somewhat early for us to turn natural philosophers, the novelty of the thing, and rambling through wild sylvan tracts of peculiarly romantic beauty, counteracted all notions of studious drudgery, and turned science into a sport. We were prepared over-night for these morning excursions by Sir Joseph, who could speak, like Solomon, 'of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.' He explained to us the rudiments of the Linnæan system, in a series of nightly lectures, which were very short, clear, and familiar; the first of which, he illustrated by cutting up a cauliflower, whereby he entertained the adults, Omai excepted, as much as he delighted the younkers; and it was whimsical to observe the intrepid adventurer, who

had been lately attempting to force his way through the globe's arctic extremity, eagerly employed in penetrating a few feet below the surface of a field in Yorkshire. But he doated upon a discovery, great or small, as Hotspur did upon honour; and, when he could not pluck it from the sea, why, *pour passer le temps,* he tried a *tumulus ;* and in this he succeeded. It is easier to find an old passage to the dead, than a new one for the living.

" As to the products of the *Tumuli,* which were to reward our toils, they consisted of a few crumbling pots, dignified by the name of urns, of less intrinsic value, than a Staffordshire pipkin : and some small pieces of copper money, with which it was impossible to toss up, for they boasted neither heads nor tails ; whatever had been stamped upon them was either quite obliterated, or inexplicable. Two or three of them came into my possession, from my being one of the researching party, but I did not keep them long ; and, from that time to this, I have evinced no talents as a hoarder of coin. My attempts, indeed, in this way, have been generally made with a view to modern English specimens, stamped with King's heads of the Brunswick line; many of these have, at different times, been in my hands ; but, somehow or other, they have soon passed out of them again, and I have never been able to succeed as a collector.

" On the occasions of breaking up the barrows,*

* Plott notices two sorts of barrows in Oxfordshire ; one placed on the military ways, the other in the fields, meadows, and woods. The former were doubtless of Roman, the latter more probably by the Britons or Danes.—" Some of these barrows appear made and erected only of earth, others are more

we went to work upon our sepulchral undertakings as cheerfully as undertakers in general; although upon reversed principles, for we un-did 'funerals performed;' and if the era be considered in which the men whose ashes we disturbed had probably flourished, we were busied in heathen deterration, instead of Christian burial. But it was a kind of field-day whenever we opened a tumulus; a grand muster of all our party, attended by helpers, each carrying 'a pick-axe and a spade,' and as the operation, which occupied several hours, was effected at some distance from the house, we pitched a tent upon the scene of action, under which we dined.

"Dinner is a very important affair, and the daily necessities of hunger demand a mutton-chop, rather than the potted remains of an old Roman. Foresight, therefore, prompted us to carry out provisions; but as we were all of old Rapid's opinion that, 'if it is ever so little, let me have it hot,' the eatables were to be dressed on the ground; and having no Doctor Kitchener, or Monsieur Ude, of our party, the last of whom I take to be the best kitchener of the two, we were obliged to cook for ourselves, after our own receipt. Sir Joseph made very palatable stews, in a tin machine, which he called by a hard name, and which is now very common. One day, among other dainties, we had a barbicued hog, a huge whole monster, which I thought very nasty; but this might be partly fancy, for I took a prejudice against him, while he was roasting: he was put

regular, trenched round, some with two or three circumvallations, and surmounted with monumental stones." The barrows near Mulgrave were of the inferior description; being only small hillocks, artifically raised.

down to a blazing fire in the field, where he was burned, scorched, and blackened, till he looked like a fat protestant at the stake, in the days of Bishop Bonner: we all had a flap at him, with a rag dipped in vinegar, at the end of a stick, by way of a basting ladle, otherwise he would have been done to a cinder: but at these anti-grave-digging jollifications, the talents of Omai shone most conspicuously; and, in the culinary preparations, he beat all his competitors. He practised the Otaheitan *cuisine*, which I cannot better describe than by quoting a work* now before me.

"First, the fire is kindled by rubbing one piece of dry wood upon the side of another; then, digging a pit about half a foot deep, and two or three yards in circumference, they pave the bottom with large pebble stones, which they lay down very smooth and even, and then kindle in it a fire with dry wood, leaves, and the husks of cocoa-nuts. They take out the embers when the stones are sufficiently heated, and, after raking up the ashes on every side, cover the stones with a layer of cocoa-nut leaves, and wrap up the animal that is to be dressed with the leaves of the plantain. Having placed it in the pit, and covered it with hot embers, they lay upon it bread-fruit and yams, which are also wrapped in the leaves of the plantain. Over these they frequently spread the remainder of the embers, mixing among them some of the hot stones with more cocoa-nuts, husks and leaves among them, and then close all up with earth, so that

* Cooke's System of Universal Geography.

the heat is kept in. The oven is kept thus closed a longer or shorter time, according to the size of the meat that is dressing.

" Hence it appears that the cooks of the Society Islands are, in fact, bakers, whose ovens are underground, with mouths at the top. Omai, in dressing a couple of fine fowls, observed the above process, but, as may be supposed, with some exceptions: he did not obtain his fire by friction, having much greater facilities of kindling a flame; he cooked fowls instead of dogs,* which last he would have preferred, in his own country, as the greater delicacy. For part of his combustibles, and the layers to cover the stones, he had other materials than the husks and leaves of the cocoa; for plantain leaves, to wrap up the animal food, he was supplied with writing paper, smeared with butter; for yams, he had potatoes; for the bread fruit, bread itself, the best home-made in Yorkshire. My readers will think, at least I do, that some of these substitutions, particularly a couple of hens, for a couple of hounds, were altogether absolute improvements. The homely adage explains the ' proof of the pudding,' and as to Omai's dish, in the eating, nothing could be better dressed, or more savoury: the smouldering pebble-stones and embers of the Otaheitan oven had given a certain flavour to the fowls, a *soupçon* of smokiness, which made them taste as if a ham

* Dogs, fed entirely upon vegetables, are the most favourite fare of the Otaheitans. The naval gourmands, from England, who tasted the flesh of these animals, pronounced it be nearly equal to lamb.

accompanied them. This saving, by the by, in procuring the relish of a ham, without incurring the expense of the ham itself, argues greatly in favour of Omai's receipt, and is well worthy the consideration of all good house-wives: as to the potatoes all the paddies of the Emerald Isle must own themselves outdone in the cooking of praties. One day, we roasted a sea-gull, which was enough to turn the stomach of a cormorant, the experiment was a complete failure, the raw dinner of a Hottentot must be refuge from it.

" Our rural pursuits at Mulgrave, being influenced by the leaders of our Company as before stated, were of course, as may be supposed, widely different from the usual sports of country gentlemen; the commander of the North-Pole expedition, and the visitor of the South-Sea Islands, disdained to shoot at any bird or beast more common than a penguin or a bear. It was late in August, yet our licensed murders on the neighbouring moors were always perpetrated by a hired assassin; the sanguinary gamekeeper dispatched the feathered innocents for pay, and we saw no grouse till it was killed, roasted, and put upon the table.

" Omai, indeed, prowled about the precincts with a gun, a weapon of terror and destruction which had scared him half out of his wits, in his own country, when he first heard its explosion, and witnessed its effects, in the hands of Europeans; but he was now familiarized to the instrument; and if practice can lead to perfection, he promised to be an excellent marksman, for he popped at all the feathered

creation which came in his way, and which happened for the most part to be dunghill-cocks, barn-door geese, and ducks in the pond.

" His slaughter of domestic birds was by no means inconsiderable; he knew nothing of our distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, nor of any of our laws whatever, and had it not been that he was naturally a tender-hearted barbarian, it is probable that, after having killed off a farmer's live-stock, he might have taken a shot at the farmer himself. Even when he had to deal with the *feræ naturæ*, in the regular way, his native wildness often betrayed him into most unsportsmanlike conduct.

" One day, while he carried his gun, I was out with him in a stubble field, at the beginning of September, when he pointed to some object at a distance, which I could not distinguish. His eye sparkled, he laid down his gun mighty mysteriously, and put his finger on my mouth to enjoin silence; he then stole onwards, crouching along the ground for several yards, till on a sudden he darted forward like a cat, and sprang upon a covey of partridges, one of which he caught and took home alive in great triumph.* I am not studied in Game Laws, but if they do not, either by some particular clause, or by a sweeping expression, prohibit catching partridges with the hands, poachers might, in

* This instinct has been lately corroborated from New Zealand, September 1, 1839.—(N.B. First day of shooting in the mother country.) Colonel Wakefield gives a curious account of a native who accompanied him on a shooting excursion, and answered every purpose of a setter dog.

time, become disciples of Omai, and evade the penalties of the statute, as far at least as the capture is concerned.

"I was present at another instance of *Orsonism* in my tattooed friend, when, with the intent to take a ride, he seized a grazing horse by the tail; the astounded animal galloped off, wincing and plunging, and dragging his tenacious assailant after him, till he slipped from his grasp, and left him in the mire: how Omai contrived to dodge the horse's heels, and escape with his brains in his head, I cannot explain. He was not always so intrepid; there was a huge bull in the grounds, which kept him at a respectful distance, and of which he always spoke reverentially as the man-cow.*

"During our stay in Yorkshire, Omai and I were reciprocally School-master and Scholar, through mutual instruction, in our different native languages. We began by pointing to objects, the names of which Omai pronounced in his own tongue, and I gave him their translations in mine; from words we easily advanced to phrases and short sentences, till, in the brief space of the first week, we could hold something like a conversation, jabbering to each other between Otaheitan and English.

* As the natives of Ulateiah had only three quadrupeds, the dog, the rat, and the hog, which possibly originated there from some wrecked vessel, Omai had at that time no term descriptive of a horse, but that of 'a great hog that carries people,' or a cow, that of 'a great hog that gives milk;' and as he had possibly hunted the hogs in a similar manner, Omai had become a proficient, and had no astounding fear of the 'great hog.' As regards the cow, he appears to have been subsequently better instructed.—Ed.

"This plan of taking a short cut to literature, in open defiance of all philological rules, is the grand object of the Hamiltonian system, which was thus forestalled by a savage, and a boy of thirteen, who were themselves anticipated by everybody who had then been born, gifted with the power of speech, since Adam; for do we not all originally learn to talk our vernacular tongue before we have ever seen or heard of a grammar; and since that tongue is as foreign to us, at first, as any other, of course we may acquire any other in the same way: it saves time, shortens mental labour, and practically gives us a great deal of grammatical knowledge, without the mechanical study, to which those who wish to be conspicuous pupils of Priscian may afterwards, and with more facility, resort.

"But, after all my Yorkshire progress in the attainment of knowledge, I may say with Lingo, '*quid opus?* what use of all my laarning?' I have already shown that my antiquarian pursuits were fruitless; and, as to botany, I remember no more of it, than of South-Sea verbality, of which I retain not one word, except that I have a faint notion of *Marama* being Otaheitan for the moon. I had rather, however, lose one language than have only a smattering of two. I once met with an English groom at Chantilly, where he had resided for some years, who had lost so much of his vulgar English, and could speak so little of his *patois* French, that he was almost unintelligible to John Bull, or to *Mounseer*.

"In proportion as his holidays are drawing to a

close, a school-boy is always breaking his heart, however soon he may cement it again, upon the breaking up of parties which have delighted him. It was, therefore, a tristful morning for me when we quitted Mulgrave; but, to mitigate my sorrows my father had invitations still further north; and our friends accompanied us about twenty miles on our way, to the places at which we made our first two halts.

"On the first day, for we made two days' journey of twenty and odd miles, we dined and slept at Skelton Castle. Hail to the merry memory of J. S. Hall, Esq.! the much too prurient author of Crazy Tales, Epistles to Grown Gentlewomen and Gentlemen, &c., whom Skelton Castle then acknowledged for its master, and who contrived to obtain for this residence the appellation of Crazy Castle, while he fixed upon himself the name of Crazy Hall.* His poems have found their way into most English modern libraries, their drollery, if not their wit, having procured them a place there; but in some corner which prudential morality prescribes, as most likely to escape the notice of those who would be shocked, or vitiated, by reading them. Certainly, they are ill calculated for the perusal of the Clergy, or other grave characters, or of young gentlemen under age, or of any female. I was too young to relish that peculiar vein of humour in the conversation of this eccentric person, which seemed

* The Frontispiece to the Tales is an engraving of Skelton Castle, represented as "Crazy Castle;" with an owl upon a tub, in the foreground of the print.

to entertain my elder fellow-travellers; to the best of my recollection, he was an odd thin figure, in a dark scratch wig, which was remarkable, as almost every body's hair was then dressed, and powdered.*

"From Skelton Castle we went to Kirkleatham Hall, the family mansion of Sir Charles Turner; both these places are in the neighbourhood of Gisborough.

"The Sir Charles Turner of the time I am mentioning was a very worthy country-gentleman. He was in parliament, and was one of those 'large-acred men' whose voice Ministers consider to be as desirable in the Senate, as it is powerful in the field; he persecuted a fox with jovial inveteracy, and was the most formidable Nimrod in his district.

"He showed us a picture of a favourite white hunter, surmounted by himself, in the act of leaping a five barred gate; being the last of an uncommon number of similar jumps which this fine animal had accomplished, with Sir Charles upon his back, during one day's chase. When such paintings

* He was intimate with Sterne, who addresses him in several of his posthumously published letters under the title of "dear cousin," and "dear Antony;" and in one of these epistles, a strange one! written at a Coffee-house, in a kind of burlesque Latin, the author of Tristram Shandy says to him, *mi consobrine, consobrinis meis omnibus carior.* From this it appears, at first sight, that they were kinsmen; but Hall, in these letters, is called Antony, which was not his Christian name; the relationship, therefore, seems to have been a literary one, arising from "A Lyric Epistle to my Cousin Shandy," by Hall, and which is signed "your affectionate cousin, Antony Shandy." They were congenial spirits, for Sterne was as singular, and sometimes almost as licentious, in his prose, as Hall in his poetry.

formerly met my view, they excited in me an admiration for the rider which I have, long ago, exclusively transferred to the horse.

" The above-mentioned baronet had many amiable qualities; his successor and son, the last Sir Charles, not many years deceased, was a child, on my juvenile visit to Kirkleatham; he was educating according to his father's principles of making him a fine dashing fellow, but under excellent control. When I first saw him, he ran into a drawing-room, full of company, with a live mouse in his hand: 'Bite off his head, Charles,' said the father; the subordinate boy obeyed the word of command, his white dental guillotine fell upon the condemned vermin, and poor mousey was instantly executed.

" In the adjacent village of Kirkleatham, there was, at this time, an individual residing in a neat comfortable cottage, who excited much interest in the visitors at the hall. His looks were venerable from his great age, and his deportment was above that which is usually found among the lowly inhabitants of a hamlet. How he had acquired this air of superiority over his neighbours it is difficult to say, for his origin must have been humble. His eightieth summer had nearly passed away, and, only two or three years previously, he had learned to read, that he might gratify a parent's pride and love, by perusing his son's first voyage round the world! He was the Father of Captain Cook! This anecdote was told to us on the spot, and I vouch no further for its authenticity: but, if it be true, there

are few touches of human nature more simply affecting.

" After three or four days' stay at Kirkleatham, we took leave of Sir Charles Turner; and bade adieu, till our next meeting in London, to our interesting friends, the gallant Constantine, the young Augustus, and the philosophical Sir Joseph, not forgetting, et tu, brute! Omai.

" Still we went northward, first to Stockton-upon-Tees, a cheerful town; then to Durham, the capital of the bishopric, a strange up-and-down episcopal city; and, if you include the straggling suburbs, partly picturesque, partly mean and ugly; and, about four miles further, to Cocken Hall, a famed seat of romantic beauty, then belonging to Mr. Carr. To this place my father had been invited; and we reached it safely, notwithstanding the ford which you had then to pass, before you could arrive at the mansion. I need not describe the nature of a ford, every body knows that, if you deviate from it, you slip into deeper water, which is an extremely wet event, any how, but particularly perilous in a post-chaise. The post-boys, however, assured us that there was not the least danger, because, which we thought a very odd reason, a horse, a cart, and a butcher, the butcher sitting in the said cart, and driving the said horse, had all been swept away by the flood, two days ago: they argued therefore, that we had nothing to apprehend, as such an accident was never known to happen oftener than once or twice a year. This logic we did not

think quite convincing, for we were then just midway in the passage, and the horses up to their girths in a rapid river.

" We found nobody at Cocken, but Mr. Carr, his wife, Lady Mary Carr, and his devoted companion, Peter, an army Captain on half-pay, whose surname it seemeth not meet that I should register; suffice it to say, that, being a man of little substance, he deemed it politic, seeing his own pecuniary deficiencies, to seek out a man of better substance than himself, and to become his shadow; accordingly Squire Carr and Captain Peter were inseparables; upon the usual terms of agreement, which are tacitly understood between two such worthies; ostentation on one side, and adulation on the other.

" Such a family party was somewhat discouraging to my father, who had pledged himself to a week's stay; the only consolation to be expected, was from her Ladyship, a most amiable and perfectly well bred woman.* The Squire was a deep-drinker, my father a very shallow one; I did not drink at all; Captain Peter, of course, drank as a shadow should do, that is, glass after glass, and quart after quart, more or less, after the example, or rather ordonnance, of his substance. The substance had two modes of addressing the shadow, upon these occasions: first, by interrogation; secondly, by assertion: as thus, 'Have not we had enough to-night, Peter; what say you?'—In this case, Peter answered and said, 'A drop more, Mr. Carr, would be the death of me;'

* Lady Mary Carr was sister to the late Earl of Darlington, father of the present Marquess of Cleveland.

but, when, on the contrary, it was, 'We must have another bottle,' Peter was sure to observe, getting up, at the same time, to ring the bell, 'it will do us a deal of good, Mr. Carr.'* I remarked, however, that in the course of seven evenings, there was only one on which the Patron put the interrogative to Peter: on all the other six, he peremptorily declared for another bottle, another, and another.

"As to the conversation, if conversation it could be called, it was chiefly usurped by the squire, and consisted of the narrative of his own youthful exploits, and of his travels abroad; showing how he managed a horse, unmanageable by anybody else, in the Great Square of a foreign town; how the Great Square was crowded with spectators; how the horse reared, and how the ladies, living in the Great Square, waved their handkerchiefs at him out of the window; and many a tale of the same sort, at which my father yawned, and the patient Peter expressed his admiration, as much as if he had not heard them a hundred times.

"Now 'this was worshipful society!' which did, in no small degrees of drinking and dulness, distress and bore my temperate and literary sire. I was happily sent away, in decent time, to bed, but my poor pitiable parent had no escape from the dinner-table to the drawing-room; for her Ladyship, calmly

* These were Gnatho's principles of toad-eating his patrons: 'Quidquid dicunt laudo; id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque. Negat quis? nego; ait? aio: postremo imperavi egomet mihi Omnia assentari; is quæstus nunc est multo uberrimus.'—TERENCE.

submitting to the habits of the Squire, his protracted potations, and his embargo upon his guests, retired very early to her chamber; where she must, I presume, have experienced much the same *désagrémens* as those of Mrs. Sullen, in Farquhar's Comedy of the Beaux' Stratagem.*

" Our morning's exercise was my father's great compensation for his sedentary infliction of the evening, The Squire, as might be expected, was no early riser; the shadow could not be looked for without the substance; therefore, while the Patron and Peter dozed beyond noon, we were enjoying beautiful rides and drives in the grounds of Cocken Hall, and in the excursions to their vicinities.

" The coal-waggon roads, in the neighbourhood, were then reckoned curious, although they are no longer so; being nothing more than railways, common now throughout England. These roads present a busy scene of commerce near Newcastle, and are thronged with carts going thither, laden from the collieries. I was much amused by seeing, when they arrived at a descent, the horse which drew them taken from the front, and placed in the rear, to keep them back, in order to check the

* Mrs. Sullen, in talking of her husband, says, ' he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel nightcap. Oh! matrimony—matrimony! He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneful serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose.'

impetus of the machine's progress, which would otherwise be too great, in going down hill.

"This seemingly Irish operation, and the traffic going on, are a practical refutation of the two sayings, which express a reversal in the right order of things; for here the honest folks literally prove that it is very good sense to 'put the cart before the horse,' and to 'carry coals to Newcastle.'

"In our airings, we often passed Lumley Castle; so we did pass Lumley Castle, which is all I have to say about it.

"Cocken Hall, four miles from the city of Durham, is so decidedly a Lion for travellers in those northern latitudes of England, that a description of its attractions would be like repeating the *bon mots* of the excellent Mr. Joseph Miller.* I say nothing therefore of its 'dingles and bushy dells,' its wooded paths under precipices bedecked with vines, by the side of the pellucid river Wear, and its view of Finchal Abbey in ruins.

"Having touched the northern extremity of our tour, the first place at which we stopped to dine and sleep on our return southward, was Raby Castle, the seat of the Darlington family. This noble pile of building rears its lofty head, in all the

* The far-famed Joe Miller, to whom many comic writers have been particularly indebted, was a singularly dull person; the jests which pass under his name, are the compilation of John Mottley, the dramatist, author of "The Life of the Czar Peter," and "The Lives of Dramatic Writers," annexed to "Whincop's Scanderbeg." The witticisms, many of them from Rabelais, have outlived the fame of their supposed originator, Mottley, who died October 30, 1750.

baronial pride of feudal times, of turrets, terraces, and battlements; it stands on those confines of Durham which adjoin to Yorkshire, and commands extensive views over the two counties.

"The late Earl of Darlington, then Lord of the Castle, was an old acquaintance of my father; and when first we came beneath his roof, it presented to us a warmer picture of ancient hospitality than I had ever witnessed, or may, perhaps, ever see again.

"We were benighted on our road thither, our day's journey had been all along unpropitious, it rained heavily and incessantly, and we had met with delays, and petty accidents and vexations at every turn. In the last seven miles after sunset, a fog arose; one of the horses cast a shoe, and his rider dismounted to grope for it in the mud, and in the dark; my father let down the glass to ask what was the matter, in phrase too classical for a north-country post-boy to understand; and the post-boy answered in a dialect quite incomprehensible to the translator of Terence. I could not act as interpreter between them, for I knew nothing of the north-country language, having neglected it altogether, while I was studying the Otaheitan. All this time, the rain was pelting in upon us at the chaise window: we were chilly, hungry, impatient, comfortless. Ye who have travelled where tigers prowl, who have fled from an avalanche, or have been plundered by wandering Arabs on your way, look not with derision on the the minor 'Miseries of Human Life.' Hold not in contempt, because ye have rambled in the sublimities

of disastrous peregrinations, the casual discomforts of a turnpike road, where everything is expected to go upon velvet; pity the Englishmen on a dark rainy night, sitting dinnerless in a post-chaise, and waiting the issue of a hunt after a horse-shoe.

" As we passed through the outward gateway of the Castle the vapour was dense upon the moat, and we were enveloped in night-fog, while the rolling of the carriage-wheels, and the trampling of the horses' hoofs, sounded dolefully over the drawbridge; we might have fancied ourselves victims to the darkest times of Gallic despotism, condemned, by a *lettre de cachet*, to linger out our lives in the deepest dungeons of the Bastille; but lo! on the opening of a massive door, a gleam of light flashed upon us; crack went the whips, we dashed forward at full trot, and in a moment drew up, not to a piazza, nor a vestibule, nor a flight of steps in a cold court-yard, but before a huge blazing fire, in a spacious hall. The magical effect of this sudden transition from destitution to luxury, has never occurred to me any where else, except in the two last scenes of every Pantomime, when the Guardian Genius with a wand, waves and recuscitates Harlequin and Columbine out of a Coal-pit into the Temple of the Goddess of Gas—

" Hence grief and darkness, enter love and joy !"

" If there were space enough in all the town houses of our *noblesse* to admit of carriages setting down and taking up the company, before a fire in the hall, what an improvement would it be, even in

this improved and still improving age! How would colds, catarrhs, and rheumatisms be prevented or assuaged! How many more old butterflies of balls and routs would continue to flutter through a hard winter! but it would half ruin the Doctors and Apothecaries.

"From Raby Castle, we did not plod our way to London upon the principles of sameness adopted by that King of France who, with twenty thousand men,

'Marched up the hill, and then marched down again;'

for, in many instances, we varied both from the regular route, and the devious track we had already gone over.

"As to general points, in addition to some already mentioned, the three objects of public interest which most attracted my notice, during our expedition, either outward or homeward bound, were the Docks at Liverpool, the Manufactory at Soho, near Birmingham, and the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal-works at Worsley Mills, seven miles from Manchester; these last were visited as great curiosities, before the passion for canals had cut through almost every county in our island; and, if I wondered at the tunnel for a subterraneous navigation leading to the coal mines, I was still more astounded at seeing laden coal-barges gliding along, in a kind of water-trough, over the masts of vessels sailing in the river Irwell.

"I thought little, as it will easily be supposed, about travelling expenses; I cannot, therefore, with

any accuracy, tell at how much less cost a man might 'take his ease in his Inn,' in those days, than in the present; my father, however, frequently observed upon the gradual lowering of charges, in proportion to the distance from London: the articles enumerated in a bill for dinner, which were then cheap, not only grew cheaper as we went on, but when we reached the northern counties, were not enumerated at all; and, instead of swelling the account with 'a roast fowl, sauce for ditto, potatoes, melted butter for ditto, to poached eggs, to cheese, to toasted ditto, &c.,' the items were all consolidated under the head of 'EATING;' against which was regularly placed the sum of, guess how much?—One Shilling—and this for no scanty meal, but plenty of everything; fish, flesh, and fowl, and excellent of their kind! contradicting, at every stage of our journey, the saying of 'go further and fare worse.'

"The common rate of posting was one shilling a mile, for a chaise and pair; and I often remarked, on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, a board at a hackney-man's stable-yard, on which was inscribed, in large letters, 'Posting at Ninepence per mile.'

CHAPTER XII.

1775—76.

Return to Westminster School—Garrick again—Reverend Mr. Foster—Foote—Weston—Proposed sale of Garrick's share of Drury Lane Theatre—Doctor Johnson described—Contrasted with Gibbon — Epicœne — Mrs. Siddons — Bensley — The Spleen, or Islington Spa—Pecuniary misunderstanding between Colman and Garrick—Garrick's retirement from the stage, and farewell—Colman the younger's reminiscences of Garrick—Trial of the Duchess of Kingston—Foote's retirement—Negotiation for the Haymarket Theatre — Colman becomes the proprietor.

"LATE in September," continues George Colman, "after a huge encroachment upon the term of my holidays, my father happily, arrived in Soho Square; whence I proceeded next morning, by no means so happily, to Dean's Yard, to commence the horrors of Τύπτω in the fourth form of Westminster School."*

During his stay with Captain Phipps in the North, Colman the elder received the following letter from Garrick:—

"Hampton, August 29, 1775.

"MY DEAR COLMAN,

"I expect to see you as brown and as hearty as a Devonshire plough-boy, who faces the sun without shelter, and knows not the luxury of small beer and porter. Will nothing satisfy your ambition, but Robinson Crusoe? I think *little Friday* would do very well for you to begin with, particularly as you are in company with those mighty

* In the fourth form (to which I was soon to be removed)the boys are first taught the rudiments of Greek.

adventurous knights, Banks and Phipps! If you are still happy in risking your neck with them, I beg my best compliments to them.

"What say you if I should once more emerge from stone and gravel, and many other human infirmities and curses, and spring out again, an active being, and exercise with the best of you? Since you left me, I have been upon the rack, and almost despaired of fighting a battle, or committing a murder again; but a fortnight ago, my good genius led me to the Duke of Newcastle's, where I met with an old Neapolitan friend, and he commended a remedy, which has worked wonders. It has taken away half the evil of my life, and at this moment—but Lord help us! We little men make nothing of swelling ourselves to a Hercules, or a Robinson Crusoe! To be serious, you will be pleased to see me, as I am, my spirits are returned, *et redeant saturnia regna.*

"By the bye, I had some thoughts to make a farce upon the follies and fashions of the times, and your friend Omiah was to be my *Arlequin Sauvage;* a fine character to give our fine folks a genteel dressing. I must lick my fingers with you, at the Otaheite fowl and potatoes; but don't you spoil the dish, and substitute a fowl for a young puppy? Pray my love to George, they who don't like him, are not fit company for you or me, so no thanks to them for their good reception.

"Notwithstanding, Foster's oath,* Foote has thrown the

* The Rev. Mr. Foster, a clergyman of high respectability, swore, that Foote had agreed to suppress the Trip to Calais on condition of receiving two thousand pounds from the Duchess of Kingston. Dr. John Hoadley, in a letter to Garrick, dated August 27, ludicrously asks, "How could the Duchess be so overseen, as they say, as to enter the dirty sheets of a newspaper, with such a fellow's wooden leg? she was resolved to have a new kick, and he has given it to her, to the purpose." Foote's letter to the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Chamberlain, relative to his mandate forbidding the performance of the Trip to Calais, is certainly an admirable lecture.

Duchess upon her back, and there has left her, as you or I would do. She is sick, and has given up the cause, and has made herself very ridiculous, and hurt herself much in the struggle. Foote's letter is one of his best things, in his best manner.

"Pray come away, and see my sword drawn: the theatre is noble! *Entre nous*, Pope has squeaked, and sent her penitentials, but I cannot receive them.*

Ever your's,

D. GARRICK."

"My wife sends her best love to George, I have scribbled away such stuff! but we rise! We! we apples! ha! ha! ha!"

Colman had half determined to accompany Capt. Phipps in a voyage to the North Pole, whence Garrick's allusion in the preceding letter, to the possibility of his being cast away like another Robinson Crusoe. Little Friday was a banter on Colman's smallness of stature.

At this period Lord Mulgrave was at Spa, where he died, September 13, 1775. Captain Phipps succeeded him, as Constantine, second Baron Mulgrave in Ireland.†

Drury Lane Theatre underwent great alterations, and was gorgeously decorated previous to the season 1775–6.

The next letter is from Garrick.

"MY DEAR COLMAN, December 12, 1775.

"Pray read over the inclosed; if you have an hour's leisure, you shall know its history. I must write to-night

* Miss Pope, the actress.

† He was created Baron Mulgrave of Mulgrave in Yorkshire, June 16, 1790, and died in 1792, when the title to the English barony became extinct.

about it, which letter you shall see, if I can see you in the evening. Shall I call upon you at any time? I cannot get rid of an engagement I have, till about nine. Where may you be till about eight? I want to talk to you about 'the Silent Woman.' Poor Weston, Moody tells me, will, he thinks, never play again; he wants to go to Bath: therefore, as we cannot stay his recovery, to whom shall I give La Fool? We must go to work upon it directly. Do not read these four acts, though but short, if it is in the least inconvenient. My love to Miss Ford,* and compliments to Miss Mills. You were not at Covent Garden. I like the Duenna much, with some few objections. It will do their business.

Your's ever, D. GARRICK."

The enclosure alluded to appears to have been the manuscript of Jephson's play of Vitellia, which Garrick rejected as not at all calculated for success upon the stage; alleging that it was romantic, and, what was worse, unaffecting.

La Fool was a character in the Silent Woman. Sheridan's Duenna was first performed at Covent Garden Theatre, November 21, 1775, and was more successful than any recent production.

Poor Weston did never play again. He performed for the last time, on the *début* of Miss Ambrose, in May Day; or, the Little Gipsy, October 28, 1775, and died on January 31, following. Foote so highly valued him, that he had his portrait painted; and about an hour before quitting his house in Suffolk Street, on his last journey to Dover, where death arrested his progress, he went into every

* Miss Ford was the daughter of the mother of George Colman the younger, previous to her connection with Colman. She appears to have been maintained by him, after the death of her mother.

room, and in a way wholly unusual with him, scrupulously examined his furniture and his paintings. When he came to that of Weston, he made a full stop, and, as if by some sudden impulse, without uttering a syllable, firmly fixed his eyes on the countenance of his old acquaintance, and then, after some moments, turning away, he exclaimed, with tears, which he could not suppress, 'Poor Weston!' The words, however, had scarcely parted from his lips, when, as if in reproach at his own seeming security, he repeated "Poor Weston! it will be very shortly poor Foote, or the intelligence of my spirits deceives me."

At this period, it appears, that Garrick sent their mutual friend, Becket, to Colman, to sound him, as to whether the latter would become his successor, and purchase Garrick's share in Drury Lane Theatre. Becket was instructed to say, that an offer of 35,000*l.* had been made for it: Garrick required Colman's speedy determination, and profound secrecy.

To this communication Colman thus replied:

"The last time we talked over your proposed sale, I told you, that whenever you were absolutely fixed, and would acquaint me with the particulars, of which I am still totally ignorant, I would give you as speedy an answer as you, yourself, would think reasonable, or, indeed, possible, in a matter of so much importance. If, however, your letter of Thursday means to offer me the refusal of only your share of the property, to that offer, I can immediately, and most determinately, say, NO. I would not for worlds again sit on the throne of Brent-

ford* with any assessor, except it were yourself; and you may remember, I told you so at the time above mentioned, assigning that you were the only man in the kingdom I would suffer to govern me, and I did not know a man in the kingdom, who would suffer me to govern him: therefore, I can have no other partner. If you are enabled to treat for the whole, or to reserve your own half, we must talk further, &c."†

Colman in fact absolutely declined entering into a new partnership, having experienced so much mortification.

We must now again resume the early recollections of George Colman the younger, and hear him relate his first introduction, by his father, to the then much to be dreaded Dr. Johnson.

" My boyish mind had anticipated an awful impression when I was first unwillingly brought into the presence of the stupendous Johnson. I knew not then, that he had ' a love for little children,' calling them ' pretty dears, and giving them sweet-meats,' as Boswell hath since, in the simplicity of his heart, narrated. It was my hapless lot, however, to be excluded from the objects of this propension; perhaps at my age of about fourteen, I might have been too old, or too ugly; but the idea of Johnson's carrying *bon-bons*, to give to children of any age, is much like supposing that a Greenland bear has a pocket stuffed with tartlets for travellers.

* *Vide* Whitehead's occasional prologue, on the opening of Covent Garden Theatre, at the commencement of Colman's management.

† See the Garrick Correspondence.

" On the day of my introduction, he was asked to dinner at my father's house in Soho-square, and the erudite savage came a full hour before his time. I happened to be with my father, who was beginning his toilette, when it was announced to him that the Doctor had arrived. My sire, being one of the tributary princes who did homage to this monarch, was somewhat flurried; and, having dressed himself hastily, took me with him into the drawing-room.

" On our entrance, we found Johnson sitting in a *fauteuil* of rose-coloured satin, the arms and legs of which, of the chair, remember, not of the Doctor, were of burnished gold; and the contrast of the man with the seat was very striking; an unwashed coal-heaver in a *vis-à-vis* could not be much more misplaced than Johnson thus deposited. He was dressed in a rusty suit of brown cloth *dittos*, with black worsted stockings. His old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions; and the learned head which sustained it rolled about in a seemingly paralytic motion; but, in the performance of its orbit, it inclined chiefly to one shoulder, whether to the right or left, I cannot now remember; a fault never to be forgiven by certain of the *Twaddleri*, who think these matters of the utmost importance.

" He deigned not to rise on our entrance, and we stood before him, while he and my father talked. There was soon a pause in the colloquy, and my father making his advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said, ' Doctor Johnson, this is a little Colman.' The Doctor bestowed a slight ungracious glance upon me, and, continuing the rotary motion of his head, renewed the previous conversation.

Again there was a pause, again the anxious father, who had failed in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing a recognition of his progeny, with, 'This is my son, Doctor Johnson.' The great man's contempt for me was now roused to wrath; and, knitting his brows, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, 'I *see* him, Sir!' He then fell back in his rose-coloured satin *fauteuil*, as if giving himself up to meditation; implying that he would not be further plagued, either with an old fool, or a young one.

"The gigantic Johnson could not be easily thrown out at window, particularly by my under-sized sire, but he deserved to be 'quoited down stairs, like a shove-groat shilling;' not exactly, perhaps, for his brutality to the boy, but for such an unprovoked insult to the father, of whose hospitality he was partaking. This, however, is only one among the numerous traits of grossness, already promulgated, in which the Bolt Court Philosopher completely falsified the principles of the Roman Poet:—

> ——— "ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

"After this rude rebuff from the Doctor, I had the additional felicity to be placed next to him at dinner; he was silent over his meal, but I observed that he was, as Shylock says of Launcelot Gobbo, a 'huge feeder;' and during the display of his voracity, which was worthy of Bolt Court, the perspiration fell in copious drops from his visage upon the table cloth; the clumsiness of the bulky animal, his strange costume, his uncouth gestures, yet the dominion which he usurped withal, rendered his presence a phenomenon among gentlemen; it was

the incursion of a new species of barbarian, a learned Attila, King of the Huns, come to subjugate polished society.

"The learned Gibbon was a curious counterbalance to the learned, may I not say *less* learned? Johnson. Their manners and taste, both in writing and conversation, were as different as their habiliments. On the day I first sat down with Johnson, in his rusty brown, and his black worsteds, Gibbon was placed opposite to me in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword.* Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel, between Dryden and Pope, might be loosely parodied, in reference to himself and Gibbon. Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant; the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets: Gibbon moved to flutes and haut-boys: Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens. Mauled as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises, by condescending, once or twice, in the course of the evening, to talk with me; the great historian was light and playful, suiting his

* Gibbon's costume was not extraordinary at this time, a little overcharged, perhaps, if his person be considered, when almost every gentleman came to dinner in full dress. Foote's clothes were, then, tawdrily splashed with gold lace; which, with his linen, were generally bedawbed with snuff; he was a Beau Nasty. They tell of him, that, in his young days, and in the fluctuation of his finances, he walked about in boots, to conceal his want of stockings, and that, on receiving a supply of money, he expended it all upon a diamond ring, instead of purchasing the necessary articles of hosiery.

manner to the capacity of the boy; but it was done *more suâ*, still his mannerism prevailed; still he tapped his snuff-box; still he smirked, and smiled, and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding, as if he were conversing with men. His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole, nearly in the centre of his visage."

Colman had at this time altered Ben Jonson's comedy called 'Epicœne; or, the Silent Woman,' as a play-bill of the first night of its revival at Drury Lane Theatre, is before us. It is here inserted to show the style of such an affair at the period, Jan. 13, 1776.

DRURY LANE.

ACTED BUT ONCE THESE TWENTY YEARS.

By His MAJESTY'S Company.

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

This Day, 13th Jan. 1776, will be revived a Comedy called

EPICŒNE; Or, the SILENT WOMAN.

(From Ben Jonson.)

The Principal Characters by Mr. King, Mr. Bensley, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Brereton, Mr. Baddeley, Mr. Davies, Mr. Yates, Mrs. Hoskins, Miss Sherry, Mrs. Davies, Miss Platt, Mrs. Millidge,

And Mrs. Siddons.

With a new Occasional Prologue by Mr. Palmer.

The Characters new dressed in the habits of the times.

To which will be added,

A Dramatic Entertainment in two parts, of Singing, Dancing, and Dialogue, in Honour of SHAKESPEARE, called

THE JUBILEE.

With an Overture, in which will be introduced A PAGEANT.

Books of the Songs and Chorusses to be had at the Theatre.

Boxes 5*s*. Pit 3*s*. First Gallery 2*s*. Upper Gallery 1*s*.

Places for the Boxes to be taken of Mr. Fosbrook, at the Stage Door.

No money will be received at the Stage-door, nor any money returned after the curtain is drawn up.

The doors will be opened at Five.—To begin exactly at Six.

Vivant Rex et Regina.

In this bill it would appear that Mrs. Siddons held a first-rate rank even at the period of 1776. Bensley acted Morose, and was reputed to have been very effective in the character. The following lively description of this respectable actor, is given by George Colman the younger.

"Bensley was an old friend of my father, and afterwards of myself. He commenced his course of worldly action in the service of his king and country, at the taking of the Havannah, but soon relinquished the amphibious achievements of a lieutenant in the marines, for the far less glorious enterprises of a theatrical adventurer. His first essay upon the stage, in 1765, was at Drury Lane, as Pierre, in Venice Preserved: he was drilled in this character by my father, to whose house at Richmond * he was invited, both as a friend and a pupil, during the process. There were then, upon a small mount in Richmond Park, the well known 'Six Tubs;' these were, in fact, half tubs, with a seat in each painted green, and placed upright. Thither Bensley was in the habit of repairing alone, at sunrise, to rehearse Pierre, till at last he excited the suspicion of one of the keepers of the park, who wondered to see a stranger, at so early an hour every morning, clenching his fists at the green seats, in a very angry manner. The keeper therefore deemed it to be his duty to watch the stranger's motions, by lying in ambush among the fern, close to the spot; and on hearing him not only say to the tubs,

* My father had then hired a house in a part of Richmond called the Vineyard, in which he lived before he built his house on the banks of the Thames.

'You, my Lords, and Fathers,
As you are pleased to call yourselves, of Venice,'

but also, perceiving him to single out one particular Tub as the 'Great Duke,' of whose wife * he made a very scurrilous mention, he concluded the poor gentleman to be as mad as a March hare. Finding, however, upon repeated watching, that he did no mischief, conceiving too, that abusing the old Doge and the Venetian Senators was not High Treason in England, and moreover recollecting, that he himself, the keeper, was a keeper of parks, and not a keeper of madmen, he let the matter pass, without further notice.

"Bensley, while on the stage, married by accident. He was travelling in a hack post-chaise, which, on turning a sharp corner of the road near Bristol, came in violent contact with a lady on horseback; the fair one was thrown, the traveller leaped from his chaise to her assistance, when, as Rosalind says in the play, 'they no sooner met than they looked, no sooner looked than they loved, no sooner loved'—in short, they became man and wife.† There are various modes of courtship, but it is not, I believe, a common practice to win a lady's heart by knocking her down. His conjugal partner brought him fifteen hundred pounds, a mere nothing even in those days, when matrimonial housekeeping is counterbalanced against the bed and board of a bachelor. With this, and his income as an actor,

* 'And saw your wife, the Adriatic,' &c.
Otway's Venice Preserved.

† Bensley married Miss Cheston at Bristol, Sept. 8, 1772.

they lived in frugal comfort, and in a select circle of acquaintance, distinct from his theatrical brethren, from whose society it was occasionally remarked, he kept somewhat superciliously aloof, till he withdrew from his scenic labours in 1796. He was then appointed to the situation of a barrack master, by his friend Mr. Wyndham, who was at that period Secretary at War.

" Some years before his death, a large fortune was bequeathed to him by his relative, Sir William Bensley, a baronet and an East India Director. Undazzled by riches, Bensley enjoyed his affluence with the liberal moderation of a perfect gentleman; in the vale of existence, without children, and desirous only of a competent provision for his amiable and excellent wife, he declared that his superfluous wealth 'came too late.' His widow, who survived him some years, is now no more.

" In the earliest part of his theatrical life, he lodged in the south-east Covent Garden Piazzas, which have been burned down: and he there saved his life by jumping out of his bed-room window on the first floor during the conflagration. From the foregoing description of his starch manners, who would suppose that he was, in his youth, 'an idle, flashy young dog,' and that Garrick had nicknamed him 'Roaring Bob of the Garden.' "

Epicœne, as will be discovered in a future letter, was not a trump card; so Colman, who never could remain idle, set to work, and produced a farcical comedy.

Garrick performed Lusignan, in Zara, for the last

time on March 7, 1776, and on that night was first represented Colman's Comedy of "The Spleen; or, Islington Spa," in two Acts; the Prologue by Garrick, and the Epilogue by Colman. This piece was not very successful. Garrick in a letter a few days after, writes—

"DEAR COLMAN, Hampton, Friday.

"Mrs. Garrick will wait upon you with great pleasure on Thursday next. Pray let Schomberg be of the party. We have not seen him a long while, and we love him. The Gentleman* is excellent: more when I see you.

"I hope your Spleen will continue. We are jaunting it for a few days."

Colman seems to have been deceived in his expectations respecting this piece, and his conduct on the occasion somewhat resembled that exhibited on the subject of the Clandestine Marriage. He who always appears to have profited by the advice of his early patron, Lord Bath, kept his eye on the 'main chance,' and looked out for the remuneration for his comic drama. The following is Garrick's answer to a communication from Colman on this subject.

"Hampton, April 12, 1776.

"DEAR COLMAN,

"On Tuesday next, in all probability, will finish our six nights of 'The Spleen,' and if you choose it, we will, as I proposed to you, let you have a sixth of the whole receipts, subtracting the expenses; or if you had rather run the

* The periodical Paper already mentioned.

chance of a night, I will tell you all the nights we have, and you shall take your choice of them, and of what play you please with Mrs. Yates, which may either appear as your night, or as a manager's. We have bought two nights, Parsons and Aikin's, the one yesternight, and the other on Tuesday next. We shall meet on Sunday evening, and whatever you will like best, will be best to

My dear Colman, ever and truly your's,

D. GARRICK."

Colman, in his reply, alludes to an alternative, of which Garrick's offer barely allows the construction. He complained of the very disadvantageous time of the season, in which 'The Spleen' was produced, and inquired whether it would be too unreasonable in the author to request, and impossible for Garrick to grant, the aid of his own performance on his benefit night? Without that powerful assistance, stuck in edge-wise between the benefits, and overlaid by Ranelagh and Sadler's Wells, the interest of the performers, &c., Colman could see no probability of his deriving from his piece half the emolument that he had hitherto reaped from his labours in the service of the Theatre. Colman's letter concludes pathetically with

"Oh ponder well! be not severe!"

Colman, in the following letter, reminds Garrick that he expected some remuneration for his alteration and adaptation of Epicœne.

"Soho Square, May 25, 1776.

"MY DEAR GARRICK,

"From your never mentioning 'The Silent Woman,' I

am really in doubt whether it has slipped your memory, or whether I am to conclude from your silence that you do not think the piece deserves that indulgence from the theatre usually extended to other altered plays. If the first is the case, I must beg you to excuse my now reminding you of it; if the latter, I have only to regret having given you the trouble, and myself the mortification, of getting it up at your theatre, and to remain, Dear Garrick,

Your's most entirely and most heartily,

G. COLMAN."

With his customary policy, Garrick thus fought off this application.

"MY DEAR SIR, Adelphi, May 27, 1776.

"Your letter, which has astonished me, came to my hands at the most unlucky time, as I have so much already upon my mind. Was I in a dream, when I imagined that you gave us the alteration of the 'Silent Woman?' did you not say so, and write so? I think no trouble too much for a performance with a friend's name to it, nor do I ever spare any expense to set it off. 'The Silent Woman,' with all our care, did not succeed; and was left off, under charges, at the fourth night, though we added the 'Jubilee' to it. The impossibility of giving it a fashion, was felt by you, as well as myself.

"If you intended to be considered as the alterer, and not as the donor, why would you delay to this time, to let me know your expectations? You must be sensible, that I would not that you, of all persons, should have a bad bargain.

"Pray let me know what I must do, for I cannot have such a burden upon my mind, at this very distressing time, when my theatrical life is so near its end. It is the trouble of an evil conscience upon my death-bed.

"If I am confused, or unintelligible, impute it to RICHARD—what an operation!"

It is lamentable to see such misunderstandings between two old and dear friends about 'base Mammon.'

"Soho Square, May 28, 1776.

"My Dear Garrick,

"I am very sorry my letter came so *mal-à-propos*, and still more sorry that you should be disturbed for a single moment with such a trifle. God knows I had no thoughts of profit, or a bargain, about 'The Silent Woman,' yet I really did not pretend to make a gift of it; for to say the truth, at the time I offered it to your theatre, I did not think we were quite on good terms enough to warrant my taking the liberty of making you a present; but I am much pleased and flattered to find that you were of a different opinion.

"As to the popularity of the piece, you can witness for me, that it was, what I never expected from it; like Swift's Mrs. Harris, 'all I stood upon was the credit of the house;' and I must confess myself so zealous for the old school, that I think 'Epicœne,' for the honour of the managers also, ought to keep the stage.* All I endeavoured was to remove the objections that deprived it of a place there, held by pieces every way inferior; and this labour, trifling as it was, I thought might deserve the same consideration allowed to other altered pieces.

"I would not have wrote to you, but from my utter aversion to the smallest idea of reserve with a friend, and

* With all his endeavours, he failed in his purpose. Ben Jonson was, in the first place, a pedant, and, in the second, gave the humours of his day. Few of such a dramatist's writings can long keep the stage. Whenever Jonson has made the passions of universal man his ground-work, he has succeeded best for lasting fame. Nature will always interest and delight; and, therefore, Shakspeare will last as long as Nature herself.

when friends, true friends, once understand each other, there never can subsist any difference.

I am, dear Garrick, most affectionately your's,

G. COLMAN."

On the 10th of June, 1766, the inimitable Garrick, in the height of fame and popularity, retired from the stage. His last appearance was in the play of the Wonder, in the character of Don Felix. It was for the benefit of a charitable institution, and was graced with a brilliant and crowded audience. Garrick made his bow to the public, amidst the loudest applauses ever heard in a theatre.

Colman the younger, in the following remarks, analyzes Garrick's farewell with somewhat too much of asperity.

" The particulars of the termination of Garrick's histrionic course are so fully detailed in theatrical annals, that I shall confine myself to a few observations on his valedictory address: an address which, in my opinion, corroborates what I have advanced already, that whenever Garrick chose to show off as himself, and he generally did so choose, he was almost sure to play that character worse than any other.

" He says to the audience, ' It has been customary with persons, under my circumstances, to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but, indeed, I found myself, then, as incapable of writing such an epilogue as I should be, now, of speaking it.' How delicate! what sensibility! how quiver-

ing-all-over with sentiment. But, it is to be recollected, that, Master Davy Garrick was a sly old stager, and a practised epilogue inditer; and whether he threw his leave-taking thoughts upon paper in couplets, or in prose paragraphs, there could be little, if any, difference in his mental struggles, as to the writing, and none at all in the speaking: this alleged paralysis of his powers must apply, therefore, to his prose as well as to his verse, and would have made him as unequal, upon this occasion, to the penning of plain reason as of rhyme; hence, it follows that, although his farewell carries the strongest internal evidence of a factitious speech, he would fain have passed it off for an extempore. Now, such an attempt was adding nonsense to hypocrisy; for observe, he would persuade the town that his feelings disabled him from writing any thing explanatory of them, in his hours of privacy and quiet; but that they permitted him to perform the much more difficult task of describing them before a tumultuous crowd, in a moment of extreme flurry and painful agitation of mind; and, moreover, that he could not utter the very same sentiments of gratitude, if he had composed them, and got them by heart, which he was then uttering without premeditation.*

"To say nothing of the spruce antithesis in the above quotation, his 'writing then,' and his 'speak-

* "Tom Davies, his biographer and panegyrist, seems to have been somewhat credulous on this point: he writes, that 'No premeditation whatever could prepare him for this affecting scene.'"

ing now,' let us go on with him a little further. He proceeds to say, 'The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings.* This unlucky sentence betrays the whole plot at once. Can any observer of nature and art, listening to unstudied diction on one hand, and attentive to laboured composition on the other, read the foregoing paragraph without being convinced that it is the deliberate polish of the pen, and not the genuine flow of the passions? What man, while his affections are in a ferment, and he is yielding to their sway, ever thinks of thus decorating and smoothing his periods? Who, while his bosom is wrung with distress, at parting with his old friends and benefactors, betakes himself to culling nice noun-substantives, selecting figurative expressions, and hunting after cadences? who, then, talks of 'the jingle of rhyme,' or 'the language of fiction.' The wind-up of the address, though bald in its phraseology, and without trope or figure, still smells of the inkstand, and ends just like a letter; as thus:

"'I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have; but I defy them all to take more sincere and more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your most obedient,

* "The quaint wording of this sentence, so much at variance with the implication of an off-hand address, was regretted by many of Garrick's friends; by my father, among the rest; who, though his intimacy with him had in some degree cooled, was his well-wisher to the last."

grateful servant.' It is a pity that he had not completed the epistolary form, by adding his name; and then it would have run in the regular way,

" ' Your most obedient, grateful servant,
David Garrick.'

" After all, this taking leave of the town is an awkward business at best; all performers whom I have ever seen or heard of, in this situation, have studied something in writing, without pretending* that they had not so prepared themselves, foreseeing that their nerves would be severely shaken, and that, if they neglected such a precaution, they would, in all probability, when put to the test, be dumbfounded.

" It may seem like dissimulation in an actor, to be mechanically writing down on Monday, a passage expressive of his private sorrow, whereat he is to weep in public next Saturday, yet, when the Saturday comes, and he recites that passage before his old patrons whom he is to meet no more, he is tremblingly alive to the sentiment it expresses, however artificially he may have worded it, and he sheds a tear in heartfelt earnest. And that Garrick was softened and greatly agitated, there can be no doubt; he could not, however, be content to do exactly ' what had been customary with persons under his circumstances ;' prudence, indeed, had suggested a prepared speech, but false taste dictated the composition, and vanity bade him imply that it was an impromptu. Garrick's uncommon abilities had arrived at as close an imitation of nature, as

* " They could not so pretend, if it were in verse ; and they did not, when it was in prose."

perhaps, may be attainable; but he gave preference to art, in instances where Nature alone should have governed his conduct, as in the above case.

" My fullest recollections of him as a performer, are in the characters of Abel Drugger, Benedict, Don Felix, Lusignan, and Richard the Third. An actor super-eminent in such different characters, to say nothing of Hamlet, Lear, Kitely, Ranger, and various others, must have possessed most extraordinary powers of the very highest order; and I shall remember him in them 'while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe.' He did not quit the stage till I was nearly fourteen, and I have shown how well I must have been acquainted with his features, his manners, and his quirks and turns, in private life, which made me more particularly interested in observing him, when I had opportunities of witnessing his talents in public. I may venture therefore an opinion, if my opinion be worth anything, formed upon juvenile reminiscence; I have only, however, to repeat what others have said a thousand times, that,

" Take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again."

I have mentioned the uncommon brilliancy of his eye, but he had the art of completely quenching its fire; as in his acting Sir Anthony Branville, a dramatic personage who talks passionately with the greatest *sang froid*, and whose language, opposed to his temperature, breathes flame like Hecla in Iceland. In this part, I have been told, he made the twin stars which Nature had stuck in his head, appear as dull

as two coddled gooseberries; but his Deaf Man's eye, which I once witnessed at Hampton, evinced his minuteness of observation, and gift of execution.

"There is an expression in the eye of deaf persons, I mean of such as have not lost all perception of sound, which, difficult as it may be to exhibit in mimicry, it is still more difficult to define in writing: it consists of a mixture of dulness and vivacity, in the organs of vision; indicating an anxiety to hear all, with a pretending to hear more than is actually heard, and a disappointment in having lost much; an embarrassed look, between intelligence and something approaching to stupidity;* all this he conveyed admirably; and if I could convey it in words one tithe as well, I should have made myself more intelligible.

"On the whole, with all his superior art in pourtraying nature, it is to be lamented that he outraged her in one character, and that was his own; he overacted the part of Garrick, and it was very bad taste in him to be always performing himself, upon a carpet, as if he had been a fictitious personage on the boards; he converted his companions into critics in the pit, practised clap-traps upon them, and the row of lamps in front of the proscenium was eternally under his nose. "The fact is, no remark was ever more true than that Garrick 'acted both on and off the stage.'

"As Dr. Goldsmith, in his Retaliation, observes, he was—

* The late inimitable Mathews had the art of delineating a deaf person, in perfection.

'In praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame.'

and after gorging upon the applause of thundering audiences, and judicious critics, his unsatiated grovelling appetite hungered for the admiration of a shoe black or an infant: he would steal a side-long look at a duke's table, to ascertain whether he had made a hit upon the butler and the footmen. Such were the littlenesses of the Great Roscius!"

The trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy about this time, formed the topic of general conversation. Of this *cause célèbre*, George Colman the younger relates the following anecdotes:

"As she was tried by the peers, the interior of Westminster Hall was properly arranged for the occasion; and the trial, which lasted several days in April after the usual opening ceremonies, commenced on the 15th of the month. Tickets of admission were not very plentiful; each peer had only seven on each day, to distribute among his numerous friends, but the Westminster boys always contrived to squeeze in somehow; sometimes they were smuggled in by a nobleman, sometimes by a doorkeeper, and quantities of us ran every day from Dean's Yard, between the school-hours, to get a slice of the Duchess. The nature of the trial in itself excited a lively interest, and afforded ample food for curiosity; and the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of such an Assembly; the venerable Hall, superbly fitted up, occupied by the peers of the realm in their robes, who were attended by the

Judges, several Masters in Chancery, Garter King of Arms, the Usher of the Black Rod, with various other officers in the train of the Lord High Steward *pro tempore;* all these, and the crowd of visitors, elegantly dressed, in the places assigned for their accommodation, rendered the scene splendid, solemn, and imposing. When the preponderating 'Guilty upon my Honour,' had un-duchessed the Duchess, she claimed her privilege of peerage,* which, though strongly opposed by the Attorney General, was ultimately allowed, and she was in consequence exempted from any kind of corporal punishment.

"There is a wanton cruelty in the disposition of almost all boys, and, soon after they have passed the age of mutilating flies, and torturing cockchafers, they arrive at that degree of taste when the corporal punishment of a peeress must be thought very good sport: great was the glee, therefore, of the Westminsters, when this bodily correction was mentioned as likely to ensue; and proportionally great was their disappointment when it was obviated. We naturally annexed no other idea than that of scourging, to the term 'corporal punishment,' which term was always so elucidated by our two learned professors of the art, Doctors Smith and Vincent, and our anticipations had been, that we should witness a promenade through London, at the tail of a vehicle, after the manner of the lower class, when convicted of certain minor offences; we expected,

* In right, I presume, of her first marriage, her second having been proved invalid.

however, that the vulgarity of the ceremony would be sublimed as much as possible, that the delinquent duchess would follow a state-cart, built expressly for the occasion, and that no less a personage than the Usher of the Black Rod would act as her *ci-devant* grace's disciplinarian. Some wiseacres among the people had supposed that she would have been condemned to hard labour at Woolwich, on board the Justitia Hulk, then in the river, but a second Kingston-upon-Thames was never intended."

This year produced a revolution in the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Mr. Foote, who had conducted the affairs of his house with considerable success, and annually acquired a large income as proprietor and manager, now became inclined to part with the concern. The reasons which prompted him to take this step, were supposed to have arisen from an infamous prosecution, which had been maliciously (as was generally believed) instituted against him.

Previously to starting for France in September, 1776, he thus announced his intention to Garrick, of letting his theatre. "There is more of prudence than of pleasure in my trip to the continent: to tell you the truth, I am tired with racking my brain, toiling like a horse, and crossing seas and mountains in the most dreary seasons, merely to pay servants' wages and tradesmen's bills. I have therefore directed my friend Jewel to discharge the lazy vermin of my hell, and to let my hall, too, if he can meet with a proper tenant. Help me to one, if you can."

Colman, who it would seem could not be happy

without the excitement of theatrical management, cast an anxious eye on the Haymarket, and deputed Mr. John Colborne to treat for the property with Foote.

On this subject the following correspondence took place:

"Sir, 8th October, 1776.

"It is now near ten o'clock, and I am but just come from Mr. Foote, with whom I think we shall soon settle this business, should the proceedings of the day meet your approbation. I was obliged to advance one hundred, before he would say any thing, and soon after he felt the same sum, I strove hard to split the other hundred, but he declared he would never take less than sixteen hundred pounds, in which is to be included the unpublished plays during his life, after which they are to be his boy's, but should the renters of the patent be desirous of purchasing them, he will take five hundred pounds now, though he cannot, he says, estimate them at less than one thousand pounds, if to be sold to the trade.

"I am now going to find Mr. Rigg, in conjunction with him, to draw up articles, which I have promised to present on Thursday, before which time I do not doubt, but I shall see or hear from you,

"I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
John Colborne."

The sixteen hundred pounds required by Foote, was not as the purchase money, but as a life-annuity to him, for his patent.

"Sir, Monday, October 14, 1776.

"I presented the amended articles to Mr. Foote this afternoon, which met with a most gracious reception. I

proposed waiting on him to-morrow with the name and person of the principal. This time he told me he was sorry was inconvenient to him, being particularly engaged on that day, Wednesday, and Thursday, but on Friday he should be happy if we would dine with him at four o'clock, at which time I promised to meet him, and I hope this will not be inconvenient to you.

JOHN COLBORNE.

To George Colman, Esq."

"MY DEAR FOOTE, October 18, 1776.

"When I quitted Covent Garden, I never thought of attending to a theatre any more, and accordingly declined the refusal of Garrick's share of Drury Lane; but a report having prevailed some time ago of your intention to part with your property, I was at length persuaded by my friends, that such a theatrical situation, different in many essential respects from any other, would not be ineligible. At my instance, therefore, one of our common friends then applied to you, to know your resolution, at which time you declared the report to be ill founded, and I dropped all thoughts of the business. But having been told by several of our acquaintance that you had lately signified your wish to find a purchaser, and even gone so far as to name your price, I again thought I might, without indelicacy or impertinence, inquire if you were serious. For this purpose I sent Mr. Colborne to you; and though I am not so playhouse mad as not to feel the largeness of the sum he has agreed to on my behalf, nor so vain as to be unconscious of the many superior advantages you possessed, yet I shall, without much fear and trembling, put the last hand to the bargain; only begging that you would not ascribe my reserve, hitherto, on this occasion, to a wrong motive, as it proceeded from my unwillingness to give you unnecessary trouble, mixed with some little reluctance to appear in any theatrical negociation, which was not likely to be concluded.

My proposals, however, having met with your approbation, it is necessary for me to come forward to complete them. I think I have property enough, independent of that which is to be contracted for, to make you quite easy about the payment of your annuity. I shall not be pleased if that, and every other object of the contract, is not settled to your entire satisfaction; for I not only wish your solid interests to be consulted, but am very desirous that we may appear to act like two friends, rather than a couple of mere dealers. I understood, you were yourself of opinion, that this matter should remain in silence for the present, and indeed, I have some reasons for wishing that my name may not be made public immediately; yet they are not so important, as not to give way to your convenience or inclination.

I am, Dear Foote, very faithfully your's,
G. COLMAN."

"What time do you expect Mr. Colborne at North End? and when do you go yourself? I mean to follow you as soon as possible, for I long to speak to you."

Foote's reply was brief.

"MY DEAR SIR, Suffolk Street, Friday, Oct. 18.

"I appointed Mr. Colborne to dine with me this day, when I shall be happy to see you. I should certainly prefer you, both as a successor and a paymaster; I do not recollect any material alteration, but however we shall soon see one another.

Your's most sincerely,
SAM. FOOTE."

This negociation ended in the transfer of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, to Colman, in consideration of the before-mentioned annuity and some particular advantages as a performer; but

Foote died soon after the first half year of the annuity became due, October 21, 1777.

Colman now wrote to Garrick, stating that in this matter he felt that he ought to have waited for his return to town and good advice, but that the affair was in embryo when Garrick departed for Lord Spencer's; that he had called at the Adelphi, and at the theatre several times, but supposed that Garrick was so lost in the dust made by the 'new brooms,'* that he could not seize a favourable moment, and, indeed, did not believe Foote to be in earnest. He then alludes to an accommodation with the proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres as to the length of their seasons, and is sure that Garrick would advise him not to submit to oppression.

Garrick's reply is dated November 4, 1776.

"My Dear Colman,

"I have this nasty gout still nibbling at me, and would fain damp my spirits. You believe, I trust, that I am the last man who would advise you to bear oppression, as I think you are the last man to take such advice; though I am catechised on all sides about your purchase, I will not own it, nor shall I, till I have your leave. Yet in the name of good management, how can it be long a secret? for you must, like a wise general, prepare for the campaign. Our facetious friend, Foote, I hear, damns himself that there is no such thing, and Jewel† only owns to a treaty, but no bargain yet

* A double allusion. The new managers, Linley, Sheridan, and Ford, to whom Garrick was about to sell his property in Drury Lane. Their first season opened with a prelude by Colman, entitled 'New Brooms.'

† Jewel was Foote's confidant and treasurer: he remained with Colman in the same capacities.

struck. I suppose HE would rather not proclaim his abdication, till the trial is over; that will soon be, and then you will come forth.

"If you wits and managers, I don't include Messrs. Leake and Fisher* in this number, are not too much of the game-cock breed, you may settle the matters without sparring. They seem to be much hurt at the one hundred nights for the Fantoccini, all the three houses cry out murder, and intend, as I hear, to petition against it. This I suppose cannot affect you.

"However busy and anxious I might be for the new brooms, I am always constant to my old friends, and shall be very sincere, however fallible, in my advice to you.

Your's ever and most truly,

D. GARRICK."

"I saw you had secured one author yesterday; much good may he do you, adieu and adieu!"

The following letter from Richard Cumberland, the well-known contributor to the stage, and republic of letters, refers to the tragedy 'The Battle of Hastings,' which was produced two years afterwards at Drury Lane, and was very coolly received.

"Queen Anne Street, Sept. 1776,

"DEAR SIR,, Saturday, 3 o'clock.

"A friend of mine, I believe, has made you acquainted with a rejection I have met from the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre. I have not presumption enough in my own behalf to say that they are not warranted in what they have done, neither am I attempting to traverse any right which is in them, and which they may properly exercise.

* Messrs. Leake and Fisher were the representatives, to whom the shares of Messrs. Rutherford and Powell in Covent Garden Theatre had devolved.

At the same time I would in no period of my life desert what may prove to be for the interests of literature in general, what ridicule soever may fall upon me in the upshot. In this light I ask you, as a scholar and an author of genius, if you have any objection to read and judge my piece. The rejection was peremptory, general, and prohibitory of any reply. I moved in arrest of judgment, which I had too much reason to call in question, considering where it was lodged, but was denied an appeal by the very gentlemen, who not a week before had exhibited 'The Man of Reason.'* My tragedy cost me great pains and much attention; hath been many years in hand; is entirely original in plan, popular in its subject, and free of all imitation.

"The opinions of men exceedingly high in the republic of letters, have been unanimous, and more than warmly, in its favour. You will not wonder, if such authority makes me hesitate about acquiescing under the veto of a junta of proprietors, whose education has not started with the Muses, and whose habits have been little calculated to make them critics in literature. I should add, that my piece was accepted by Mr. Garrick, and had a place, for this season, but was withdrawn by me for reasons not worth troubling you with. I have faithfully told you its history, and wait your decision with the respect, with which

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

RICHARD CUMBERLAND."

Colman, who possessed great tact, and knew the man he had to deal with, sent the following guarded reply to the irritable author, who was afterwards brought forward by the inimitable Sheridan as Sir

* A Comedy by Hugh Kelly,—acted only one night.

Fretful Plagiary in The Critic, or A Tragedy Rehearsed.

" Soho Square, Saturday Night.

" DEAR SIR,

" With the present directors of Covent Garden Theatre, I was unfortunately engaged in a dispute during more than half the time I was connected with them, and there have been some misunderstandings between us since our separation. My suffrage, therefore, in favour of your tragedy would rather be ascribed to motives of ill will to them, than to a love of justice, and a laudable zeal for the honour of literature. There is not another man so peculiarly situated. I flatter myself, therefore, that you will, on these considerations, excuse my declining to read and judge of your tragedy, whose merits may be rested so much more confidently on the testimony of those respectable opinions which you have already collected.

" I should have answered your favour by the bearer, but could not withdraw from company, with whom I was at that moment engaged.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
G. COLMAN."

About this period the performers belonging to the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, determined to present a medal to Garrick, the founder of that excellent institution; and through the medium of King, they solicited Colman to pen an address for them. For this purpose, King addressed the following letter to Colman :—

" Great Queen Street, Feb. 5, 1777.

" DEAR SIR,

" After what passed the last time I had the pleasure of

seeing you, I shall not trouble with an apology for sending the enclosed, which, by the by, I had mislaid, and could not find till yesterday. The part of it which describes the medal intended to be presented, I have drawn my pen through, as the device is totally changed. Indeed I think a description of it wholly unnecessary; however, lest you should be of a different opinion, I send you the best account of it I can.

"The design is by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two busts on one therm, Nature and Shakspeare; Garrick unveiling both at once, by throwing back a large piece of drapery.

"I am glad I have been able to prevail with the gentlemen who drew the matter I send you, to give it up, and doubly so, that they all seem to join me in the opinion that you are the person most likely to draw up an address, that may to futurity appear unexceptionable.

I am, dear Sir,
Your well wisher and very humble Servant,
THO. KING."

Colman's Address, which was adopted, is subjoined:—

"The Incorporated Actors belonging to the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, humbly beg leave to present their Perpetual President, David Garrick, Esq., with the Medal that accompanies this Address, in testimony of their gratitude for his having raised and supported, by his excellent performance on the Stage, and finally established by an Act of Parliament, obtained by his interest, and at his sole expense, the Theatrical Fund;* hoping he will

* This Fund is distinct from that of Covent Garden.

condescend to wear this small memorial of their affection for him, whenever he shall honour their meetings with his presence, as a faint token of their respect for his character as a man, of their admiration of his unequalled talents as an actor, as well as an acknowledgment of the high sense they entertain of the honour and happiness they enjoyed under the direction of a Manager whose virtues and abilities have so long and so justly been encouraged and applauded by the united voice of the public."

Colman, like an experienced manager, now began to look out for his Summer Company. The Theatre Royal, Bath, was then, and for many subsequent years, was conceived to be the nursery in which the dramatic plants were to be reared, preparatory to their transplantation to the London stage. Colman accordingly wrote to Henderson and Edwin, inviting them to a London engagement at the Haymarket. Two more fortunate provincial engagements than these were never made by a manager.

The following letter from Henderson is modest and sensible:

"DEAR SIR, Bath, Feb. 12th, 1777.

"I should not so long have delayed the honour of writing to you, if I had not been extremely busied with new characters, and with the little interests of my benefit, which is just over. I played Leon for the first time, and think, if I may trust the compliments of my friends, that it may be one of my characters at the Haymarket. I have also, since you left Bath, played Oakley in your incomparable comedy, and hope you will think me fit to be entrusted with it.

"Several judicious friends, here, and in London, have advised me to be careful of appearing in Shylock at first,

as they think Mr. Macklin so strongly fixed in the prepossessions of the people, as to make it very dangerous for me to attack that character; I mean for my first appearance, besides the unfavourable impression which, they argue, such a character will leave on people's minds. What weight these will have on you, Sir, I know not, but I must own I cannot help being biassed by them. It has been suggested to me that some new character would be safer; I mean by new, some revived play, as was the case for Mr. Powell, when you so judiciously altered Philaster for him. Your extensive knowledge of the drama will at once determine, if there is any dormant piece fit to be awakened, or in which I could awake to any advantage; if there is not, I submit to you, whether I should not appear in Hamlet, or some other natural character.

"Do you think, Sir, it would be improper to prepare an occasional Prologue, which I might speak myself, or might be spoken of me? I should be afraid to hazard these tedious egotisms, if I did not recollect that you have thought it worth your while to engage me, and will most probably think it worth your while to place me in the most advantageous light.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. HENDERSON."

Edwin had indeed been dragged through one season (1775), in the Haymarket, under Foote's management; but his talents were then so little exercised, that he was considered to be new to the town in 1777. In the letter which follows he makes a very modest request for a small addition to the terms proposed by Colman.

"SIR, Bath, March 4th, 1777.

"The business of this theatre lately has prevented me from turning any thoughts to other matters, which I hope

you will excuse, as I ought, upon receipt of your's, to have informed you that though I wish the admiral* in London, next summer, the expense of travelling and living there is so great, that without an addition to my salary it will be impossible for me to undertake it; for if the boy goes, my wife and another child must accompany him. My own cast is inclosed, with a list of the few parts which Mrs. Edwin has done, who pretends to no great merit, but as numbers are sometimes wanted, she has a very good study, and might upon an emergency supply the place of a better actress. If therefore with her assistance, and Jack's performance, you can add two guineas per week to the three already promised, it will support me the summer, and that only, having a large family. I experienced some little difficulty last summer from the smallness of my salary, and indeed should not have thought of London again, if I had not some dependence on your good nature, in placing me in a favourable light, for the salary you give is less even than Mr. Foote's was, his being a guinea each acting night, the truth of which Mr. Jewel's book will evince. My son has sung upon the stage, since you saw him, and has gained I think more reputation than he did as a speaker his ear being remarkably good. If you approve of the above request, I shall take great pains to make the boy deserving of your notice,

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. Edwin."

Henderson, in the following letter, expresses forcibly his apprehensions of London criticism, and points particularly to Mr. Woodfall. This critic

* Edwin's son Jack, a mere child, who had acted the Admiral, in the farce of Lilliput.

might have been a very formidable person in his day, but had his advice been followed, an excellent actor would have been lost to the public.

"Dear Sir, Bath, March 16, 1777.

"I persuade myself that you, who are so well acquainted with the fatigues of a theatrical life, will excuse my not having sooner replied to your favour of the 18th February last. I hope you will not imagine, that what I before urged to you proceeded from any diffidence whatever, in your politeness or your kind intentions towards me, I submitted, what I had heard on the subject to your consideration, not so much to be controverted, as decided; I am convinced by your arguments, and shall cheerfully be governed by them.

"But you frighten me when you tell me that 'much is expected from me.' I have experienced something of the severity of London critics, from Mr. Woodfall, who saw me here at the beginning of this season, whose opinion contributes to fill me with apprehensions. He very kindly advises me to stay where I am, cultivate my private character, and resign all hopes of fame and fortune to those who are better qualified by nature to contend for them. He allows me indeed to understand my author, or to speak, as if I understood him, but that it seems is but a feeble ballast against the ponderous objections that will be made to my figure, my voice, and my manner. I remember, too, that those articles were so much insisted on by a lady of this place, that she publicly preferred another actor in Shylock, because he played it so like a gentleman. This was surely a refinement on Lord Chesterfield, who, fond as he was of the graces, would hardly have wished to see them hovering round the Jewish gaberdine of Shylock.

"I sincerely thank you, Sir, for the assiduity with which

you promise to correct my faults, and will express my gratitude, by the most earnest endeavours to remove them.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most obliged, humble Servant,
JOHN HENDERSON."

George Colman, Soho Square.

We now resume George Colman the younger's account of the characters of the day.

" Among the many conspicuous persons who visited my father, some were so much the juniors of others, that I have been promoted '*labentibus annis*' to associate with them, as the ancients dropped off; and thus my father's youngest guests became, at last, my senior friends. Of these I may enumerate the names of Sheridan, Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine, and the witty Joseph Jekyll, and amiable as he is witty; for we may say of him, as Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, wrote of Cowley the poet, ' His fancy flows with great speed, and, therefore, it is very fortunate to him that his judgment is equal to manage it. His wit is so tempered, that no man had ever reason to wish it to be less.'

" I may surprise some, and offend others, by saying that I think Sheridan did not excel in light conversation; at least, not to that degree which might be expected from his transcendent abilities. Many men of inferior powers were, in my humble conception, pleasanter dinner companions; his son Tom, for instance. I admit that nobody sitting down with him, for the first time, and ignorant of his abilities, could have mistaken him for a common-place character; nor would the evening pass without

some thoughts, or turns of expression, escaping him, indicative of genius; but he wanted the flickering blaze of social pleasantry, the playful lightning of familiar discourse. His style appeared to me more an exercise than desultory table-talk. I have heard him, late in the evening, recapitulate nearly all that had been said at table, and comment upon it with much ingenuity, and satire; but, to say nothing of people disliking to find their careless chat thus remembered, and summed up, this was rather speechifying than conversing; and less fit for a dinner-party than for a debating society. It was turning a private eating-room into St. Stephen's Chapel, making the guests representatives of counties, towns, and boroughs, and the master of the mansion, Speaker of the House of Commons. This habit of harangue grew so much upon Sheridan in his declining days, that he would, in answering the observation of any person in company, call him 'the honourable gentleman.'

"The late Joseph Richardson, Sheridan's '*fidus Achates*,' was, with all his good-nature and temper, a huge lover of this particular kind of disputation. Tell Richardson where you dined yesterday, and he would immediately inquire,—'Had you a good day? was there much argument?'

"My father often met Lord, then Mr. Erskine in the street, and invited him to dinner on that same day; on these occasions, our party which, when I was at home, formed a trio, might as well have been called a duet, for I was only a listener; indeed my father was little more, for Erskine was then young

at the bar, flushed with success, and enthusiastic in his profession. He would, therefore, repeat his pleadings in each particular case; this I thought dull enough, and congratulated myself, till I knew better, when the oration was over. But here I reckoned without my host, for when my father observed that the arguments were unanswerable, 'By no means, my dear Sir,' would Erskine say; 'had I been counsel for *A* instead of *B*, you shall hear what I would have advanced on the other side; then we did hear, and I wished him at the *forum!* No two companions could have been worse coupled than Lord Erskine and my father, for the lawyer delighted in talking of himself and the bar, and the manager of himself and the theatre. Erskine was a gifted man, and, what is better, a good man. In the early part of his career, he was considered a great man; but as John Moody says of Sir Francis Wronghead, 'he could no' hawld it.'

"In addition to those already mentioned, we had a heterogeneous body of visitors, consisting of noble, gentle, and simple; and when my father commenced his lease of Foote's patent in the Haymarket Theatre, we experienced a fresh influx of sundry dramatists, and performers new to London; some of whom he occasionally asked to dine with him.

"And, now, for the important 1777, to me at least important, for then did my evil genius enthrone himself upon a thunder-trunk, with a roll of playbills in his hand; and, beckoning me into a *theatridium**, where the presiding muses gasped for air and

* From the Greek diminutive, θεατρίον, a little theatre.

elbow-room, cried 'Come hither, and learn to be a dramatist.' I obeyed the mandate, 'nothing loath,' and considered not, in the giddiness of youth, that the tempter only showed me the fascinations of the stage, while he let fall a drop-scene upon its discouragements; but this needs explanation.

"My father, having in 1774, sold his share in the property of Covent Garden, and lain fallow for three years, just at this time completed his contract with Foote for the Haymarket Theatre, on terms which are not fully nor clearly explained, in any printed account that I have seen; the particulars were as follows:

"He agreed to rent the summer theatre, in the Haymarket, which Foote held by a patent for his life, granting to him a life annuity of sixteen hundred pounds, in half-yearly payments of eight hundred pounds: he was to pay him, also, for his services as an actor, although, as it happened, he only performed three times; and he purchased, for five hundred pounds, the copyright of his unpublished dramatic pieces. I should have mentioned, that this patent enabled the holder of it to open his house annually, for the acting of all English dramatic performances, from the 15th of May to the 15th of September, inclusive. With the theatre, certain decayed and moth-eaten articles, which Foote dignified by the collective name of a wardrobe, and which might have produced altogether, at a sale, if well puffed by a knowing auctioneer, about twenty pounds at the utmost, were made over to the lessee. The fading gaiety of Major Sturgeon's

regimentals, trimmed with tarnished copper-lace, was splendour itself, compared with the other thread-bare rubbish of this repository.

" Foote's stock plays were in fact chiefly of his own writing, and his dramatis personæ required little more than a few common coats and waist-coats; when he wanted more habiliments than he possessed, he resorted to a *friperie* in Monmouth Street, not to purchase, but to job them by the night; and so vilely did some of the apparel fit the actors, that he was often obliged to make a joke of the disgrace, and get the start of the audience, if he could, in a laugh against his own troop of tatterde-mallions. There was a skeleton of a man belonging to his company, who performed a minor part in the scene of a debating club, in which Foote acted the president; this *anatomie vivante* was provided with a coat which would not have been too big even for the late Stephen Kemble, the arms were particularly wide, and the cuffs covered his hands: Foote, during the debate, always addressed this personage as the 'much respected gentleman in the sleeves.' So improvident was he, that he even hired most of the printed music which was played between the acts, whereby he had given its original price ten times over; and in the end, not a scrap of it was his own property.

" The paradoxical celebrity which Foote maintained on the stage was very singular, his satirical sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be called a good legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakspeare or Roscius upon record who, like

Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years, by his own acting, in his own writings, and, for ten years of the time, upon a wooden leg!

"This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bed-side, ready dressed in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up: it had a kind of tragi-comical appearance, and I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed and a leg out of it. The proxy for a limb thus decorated, though ludicrous, is too strong a reminder of amputation to be very laughable. His undressed supporter was the common wooden leg, like a mere stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him, after a shower of rain, upon a nicely rolled terrace, in which he stumped a deep round hole, at every other step he took; till it appeared as if the gardener had been there with his dibble, preparing, against all horticultural practice, to plant a long row of cabbages in a gravel walk.

"My father, as the proposing renter of the Haymarket Theatre, employed a matter-of-fact person of business to negotiate for him; and Foote did not know, till the terms had been fully agreed upon, the principal with whom he was in treaty. He often, however, met the principal at dinner pending the transaction, little dreaming that he was in company with his future lessee. On these occasions, as it was publicly avowed that the patent was about to be farmed, there was no indelicacy in talking about it to Foote, and one day when this subject was in-

troduced, he turned towards my father, saying, 'Now, here is Mr. Colman, an experienced manager, he will tell you that nobody can conduct so peculiar a theatrical concern as mine, but myself; but there is a fat headed fellow of an agent, who has been boring me every morning at breakfast with terms from some blockhead who knows nothing about the stage, but whose money burns in his pocket.' * 'Playhouse mad, I presume,' said my father. 'Right,' replied Foote, 'and if bleeding will bring him to his senses, he 'll find me a devilish good doctor.'

"When the parties met to sign and seal, any body but Foote, who never blushed in his life, might have looked a little foolish, upon recollection of the bleeding system, which he had unconsciously avowed to his patient. The stipulated rent was excessive, considering the average profits at that time of this limited theatre, and the great risk to be run of losing even these, by unavoidably entering upon a new and enlarged plan of action, when Foote's plays, and his performance in them could no longer be almost the sole support of the establishment. As it happened, however, the lessee had much the best of the contract; for, not long after its completion, in stepped Death, that fatal terminator of all Life Annuities, and took off the English Aristophanes who had himself taken off so many. Poor Foote

* Dashwood, in Murphy's "Know your own Mind," a comedy, played at Covent Garden Theatre in 1777, was an avowed portrait, and conveys to posterity the best idea of that conversational prodigy.

died at Dover * before the second half-yearly payment became due, my father therefore, after having disbursed only eight hundred pounds, the first half-yearly payment to the Annuitant, and being in possession as lessee, quietly held the theatre as his successor. Of course, he had to purchase all the property in it, which his predecessor might have left behind him; but from the account I have just given of the wardrobe and the orchestra, the nothingness of such a purchase may be easily estimated. But the assertion, that the patent, after the death of my father, was transferred to me, is erroneous. My father, and I after him, held this property under the gracious protection of the Crown, and opened the house, by annual License of the Lord Chamberlain. The Theatre, which has been lately built near the old site, on the east side of the Haymarket, is carried on in the same way, with an understanding that the yearly permission will be always renewed, as a *quamdiù se bene gesserit* Licence, but there has been no Patent for a Summer Theatre in London since Foote's death.

* A letter dated Dover, Oct. 22, this year, states,—"Yesterday died here, on his way to Paris, Samuel Foote, Esq. He left London, as we are told, on Sunday, and when he arrived here was taken ill, soon after which, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, from which he never recovered. He was attended on his journey only by a servant."

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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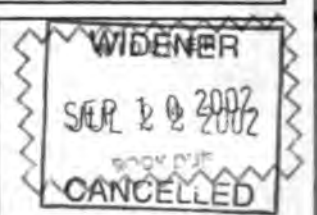
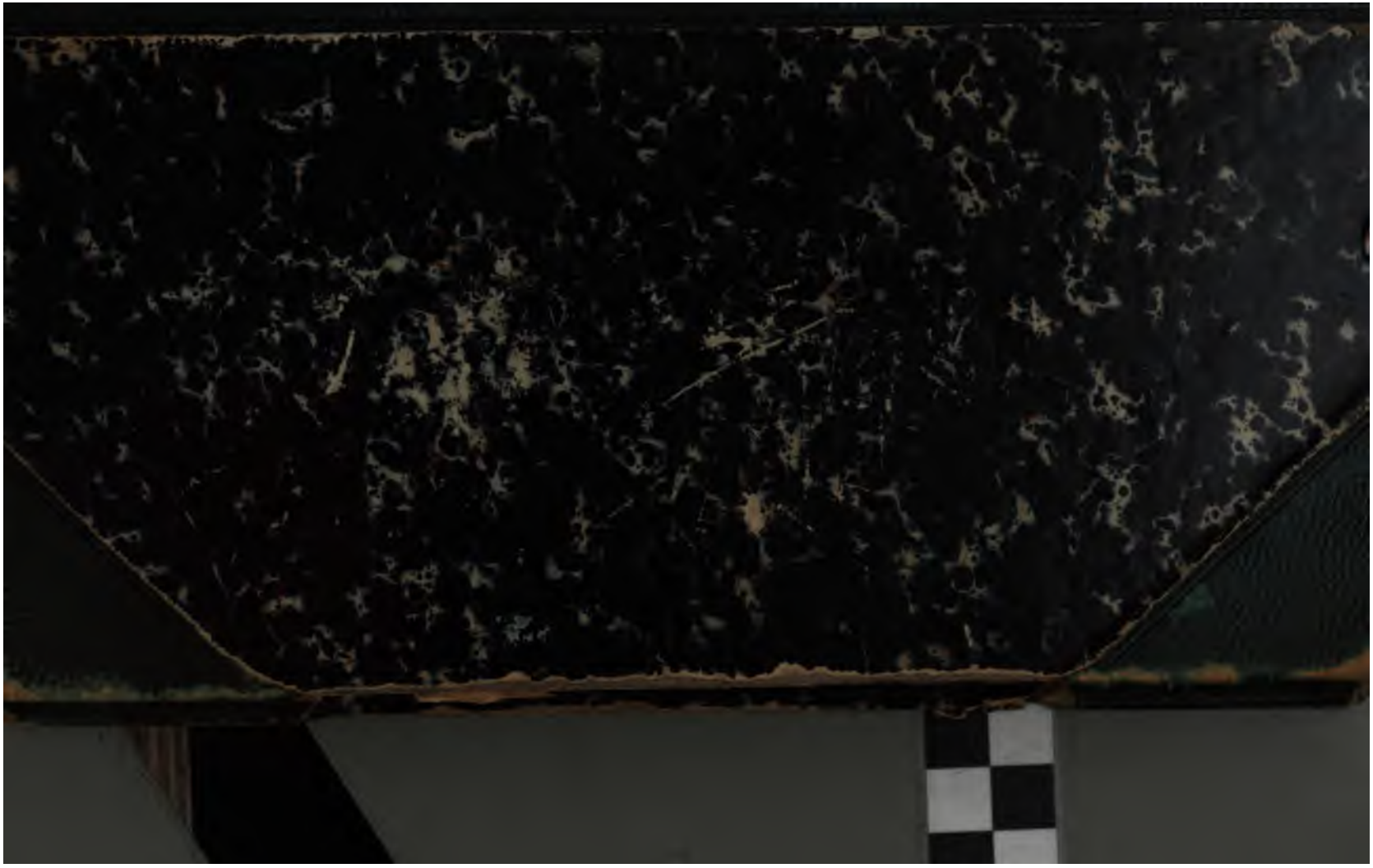
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